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Alexander Logie
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Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball,*
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J. A. R. K.

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SONG I. *At St. Ofsyth, &c.*



T St. *Ofsyth* by the Mill
 There lives a lovely Lass;
 Oh! had I her Good-will,
 How gaily Life wou'd pass!
 No bold intruding Care
 My Bliss shou'd e'er destroy,
 Her Smiles wou'd gild Despair,
 And brighten ev'ry Joy.
 Like Nature's rural Scene,
 Her artless Beauties charm;
 Like them, with Joy serene,
 Our wishing Hearts they warm;
 Her Wit, with Sweetness crown'd,
 Steals ev'ry Sense away,
 The list'ning Swains around
 Forget the short'ning Day.
 Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Ease,
 Without her tasteless are;
 She gives them Pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our Care;
 Is there, ye Fates, a Bliss
 Reserv'd my future Share,
 Indulgent hear my Wish,
 And grant it all in her.

SONG II. *Flora, Goddess, &c.*

FLORA, Goddess sweetly-blooming,
 Ever airy, ever gay,
 All her wonted Charms resum'ing,
 To *Spring-Garden* calls away;
 With this blissful Spot delighted,
 Here the Queen of *May* retreats;
 Belles and Beaux are all invited
 To partake of vary'd Sweets.

See a grand *Pavillon* yonder,
 Rising near embow'ring Shades;
 There a *Temple* strikes with Wonder,
 In full View of *Colonnades*.
 Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
 Here their mingled Beauties yield;
 Equal here the Pleasures ravish,
 Of the Court, and of the Field.

Hark! what heav'nly Notes descending
 Break upon the list'ning Ear:
 Musick all its Graces lending,
 O! tis Extasy to hear!
 Nightingales the Concert joining,
 Breathe their Plaints in melting Strains;
 Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning,
 Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Lo! what Splendors round us darting,
 Swift illumine the charming Scene;
Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
 Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green.
 Glitt'ring Lamps, in Order planted,
 Strike the Eye with sweet Surprise:
Adam scarce was more enchanted,
 When he saw the Sun first rise.

Now the various Bands are seated,
 All dispos'd in bright Array;
 Bus'ness o'er, and Cares retreated,
 With gay Mirth they close the Day.
 Thus, of old, the Sons of Pleasure
 Pass'd in Shades their fav'rite Hours;
 (*Nectar* chearing their soft Leisure)
 Bless'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs.

SONG III. *If Love, &c.*

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a
 Crime,
 How great my Offence, bear ye Witness, O
 Time!

The Days and the Nights, and the Hours, as
they roll'd,

You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.
One Day pass'd away, and saw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the same thing did prove:
The Sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,
But I grew more pleas'd when the next Moment
came.

I saw you all Day, and, each Night, with new
Gust,

And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:

Thus fleeting Time passes, with Down on its
Wings,

And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
If this be my Crime, be my Judges, ye Fair;
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
True Lovers hereafter this Wonder shall tell,
The Cause of my Death is for loving too well.

S O N G IV. *If ever, &c.*

IF ever, *Damon*, you shou'd rove,
Still bear me ever in your Mind;

If walking in some shady Grove,

Or on some flow'ry Bank reclin'd;

Still let my faithful Image be

Among the Shades retir'd with thee.

If you shou'd wander where some Brook

Does o'er the murm'ring Pebbles flow,

As on the silver Stream you look,

Think how I weep oppress'd with Woe:

And shou'd the Current want Supplies,

I cou'd recruit it from my Eyes.

If perch'd upon some pointed Theme,

The Nightingale renews her Strain;

Let it remind thee how forlorn,

When you are absent, I complain:

Or, shou'd you hear the widow'd Dove,

Think I like her lament my Love.

Where you behold the setting-Ray
 Trembling beneath the lowest Skies,
 The fullen Gloom of closing Day
 May represent me to your Eyes:
 For, languid as departing Light
 Am I, when absent from your Sight.

SONG V. *Come, dear, &c.*

Come, dear *Amanda*, quit the Town,
 And to the rural Hamlets ply;
 Behold, the Winter Storms are gone,
 A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.
 The Birds awake, the Flow'rs appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant Couch for thee,
 'Tis Joy and Musick all we hear!
 'Tis Love and Beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual Spring,
 How peep the Buds, the Blossom blows,
 Till *Philomel* begins to sing,
 And perfect *May* to spread the Rose.
 Let us secure the short Delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming Day;
 For soon, too soon it will be Night,
 Arise, my Love, and come away.

SONG VI. *Colin's Complaint.*

Fair *Phoebe*, withdraw thy bright Rays,
 And hide thee behind some dark Gloom;
 Thy Beam my Confusion betrays,
 Which Darknefs had better become;
 See how the chaste Prospects inflame,
 How glows ev'ry conscious Bush!
 Each Object seems touch'd with my Shame,
 The Landscape appears in a Blush.

Kind *Echo*, thy Accent restrain,
 And silently hear all my Woes;
 Thy Babbling offends my false Swain,
 And upbraids him with Breach of his Vow.

Tho' the Language that flow'd from his Tongue
 Was as false as the Wind or the Sea,
 Oh ! let him not think on the Wrong,
 Lest he become wretched like me.
 Ye Roses, that blush on my Cheek,
 Why did you not wither away ?
 Was it kind thus my Ruin to seek,
 And adorn while you mean to betray ?
 Ye Traytors, no longer appear,
 In your Place let Deformity grow ;
 I'll wash off your Bloom with my Tear,
 Till Death puts an End to my Woe.
 On the Ground all alone in the Grove,
 By the side of a murmuring Stream,
 Thus *Daphne* lamented her Love,
 And *Damon* the false was her Theme ;
 Her Cheeks a wan Colour o'erspread,
 Her Eye-lids were clos'd with a Gloom,
 Adieu, my false Shepherd, she cry'd,
 And breath'd out her Life in a Groan.

S O N G VII.

YE Shades, where fragrant Zephyrs blow,
 And shed around their rose Dew ;
 Where whisp'ring Waters gently flow,
 And faithful Turtles fondly coo :
 Where I so oft have heard my Swain,
 My faithless *Damon* tell his Pain.
 How gay, how sweet was ev'ry Flow'r,
 That drest the Margin of each Stream,
 Where fondly *Damon* sigh'd and swore,
 And Vows and Love were all his Theme ?
 The Stream, the Flow'rs, the list'ning Shade
 All ! all have heard the Vows he made.
 But since my perjur'd *Damon* flies,
 The Rose that deck'd the lonesome Bow'r,
 Unheeded buds, unheeded dies,
 Its dewy Fragrance charms no more !

But as the calling Turtles Coo,
 I wish and call for *Damen* too.
 Along the River's Side I lye,
 And weeping fill the Stream with Tears;
 Fond *Ecbo* too repeats each Sigh,
 And ev'ry Grott my Anguish hears.
 Ah! gentle *Ecbo*, friendly Stream,
 Convey my sad Complaints to him.
 As thro' the sunny Lawn you stray,
 Or rush along the gloomy Wood,
 If you shou'd find my Wand'rer stray,
 O tell whose Sorrows swell your Flood!
 O tell my Pain, and tell him, I,
 For Love, for Grief, and *Damen*, dye!

SONG VIII. *How calm, &c.*

HOW calm, *Eliza*, are these Groves,
 How sweet to entertain our Loves?
 Free from Sorrow, free from Care,
 Jealousy and black Despair.
 In these sweet *Elysian* Groves
 Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

SONG IX.

ENDYMION.

SHE comes, my Goddess comes,
 Oh! I dream; 'tis not for waking Eyes
 To see such wond'rous Joys:
 Joys like my mighty Love extream;
 All Heav'n is round me, oh! I dream!

CYNTHIA.

Awake, awake, *Endymion*,
 Awake, awake, *Endymion*, from above,
 Thy *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* comes!
 Thy *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* comes!
 To crown, to crown, to crown thy Love.

The LARK.

SONG X. *In the Imposture.*

HAppy we, who free from Love,
Have no Cares to break our Sleep;
Who thro' pleasant Meadows rove,
Watching of our harmless Sheep,
When we feel the Ev'ning's Air,
And the Night invites us home;
To our Cottage we repair,
Where Content delights to come.

SONG XI. *Aurelia, now, &c.*

AURELIA, now, one Moment lost,
A Thousand Sighs may after cost;
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again,
The fragrant Sweets which do adorn
The glowing Blushes of the Morn,
By Moon are vanish'd all away,
Then let's, *Aurelia*, live to Day,

SONG XII. *In Love and a Bottle;*

WHen *Cupid* from his Mother fled,
He changing his Shape,
Thus made his Escape,
His Mother thought him dead.
Some did him a Kindness,
And cur'd him of Blindness,
And thus disguis'd like me,
The little God could see.

He enters into Hearts of Men,
And there does spy
(Just so do I)

That Falshood lurks within:
That Sighing and Dying
Is Swearing and Lying;
All this, disguis'd like me,
The little God could see.

SONG XIII.

I Look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
 Where many Days did low'r,
 When lo! one happy Hour
 Leap'd up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State,
 A Day shall come, when in thy Pow'r
 Thy cruel Foes shall be;
 Then shall the Land be free,
 And thou in Peace shalt reign;
 But take, oh! take that Opportunity,
 Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG XIV. *Island Princess.*

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
 The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning
 kill,
 My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
 And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid
 Execution do.
 Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
 Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
 Despair's more cold, more cold than all the
 Winds can blow.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me;
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me?
 yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*;
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*;
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
 there, there, there, there, there, *Aetna*,
 there, there, there, there, there *Vesuvio* lies,
 To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting,
 mounting reach the Skies.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me?
 yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
 And see how all the Meteors flame;
 Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
 And now the Globe more fiercely burns,
 Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
 Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
 Ah, where are now, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
 Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
 Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
 The fair, the fair *Lucinda* sleeping lay,
 There sung the Nightrigale and Lark,
 Around us all was sweet and gay,
 We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,
 Nor nothing fear'd but short'ning Day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate,
 Why must I burn, why must I burn,
 Why must I burn for this Ingrate?
 Why, why must I burn for this Ingrate?
 Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
 Since nothing, nothing will prevail,
 When a Woman Love pretends,
 'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
 And for better and for worse,
 Is for Marrow of the Purse;
 Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
 Proves a Slatern or a Whore,
 This Hour will tease, will tease and vex,
 And will cuckold you the next;
 They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 To torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches, by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, good
 Night;

Good Night, good Night, good Night,
Good Night, good Night.

SONG XV. *Flying Fame.*

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woful Hunting once there did
In *Chevy-Chase* befall.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way;
The Child may rue, that is unborn,
The Hunting of that Day.
The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish Woods*
Three Summer's Days to take;
The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chase*
To kill and bear away,
The Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay:
Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
He would prevent his Sport.
The *English* Earl not fearing this,
Did to the Woods resort,
With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.
The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the Fallow-Deer:
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear;
And long before High-Noon they had
An Hundred fat Bucks slain;
They having din'd, the Drövers went
To rouse them up again.
The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;

Their Backsides all, with special Care,
That Day were guarded sure.
The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take ;
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Echo shrill did make.
Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the yonder Deer ;
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This Day to meet me here ;
If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave young Gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say ;
Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright ;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
All marching in our Sight ;
All Men of pleasant *Towietdale*,
Fast by the River *Tweed*.
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your Bows with Speed :
And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance ;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France*,
That ever did on Horseback come,
But, since my Hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.
Earl *Douglas*, on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold :
Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my Consent, do chase,
And take my Fallow-Deer ?

The Man that first did answer make,
 Was noble *Piercy* he;
 Who said, We list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose Men we be;
 Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
 Thy chiefest Hart to slay.
 Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
 And thus in Rage did say;
 Ere thus I will out-braved be,
 One of us two shall dye;
 I knew thee well, an Earl thou art;
 Lord *Piercy*, so am I.
 But trust me, *Piercy*, Pity it were,
 And great Offence to kill
 Any of these our harmless Men;
 For they have done no Ill.
 Let thou and I the Battle try,
 And set our Men aside;
 Accurs'd be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
 By whom this is deny'd:
 Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth;
With'rington was his Name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To *Henry*, our King, for Shame,
 That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two Earls, said *With'rington*,
 And I a 'Squire alone;
 I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have Pow'r to stand;
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.
 Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 Full Threescore Scots they slew.
 To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Douglas* had the Bent;

A Captain mov'd with rankle Pains,
Their Spears to Shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,
No Blackness there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.

O Christ! it was a Grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Barls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might;
Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
And made a cruel Fight:

They fought until they both did sweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said;
In Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By *James* our *Scottish* King:

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous Knight
That ever I did see.

To *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy Proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen
Out of an *English* Bow,
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart
A deep and deadly Blow:

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on, my merry Men all;
For why, my Life is at an End;
Lord *Piercy* sees the fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead Man by the Hand ;
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
Would I had lost my Land.
O Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.
A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
Which saw Earl *Douglas* die,
Who strait in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy* :
Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who, with a Spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight ;
And pass'd the *English* Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear ;
And thro' Earl *Piercy's* Body then
He thrust his hateful Spear :
With such a veh'ment Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other Side
A large Cloth-yard and more.
So thus did both these Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain.
An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
The Noble Earl was slain ;
He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree ;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the Head drew he :
Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
So right his Shaft he set,
The grey Goose-wing that was thereon
In his Heart's Blood was wet.
This Fight did last from Break of Day,
Till Setting of the Sun ;

For when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,
The Battle scarce was done.
With the Earl *Piercy*, there was slain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron;
And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
Whose Prowess did surmount.
For *With'rington* needs must I wall,
As one in doleful Dumps;
For when his Legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.
And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly.
Sir *Charles Murrel*, of *Ratcliff*, too,
His Sister's Son was he;
Sir *Dawid Lamb*, so well esteem'd,
They saved could not be.
And the Lord *Maxwell* in like wise
Did with Earl *Douglas* die;
Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears
Scarce Fifty five did fly.
Of Fifteen Hundred *English* Men
Went Home but Fifty three;
The rest were slain in *Cbevy-Chase*
Under the Green-wood Tree.
Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
But all would not prevail.
Their Bodies, bath'd in Purple Blood
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland's* King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
Was with an Arrow slain.

O heavy News, King *James* did say,
Scotland can Witness be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came;
Within as short a Space,
That *Piercy*, of *Northumberland*,
Was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my Realm
Five Hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not *Scot*, nor *Scotland* say,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After, on *Humbledown*;
In one Day, Fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown:

And of the rest, of small Account,
Did many Thousands die:
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chase*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

SONG XVI. In Proserpine.

LET Harmony sweetly resounding,
Gay Pleasure and Transport invite,
Till the Voice in loud Echo's rebounding,
Thro' the Vallies diffuse our Delight.

SONG XVII. *In the same.*

O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,
Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains;
From thee alone the Wretch can borrow
Short Release from lasting Pains,

SONG XVIII. *In the same.*

O Blest Retreat! O blissful Bow'rs
Ye sunny Hills, and verdant Glades,
Warbling Chords, and murmur'ing Springs,
Here, 'midst your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
Nor envy *Juno* on her starry Throne.

SONG XIX. *In the Island Princess.*

O H cease, cease, urge no more the God to
Swell my Breast!

The Mansion dreads the greater Guest;
But lo! he comes! I shake! I feel, I feel his Sway,

And now he hurries me along,

Then, Crowds believe, and Kings, obey,

'Tis Heaven inspires the Song.

Haste! to the Gods due Vengeance give,

Hark! From their Seats they cry,

Who lets Blasphemers live

Shall by Blasphemers die.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give,

“ Let the Sound

“ Echo all around.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

Beware! ten thousand thousand threat'ning

Ills! I see!

Invasions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! endless Woes!

Ah wretched Isle! I weep for Thee!

Save, save thyself, resign the Gods Blaspheming

Foes,

Now, now the Thunder roars,

The Earth now groans and quakes;

The rising Main a Deluge pours,

The World's Fountain shakes.

Hell gapes ! the Fiends appear !
 Oh hold ! ye angry Pow'rs relent, or we despair.
 See, we fulfil
 On your Foes your dreadful Will.
 See the Throng
 Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along.
 Now they tear 'em, now they die ;
 All applaud, and shout for Joy.
 Peace returns, all Nature smiles,
 Happy Days now bless our Isles ;
 Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,
 Merry Sports and Love go round.

SONG XX.

L Ovely Charmer, dearest Creature,
 Kind Invader of my Heart ;
 Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
 Rais'd with ev'ry Grace of Art !
 Oh ! cou'd I but make thee love me,
 As thy Charms my Heart have mov'd,
 None cou'd e'er be blest above me,
 None cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

SONG XXI.

G En'rous Wine, and a Friend in whom I
 can confide, [Bride
 And a cleanly bright Girl I wou'd have for my
 I'll keep a Brace of Geldings,
 An easy Pad to please my Spouse,
 Kind Fate, what more I ask,
 Ne'er to want my dear Flask,
 And in friendly Bumpers ever briskly carouse.

SONG XXII.

H OW happy are we, when the Wind is abaft,
 And the Boatswain he pipes, haul both
 our Sheets aft.
 Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh
 Gale, [doth not fail.
 We'll soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind

e despair.

Then drink about, *Tom*, altho' the Ship roll,
We'll save our rich Liquor, by slinging our Bowl.

SONG XXIII.

OLD *Chiron* thus preach'd to his Pupil,
Achilles ;
I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates
Will is.

You, my Boy, must go,
The Gods will have it so,
To the Siege of *Troy*,

Thence never to return to *Greece* again ;
But before those Walls to be slain.
Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
But all the while you lye before the Town,
Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry :
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the *Stygian* Ferry.

SONG XXIV. In *Tamerlane*.

whom I
[Bride
For my

Love gives War or Peace at Pleasure,
Fond Lovers still tormenting,
But deaf to all Lamenting,
Laughs when he gives us Pain :
Displays his shining Treasure,
His Toils and Snares surround us ;
No sooner does he wound us,
But leaves us to complain.

rouse.

SONG XXV. In the same.

is absent,
aul both

ys a fresh
not fail.
he Wind

Since thus you slight my Pain,
Return my Heart again,
False, ungrateful Swain,
Or meet my Passion.

But if my Heart you prize,
O do not tyrannize !
O do not tyrannize !
But shew Compassion.

SONG XXVI.

Cease, ye Rovers, cease to range
 Pleasure revels least in Change:
 Wand'ring still uneasy, still, still uneasy,
 Nought can fix ye,
 Nought can please ye,
 Whilst true Love, like heav'nly Joys,
 Never dies, and never cloy.

SONG XXVII. *In Arsinoc.*

DEIBO, if thou wilt not woe me,
 Prithee spare one single Kiss.
 In good Faith, 'tis a Wrong you do me,
 To deny so small a Bliss.
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows;
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
 Frowns disgrace a charming Face,
 And but make us Pastime lose.
 Put on a little dimpling Smile;
 Pleasing Looks the Heart beguile.

SONG XXVIII. *In the same.*

CONSCIOUS Dungeon, Walls of Stone,
 You that echo to my Grief,
 If not harder than my Fate,
 Oh! give me some Relief.
 Ere in your hollow Womb,
 Breathless Ormundo you entomb,
 Shew me once the cruel Fair,
 Since her Eyes first gave me Doom,
 From her Lips 'twill easy come.

SONG XXIX. *In Thomyris.*

NO more let Sorrow pain you,
 Here Love alone shall chain you,
 And ev'ry Joy restore.
 New Pleasure shall detain you,
 No Liberty has more.

SONG XXX. *In Bonduca.*

JACK thou'rt a Toper,
Jack thou'rt a Toper,
 Let's have t'other Quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 sing, ring, ring, ring,
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a Shame to part,
 None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
 coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 coming, coming, coming late,
 Fears a domestick Strife.
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you,
 so are you, so are you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 knock boldly, knock boldly,
 The Watch cry past Two o'Clock.

SONG XXXI. *The Cloak's Knavery.*

COME buy my new Ballad,
 I have't in my Wallet,
 But 'twill not I fear please every Passat;
 Then mark what ensu'th,
 I swear by my Youth,
 That every Line in my Ballad is Truth:
 A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of Worth,
 'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
 'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a
 Gown,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'l'd
 the Crown.
 I'll tell you in brief,
 A Story of Grief, [Chief;
 Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in
 It tore Common-Prayers,
 Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
 In one Day it voted down Prelates and Players;

It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
And the Cov'nant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.

*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the
Crown.*

It was a black Cloak,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many Thousands, but never struck
Stroke;

With Hatchet and Ropey
The Forlorn Hope
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope;
It set all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail, 'twou'd have brought in
the Turk.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r-Guns,
Those fierce Demi-Gorgons,
It brought in the Bagpipes, and pull'd down the
Organs;

The Pulpits did smock,

The Churches did choke;

And our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak;
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor
read,

It set *Publick Fasting*, and pull'd down the *Creal*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Importor

Such Fury did foster,

It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater Noster*;

It threw to the Ground

Ten Commandments down,

And set up twice twenty times Ten of its own:

It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all those whom they thought Dis-
affected.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind People's Eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise;
Men brought in their Plates,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many scurrilous Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenchers of Bookkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it mov'd,
And was much approv'd,
For crying out — Fight the Lord's Battles,
below d;
It bobtail'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council; but not at the King.

Then let us endeavour, &c.
It raised up States,
Whose politick Pates
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to kill one another:
It took up Men's Horses at very low Rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed:
It made the best Mirror of Majesty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his
Master.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

Tho' some of them went hence,
 By sorrowful Sentence,
 This lofty long *Cloak* is not mov'd to Repentance,
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty Thousand times Ten,
 Are plotting to do their Tricks over again :
 But let this proud *Cloak* to Authority stoop,
 Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop,
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down.
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In sacred and secular Things may consent ;
So Righteously firm,
And Religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be :
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may
contain us :
 Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom
 will crown,
 And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shall
 down.

S O N G XXXII.

HE that is a cleer
 Cavalier,
 Will not repine,
 Although
 His Substance grow
 So very low,
 That he cannot drink Wine.
 Fortune is a Lass,
 Will embrace,
 And soon destroy ;
 Free-born,
 In Liberty,
 We'll ever be,
 Singing *Vive le Roi*,

Virtue is its own Reward, Sir; T
And Fortune is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore;

He that is a trusty Roger,

And hath serv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,

Yet he will skip and sing:

Whilst he that fights for Love,

May in the way of Honour prove,

And they that make Sport of us,

May come short of us,

Fate will flatter them,

And will scatter them,

Whilst the Royalty

Looks upon Loyalty,

We that live peaceably,

May be successfully

Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real honest Man

May be utterly undone,

To show his Allegiance;

His Love and Obedience,

But that will raise him up,

Virtue weighs him up,

Honour stays him up,

And we'll praise him;

Whilst the fine Courtier dine,

With his full Bowls of Wine,

Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then

Honest Men,

And kick at Fate,

We

May live to see,

Our Loyalty

Valued at a higher Rate.

He that bears a Word,

Or a Sword,

'Gainst the Throne,
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little of his own.

C H O R U S.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the prosperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
When we come to't agen;
Treachery may be fac'd with Light,
And Lechery lin'd with Furr;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight;
'Tis Fortune *de la Guerre*;

But what is that to us Roys,
That now are honest Men?
We'll conquer and come agen,

Beat up the Drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers;
Dub, a dub, dub,
Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town;
We'll rally, and to't agen;
Give 'em the rout agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar-ara-ar-a*,
This is the Life of an honest Cavalier.

SONG XXXII. *In Calypso.*

O Cupid, gentle Boy,
Restore me to the Fair,
To Love's auspicious Joy,
I'll fly from gloomy Care.

SONG XXXIII. *In Love's Triumph.*

GAY, kind, and airy, sweet is a Lover;
Sweet is a Lover, gay, kind, and airy.

But when we marry,
Too soon we vary,
Courting and sporting are all over.

SONG XXXIV.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure.
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins,
Drinking, toping Flip by Ferkins;
And as they raise the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee *Jack*, prithee *Dick*,
Prithee *Sam*, prithee *Tom*,
Let the Cann go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,
Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,
Bustle; Bustle:
My Boy, let us stir, let us toil,
But let's drink all the while,
For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
For Labour, &c.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure:
Hark the Crew in Sun-burnt Faces
Chanting Black-ey'd Susan's Graces;
S. And as they raise their Notes
Thro' their rusty Throats
On the Deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure:
Hark the Crew their Cares discarding,
With Huzlap, or with Chuck-farthing:
S. Still in merry Pin,
Let 'em lose or win,
On the Deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

SONG XXXVI.

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a
Beau;

They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing
to do;

Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For Nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air;
Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Curling
their Hair,

And do Nothing all Day, but sing, saunter, and
stare:

Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Play-house they
crowd,

To mind Nothing done there, they always are
proud:

But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud:
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
And for Nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they
call:

For they still must be beasted, who've — No-
thing at all:

Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, on *Sundays*, at Church they appear;
For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've No-
thing to fear:

They can be Nothing no where, who — No-
thing are here:

Such, such is, &c.

SONG XXXVII. *Hail Burgundy.*

HAil *Burgundy*, thou Juice divine,
Inspirer of my Song;
The Praises giv'n to other Wine
To thee alone belong.

Of manly Wit and female Charms,
 Thou can't the Pow'r improve :
 Care of its Sting thy Balm disarms,
 And makes us blest as *Jove*.

Bright *Phæbus* on the Parent Vines,
 From whence thy Current streams,
 Smiling amongst the Tendrils shines,
 And lavish darts his Beams.
 The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
 And all his Pow'r retain ;
 With the same Warmth our Brains inspire,
 And lead the sprightly Strain.

From thee, fair *Celos*'s potent Eye
 New sparkling Beams receives ;
 Her Cheeks imbibe a rosy Dye,
 New Heat her Bosom heaves.
 Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms,
 Oh ! with what nervous Heat,
 Worthy the Maid we fill her Arms,
 How oft that Love repeat ?

The *Stoick* prone to Thought intense,
 Thy Softness can unbend ;
 A chearful Gayety dispense,
 And make him taste a Friend.
 His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
 Forgets his pensive Strife,
 And well concludes our Span well spent
 In honest, social Life.

Ev'n Fops — those doubtful, gender Things,
 So fond of Selves and Dress,
 Quite lost to the Delight that springs
 From Sense — thy Pow'r confess.
 Each foolish, puling, maudlin Face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his Cue, and stiff Grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

SONG XXXVII. *Save Women, &c.*

SAve Women and Wine, there is nothing
in Life

That can bribe honest Souls to endure it;
When the Heart is perplex'd, and furrow'd
with Care,

Dear Women and Wine only cure it.

Dear Women, &c.

Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women
and Wine,

And wisely to Purpose employ them:

He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,
Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them.

As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,
Whilst Vigour, &c.

Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my
dear Jack,

To heighten our amorous Fires;

Our Girls young and sound, and shall kiss with
a smack,

And shall gratify all our Desires;

The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we will
smack,

And gratify, &c.

SONG XXXVIII. *I'm Cupid's, &c.*

I'M Cupid's Warrior, my Fair,
Then quickly for the Fight prepare.

Ah! why, Gelinda, would you fly,

When I at first am sure to yield,

If you th' Engagement shun, I die;

Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

SONG XXXIX. *To Sylvia's, &c.*

TO Sylvia's Charms a Captive made,
I fought the wanton Cupid's Aid;

Begging he'd try some pow'ful Dart,

To soften her relentless Heart.

But all in vain y for, in her Eyes
 All their Artill'ry planted lyes.
 Their Darts can only from her fly,
 I'm fated to despair and die.
 And yet 'twas but this small Request,
 Which granted, would have made me blest.
 Oh! let my Flames melt her into Desire,
 Or else her Coldness quite put out my Fire.

SONG XL. *I'm old, &c.*

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,
 My Wits are quite unframed,
 I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all Cure,
 And in Hopes of being proclaimed.
 I'll mount the frosty Mountains,
 And there I'll skin the Weather,
 I'll pluck the Rainbow from the Sky,
 And I'll splice both Ends together.
 I'll mount the Pride of Marble,
 And there I'll fright the Gypsies;
 And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
 And win them with Eclipses.
 I 'Prentice was to *Pulcan*,
 And serv'd my Master faithful,
 In making Tools for jovial Fools,
 But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.
 The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too,
 I'll put them in my Budget;
 And if I'm not a roaring Boy,
 Then let the Nation judge it.

SONG XLI. *The Commons, &c.*

IF all things succeed,
 As already decreed,
 By immutable Powers that rule us;
 To repine, and to pray,
 Is but Time thrown away,
 And our Teachers, in short, do but fool us.

Then let's prove our Free-will,
 By our Drinking about,
 And by quitting the Glass, when its Time to
 give out:
 But if Man has no Pow'r
 To chuse or to shun,
 'Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Virtue to run;
 If we're driv'n by Fate,
 Either this Way or that,
 As a Carrier whips on his Horses;
 No Mortal can stray,
 But must go the right Way,
 Like the Stars that are bound to their Courses;
 But if we've Free-will,
 To go on or stand still,
 As may best serve each present Occasion:
 Then pray fill the Glass,
 And confirm him an As,
 That depends upon Predestination.

S O N G XLIII.

With early Horn
 Salute the Morn,
 That gilds this charming Place;
 With chearful Cries,
 Bid *Echo* rise,
 And join the jovial Chase.
 The vocal Hills around,
 The waving Woods,
 The chrystal Floods,
 All, all return th'enliv'ning Sound.

S O N G XLIV. *In Pyrrhus.*

TIS not your Wealth, my Dear,
 Nor Wit, nor Shape, nor Air,
 Nor Beauty past compare,
 Makes me a Lover:
 Your sweet complying Mind,
 Your Pride in being kind,

Without the teasing Way
Of pish, nay fie, nay pray,
Has brought me over.

SONG XLV. *In Apollo and
Daphne.*

H Ark, hark, the Huntsman sounds his
Horn,

A Call so musical chides the Dröne,
Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,
ton, ton.

The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
The Woods re-echo the sprightly Ton,
ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn,
Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn,
Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Staggs our Accents hears,
Our Accents fatal to him alone,
Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down,
Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son,
Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads
Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown,
Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moean-NT
Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasures when Night comes on,

Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content,
With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown,

Ton, ton, &c.

SONG XLV. *Come let's, &c.*

Come let's drink, the Time invites,
Winter and cold Weather,
For to pass away long Nights,

And to keep good Wits together;
Better far than Cards or Dice,
Or Isaac's Ball, that quaint Device,
Made up with Fan and Feather.

Of grand Actions on the Seas,

We will ne'er be jealous,

Give us Liquor that will please,

And will make us braver Fellows

Than the bold Venetian Fleet,

When the Turks and they do meet,

Within the Dardanalloes.

Mahomet was no Divine,

But a senseless Widgeon,

To forbid the Use of Wine

Unto those of his Religion;

Falling-sickness was his Shame,

And his Throne shall have the Blame,

For all his whisp'ring Pigeon.

Valentia, that famous Town,

Stood the Frenchmen's Wonder,

Water it employ'd to drown,

And to cut their Troops asunder.

Turenne cast a helpless Look,

Whilst the crafty Spaniards took

La-Ferta and his Plunder.

Therefore Water we disdain,

Mankind's Adversary;

Once it caus'd the World's whole Frame

In a Deluge to miscarry :

Nay, the Enemies of Joy,

Seek with Envy to destroy,

And murder good Canary.

Sack's the Prince's surest Guard,

If he would but try it ;

No Rebellion e'er was heard,

Where the Subjects soundly ply it ;

And three Constables, at most,

Are enough to quell an Host,

That thus disturbs our Quiet.

Drink about your full-brim Bowls,

See there be no Shrinking,

For to quench your thirsty Souls,

We of Projects are not thinking ;

But a Way we will devise

How to make our Colours rise,

And our Noses rich with drinking :

Cause the Rubies to appear

In their Orient Lustre ;

Pottle Pots bring up the Rear,

For our Forces we must muster :

Signor Gallon leads the Van,

He hath taken many a Man,

And drowns them on a Cluster.

Sack it doth inspire the Wit,

Tho' the Brain be muddy ;

Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet

By its Virtue fall to study.

He that tipples up good Sack,

Finds sound Marrow in the Back,

That's wholesome for the Belly.

All the Faculties of Man

Are enriched by this Treasure ;

He that first this Bowl began,

Let him give to all his Measure ;

Sack is like th' *Ethereal* Fire,

Which doth kindle new Desire,

To do a Woman Pleasure.

Sack doth make the Spirit bold,
 'Tis like the Muses *Nectar*.
 Some that silent Tongues did hold,
 Now can speak a learned Lecture ;
 By the flowing of the Tub,
 They can break *Alcides' Club*,
 And take the Crown from *Hector*.

We never covet to be rich
 With Commerce, or with Trading ;
 Nor have we a zealous Itch,
 Tho' *quondam* Means are fading :
 But our Vessels and our Store,
 And Wits are how to get at more
 Good Sack, and that's our Lading.

We that drink good Sack in Plate,
 To make us blithe and jolly,
 Never plot against the State,
 To be punish'd for such Folly ;
 But the merry Glass and Pipe,
 Makes our Senses quick and ripe,
 And expels Melancholly.

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells,
 The Fifth Day of *November*,
 The Preacher a sad Story tells,
 And with Horror doth remember,
 How some dry-brain'd Traitors wrought,
 Plots, that would to Ruin brought
 Both King, and every Member.

We that drink have no such Thoughts,
 Blind and void of Reason,
 We take Care to fill our Vaults,
 With good Wine at ev'ry Season,
 And with many a chearful Cup
 We blow one another up,
 And that's our only Treason.

S O N G XLVII. *Hold, hold, &c.*

HOLD, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom*,
 And hold thy Nose to the P.

'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
 And my Pot, and thy Pot,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*
 'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, *Tom,*
 And heal thy Distempers in *Autumn,*
Felix quem facient,
 I prithee be patient,

Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*
 Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*
 There's neither Parson nor Vicar,
 But will tofs off his Liquor,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*

S O N G XLVIII. *I'll never be
 drunk again.*

When this old Cap was new,
 'Tis since two hundred Year,
 No Malice then we knew,
 But all Things plenty were :
 All Friendship now decays,
 (Believe me, this is true)
 Which was not in those Days,
When this old Cap was new.
 The Nobles of our Land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their Command
 A Crew of lusty Men,
 Which by their Coats were known
 Of Tawney, Red, or Blue,
 With Crests on their Sleeves shown,
When this old Cap was new.
 Now Pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our Land's Reproach,
 When he whose Means is small,
 Maintains both Horse and Coach;
 Instead of an hundred Men,
 The Coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
When this old Cap was new.

Good Hospitality;

Was cherish'd then of many;

Now poor Men starve and die,

And are not help'd by any;

For Charity waxeth cold,

And Love is found in few:

This was not in Time of old;

When this old Cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,

You might meet on the Way;

Brave Knights and Gentlemen,

Clad in their Country Gray,

That courteous would appear,

And kindly welcome you:

No Puritans then were,

When this old Cap was new.

Our Ladies in those Days

In civil Habit went,

Broad-cloth was then worth Praise;

And gave the best Content:

French Fashions then were scorn'd;

Fond Fangles then none knew,

Then Modesty Woman adorn'd,

When this old Cap was new.

A Man might then behold,

At Christmas, in each Hall,

Good Fires to curb the Cold,

And Meat for Great and Small:

The Neighbours were friendly Midden,

And all had Welcome true;

The Poor from the Gates were not chidden;

When this old Cap was new.

Black Jacks to every Man

Were fill'd with Wine and Beer,

No Pewter But nor Can

In these Days did appear:

Good Cheer in a Nobleman's House

Was counted a seemly shew,

We wanted no Brawn nor Soufe,

When this old Cap was new.

We took not such Delight
 In Cups of Silver fine;
 None under the Degree of a Knight,
 In Plate drunk Beer or Wine;
 Now each methanical Man
 Hath a Cup-board of Plate for a Shew,
 Which was a rare Thing then,
When this old Cap was new.

Then Bribery was unborn,
 No Simony Men did use,
 Christians did Usury scorn,
 Devis'd among the *Jews*,
 The Lawyers to be fee'd,
 At that Time hardly knew,
 For Man with Man agreed,
When this old Cap was new.

No Captain then carous'd,
 Nor spent poor Soldiers Pay,
 They were not so abus'd,
 As they are at this Day;
 Of seven Days they make eight,
 To keep them from their Due;
 Poor Soldiers had their Right,
When this old Cap was new.

Which made them forward still
 To go, altho' not prest:
 And going with good Will,
 Their Fortunes were the best.
 Our *English* then in Fight
 Did foreign Foes subdue,
 And forc'd them all to Flight,
When this old Cap was new.

God save our gracious King,
 And send him long to live,
 Lord, Mischief on them bring,
 That will not their Alms give:
 But seek to rob the Poor
 Of that which is their Due:
 This was not in Time of yore,
When this, &c. C 1

SONG XLIX. *Fair Cælia's, &c.*

FAIR *Cælia's* Eyes give Love to all,
 The Nymph a Goddess reigns;
 All that durst look, her Victims fall,
 Yet she unmov'd remains.
 While happy *Strophon*, in her Arms
 Secure, but envy'd lyes:
 To him she opens all her Charms,
 To him unlocks, unlocks,
 Unlocks to him, unlocks her Joys.
 So the pleas'd Moon on *Latmos* lay
 With her *Endymion*;
 Her Light to all she gave away,
 Her Love to him, her Love to him alone.

SONG L. *Bacchus, assist, &c.*

BACCHUS, assist us to sing thy great Glory,
 Chief of the Gods we exult in thy Story;
 Wine's first Projector,
 Mankind's Protector,
 Patron to Topers,
 How do we adore thee.
Wine's first Projector, &c.
 Friend to the Muses, and Whet-stone to *Pemus*,
 Herald to Pleasures, when Wine wou'd convene us
 Sorrow's Physician,
 When our Condition
 In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to screen us
 Nature she smil'd, when thy Birth it was blest;
 Mankind rejole'd when thy Altars were rais'd;
 Mirth will be flowing,
 Whilst the Vine's growing,
 And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

SONG LI. *What Life, &c.*

WHAT Life can compare with the jolly
 Town-Rake's,
 When in his full Swing of all Pleasure he takes!

At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to dine,
 And wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Mu-
 fick, and Wine ;
 Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the
 Masques,
 And thence to the *Rose* where he takes his three
 Flasks.

There great as a *Cæsar* he revels when drunk,
 And scours all his mects as he reels, as he reels
 to his Punk,
 And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he
 wakes,
 What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rake's,
 the jolly Town-Rake's.

He like the Great *Turk* has his favourite She,
 But the Town's his *Seraglio*, and still he lives
 free ;

Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
 Black *Betty*, or Oyster *Moll* serve for a Change :
 As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
 He thinks him that is sob'rest is most like a
 Beast :

At Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and
 Doors,
 Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their
 Whores :

Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he
 makes,
 What Life can compare with the jolly Town
 Rake's ?

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
 And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his
 Brains ;

He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
 Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink :
 He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
 And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year :
 For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
 And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast :

Then leaps in the Dark, and his *Exit* he makes,
What Death can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's ?

SONG LII. *There lives, &c.*

THere lives an Ale-draper near *New-Place-Yard,*

Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife ;
And she was forced to stand on her Guard,
To keep his Clutches from her Quoin ;
She, poor Soul, the weaker Vessel,
To be reconcil'd was easily won ;

He held her in Scorn,
But she crown'd him with Horn,
Without Hood or Scarf, and rough as she ran.

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,
And she was very willing to go ;
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House,
That he by himself his Horn might blow ;
A Hackney-Coachman he did buy her,
And was not this a very good Fun ;
With a dirty Pliner,
As I am a Sinner,

Without Hood or Scarf, &c.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three Men was handed away ;
He for her Husband did not care a Fart,
He kept her one whole Night and Day ;
Then honest Judge the Coachman bought her,
And was not this most cunningly done ?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood or Scarf, &c.

The Cuckold to Judge a Letter did send,
Wherein he did most humbly crave ;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have ;
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e'er has done ;

I swear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood or Scarf, &c.

He sent an old Bawd to interceed,
And to perswade her to come back ;
That he might have one of her delicate Breed,
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack ;
Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or else poor I shall be undone ;

Then do not forego me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarf, tho' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado
Did suffer the Bawd to take her out ;
Upon the Condition that she would be true,
And let him have now and then a Bout ;
But he took from her forty Shillings,
And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun ;
And then with a good buy t'ye,
Discharged his Duty,

And turn'd her a graving, rough as she run,
The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
And gave him a Treat at his own Expence ;
They drown'd all Cares in full Brimmers of Wine,
He made him as welcome as any Prince ;
There was all the Hungregation,
Which from Cuckold's-Point was come ;
They kissed and stumbled,
They toused and tumbled,

He was glad to take her rough as she run,
Judge does enjoy her where he list,
He values not the old Cuckold's Pouts ;
And she is as good for the Game as e'er list,
Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts ;
She rants and revels when she pleases,
And to end as I begun,
The Horned Wife-acre
Is forced to take her,
Without Hood or Scarf, and rough as she run,

SONG LIII.

OH Mother, Roger, with his Kisses
 Almost stops my Breath, I vow ;
 Why does he gripe my Hand to Pieces,
 And yet he says he loves me too ?
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do !
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so ?
For never stir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,
 Something in my Mouth he put ;
 I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it,
 But for my Life I cannot do't :
Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.
 He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
 Where I feel I know not what ;
 Something I never felt in yours,
 Pray tell me Mother, what is that ?
Tell me Mother, what is that ?
For never stir I long to know.

SONG LIV. *How blest, &c.*

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their
 Lasses,
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding
 Alarms !
 Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm passes,
 And when we die, 'tis in each other's Arms !
 All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
 All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
All the Day, &c.
 Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,
 Let not your Days without Pleasure expire ;
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire !
 Let not Youth fly away without contenting,
 Age will come time enough for your repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

SONG LV. *Of old Soldiers, &c.*

OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they
were ;

But all we remember shall come to your Ear,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldiers.

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man
To *Old Francisco*, who first it began
To sail through the *Streights of Magellan*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud *Spanish Armada* to wreck,
And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came
back

In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Cawndish* that seconded him,
And taught his old Sails the same Passage to
swim,
And did him therefore with Cloth of Gold trim.
Like, &c.

Like an *Old Raleigh*, that twice and again
Sail'd over most Part of the Seas, and then
Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old John Norris*, the General,
That old *Gaunt* made his Fame immortal,
In spite of his Foes, with no Loss at all ;
Like, &c.

Like old *Brest Fort*, an invincible Thing,
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the *French*
King,
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the World's won-
d'ring ;
Like, &c.

Where an old stout *Friar*, as goes the Story,
Came to Push off a Pike with him in vain Glory,

But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Ned Norris* that kept *Ostend*,
A Terror to *Foe*, and a Refuge to *Friend*,
And left it impregnable to his last End ;
Like, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at
the Wall

Of *Lisbon*, the Mistress of *Portugal* ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Tim Norris*, by the old Queen sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord President,
Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he
spent ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Harry Norris* in Battle wounded
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,
You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed,
Like, &c.

With an *Old Will Norris*, the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary, without any Call,
To th'old *Irish Wars*, to's Fame immortal ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Dick Wenman*, the first in his Prime,
That over the Walls of old *Cala* did climb ;
And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time ;
Like, &c.

Like an *Old Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was
o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder
blown,
Yet bravely recov'ring, long after was known
For an old, &c.

With an *Old Tom Wenman*, whose bravest Delight
Was in a good Cause for his Country to fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight,
And an old, &c.

With a *Young Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold
In the Wars of *Bobemia*, as with the Old,
Deserves for his Valour to be enroll'd

An old, &c.

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame,
But ne'er so many of one House and Name,
And all of *Old John* Lord Viscount of *Thame*,

An old Soldier of the Queen's,

And the Queen's old Soldier.

SONG LVI. *Virgins so fair, &c.*

Virgins so fair, at length may it prove
Your Destiny to be in Love,

Pray grant me such a Fate;

May Prudence always be my Guide,

With a little, little Decency and Pride,

My Actions to regulate.

When first in Love I do commence,

May it be with a Man of Sense,

And learned Education;

May all his Courtship be to me]

Neither too formal nor too free,

But wisely show his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,

That it may look like no Design

To bring us both to Sorrow;

Grant me this that I have said,

And willingly I'd live a Maid

No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree

And neither of us angry be,

But live free from all Sorrow;

If one be cross, may the other say,

My Dear, we wont fall out to Day,

Whate'er we do to Morrow.

SONG LVII. *Good your Worship, &c.*

Good your Worship, cast an Eye
Upon a Soldier's Misery;

Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,
 Your Worship's Bounty from me stay ;
 But like a noble Friend,
 Some Silver lend,
 And *Jove* shall pay you in the End ;
 And I will pray that Fate
 May make you fortunate
 In Heaven, or in some Earthly State.

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,
 Which makes me blush to keep this Stir ;
 Nor do I rove from Place to Place,
 For to make known my woful Case.
 For I am none of those
 That a Roving goes,
 And in Rambling shew their drunken
 Blows ;

For all that they have got,
 Is by banging of the Pot,
 In wrangling who should pay their Shot,

Olympick Games I oft have seen,
 And in brave *Battles* have I been ;
 The Cannons there aloud did roar,
 My Proffer high was evermore :

For, out of a *Bravado*,
 When in a *Barricado*,
 By tossing of a *Hand-Grenado*,
 Death then was very near,
 When it took away this Ear ;
 But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here.

And at the *Siege of Buda*, there,
 I was blown up into the Air,
 From whence I tumbled down again,
 And lay awhile among the Slain ;
 Yet rather than be beat,
 I got upon my Feet,
 And made the Enemy retreat ;
 Myself and seven more
 We fought eleven Score,
 The Rogues were ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen times
 Been blown up by the roguish Mines :
 Twice through the Scull have I been shot,
 That my Brains do boil like any Pot :
 Such Dangers have I past,
 At first and at last,
 As would make your Worship sore aghast ;
 And there I lay for dead,
 Till the Enemy was fled,
 And then they carry'd me home to Bed.
 At Push of Pike I lost this Eye,
 And at *Bergam* Siege I broke this Thigh ;
 At *Offend*, like a warlike Lad,
 I laid about as I were mad :
 But little would you think,
 That e'er I had been,
 Such a good old Soldier of the Queen ;
 But if Sir *Francis Vere*
 Were living now, and here,
 He would tell you how I slash'd 'em there,
 The *Hollanders* my Fury know,
 For oft with them I've dealt a Blow :
 Then did I take a warlike Dance
 Quite through *Spain*, and into *France* ;
 And there I spent a Flood
 Of very noble Blood,
 Yet all would do but little good ;
 For now I home am come,
 With my Rags upon my Bum,
 And crave of your Worship one small Sum,
 And now my Case you understand,
 Pray lend to me your helping Hand ;
 A little Thing would pleasure me,
 It is not Bread and Cheese,
 Nor Barley-Lees,
 Or any such like Scraps as these ;
 But what I beg of you,
 Is a Shilling one or two,
 Kind Sir, your Purse-strings pray undo.

SONG LVIII. Andrew, &c.

ANDREW and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and
Mary;

Kate o'th' Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their
Labour,

All met on a Time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Andrew was cloathed in Shepherd's Grey;

And Will had put on his Holiday Jacket;

Beck had a Coat of Popin-jay,

And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her
Placket;

Meg and Moll in Frize, Tom and Jockey in
Leather,

And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they
flung,

With all the Might and Force they had;

Their Legs went like Flails, and as loosely
hung,

They cudgell'd their Arses as if they were
mad;

Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle;
While the Maids they did trip and turn like a
Spindle.

Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin,

Simper she did like a Furmety-Kettle;

The Twang of whose Blubber-Lips made such
a Din,

As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-
metal;

Kate laugh'd heartily at the same Smack,

And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no Whitson-Ale there e'er yet had been

Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and
Lasses;

From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen;
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses;
 For had you but seen't, you then would have
 sworn,

You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist;

Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour;

Here they did glance, and there they did gloist;

Here they did simper, and there they did
 slaver;

Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,

Whilst, hey! their Sleeves went sicket-a-
 flacket.

The Dapce being ended, they sweat and they
 stunk,

The Maidens did smirk it; the Youngsters
 did kiss 'em;

Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd Hands
 and drunk;

They laugh'd and they gigg'l'd until they
 bepist 'em;

They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green
 Mantle,

While their Breasts and their Bellies went
 pintle-a-pantle.

SONG LIX. *When the Kine, &c.*

When the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home;
 Doll who knew it would be healthful,

Went a walking with young Tom:

Hand in Hand, Sir,

O'er the Land, Sir,

As they walked to and fro;

Tom made jolly Love to Doll,

But was answer'd, No, no, no, &c.

Faith, says Tom, the Time is fitting,

We shall never get the like;

You can never get from Knitting,
 Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:
 Now we're gone too,
 And alone too,

No one by to see or know;

Come, come, *Dolly*, prithee shall I?
 Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
 In what Snares you'd make us fall;
 You'll get nothing but the Folly,
 But I shall get the Devil and all:

Tom with Sobs,
 And some dry Bobs,

Cry'd, you're a Fool to argue so;
 Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I? shall I?
 Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confess;
 By the Hand he often shook her,
 And drank Brimmers to the best, &c.

Doll grew warm,
 And thought no Harm;

Till after a brisk Pint or two,
 To what he said, the silly Maid
 Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
 In the Country or the Town,
 And began to grow so mellow,
 On the Couch he laid her down;

Tom came to her,

For to woe her,

Thinking this the Time to try:
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her *No* was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they join'd their Faces,
 Lovers you know what I mean;
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in.

Both now lying,
Panting, dying,
Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
Tom would fain renew't again,
And she consents with *I, I, I, I, &c.*

SONG LX. *We all to, &c.*

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
Its pleasing Pow'r admire ;
But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
That like yours could inspire.
Now I may say, I met with one
Amazes all Mankind ;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet ;
Like the divining Prophets wife,
And like blown Roses sweet :
Modest, yet Gay ; Reserv'd, yet Free ;
Each happy Night a Bride ;
A Mien like awful Majesty,
And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
Chast, Beautiful, and Young :
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought 'em long.
Ah ! were you to reward such Cares,
And Life so long could stay ;
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years
Would seem but as one Day.

SONG LXI. *Belinda's pretty, &c.*

BELINDA's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form
Does my happy, happy, happy,
Fancy charm :
Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging,
most obliging ;

Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
 Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm!
 There is such Magick in her Eyes,
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
 Does my wondering Heart surprize:
 Her prinking, nipping, twinkling, pinking,
 Whilst I'm courting, for transporting,
 How like an Angel she panting lies, she pant-
 ing lies!

SONG LXII. *Let not Love, &c.*

LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me
 bestow,
 Soft Distress, soft Distress, and tender Woe;
 I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial
 Blissess,
 Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses:
 I know not what the Lovers feign
 Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain;
 Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all, all the Joy;
 But all, all, all, all, all the Joy,
 Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all, all the Joy,
 But all, all, all, all, the Joy.

SONG LXIII. *As Amoret, &c.*

AS *Amoret* and *Thyrfis* lay?
 As *Amoret* and *Thyrfis* lay;
 Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours
 in gentle Play,
 Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling
 Kisses,
 Mingling Kisses, mingling Kisses, and exchange-
 ing harmless Blissess;

He trembling cry'd with eager, eager Haste,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh!
let me, let me,

Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! oh! let me,
let me, let me feed as well as taste.

I dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly blest.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear,

I cannot, dare not, must not hear;

Dearest *Thyrsis*, do not move me,

Do not, do not, if you love me:

Do not, do not, if you love me:

O let me still, the Shepherd said,

But while she fond Resistance made,

The hasty Joy in struggling fled,

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss'd,

She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd,

And seem'd to moan, in sullen Cooing,

The sad Miscarriage of their Wooing:

But vain alas! were all her Charms,

For *Thyrsis* deaf to Love's Alarms,

Baffled and senseless, tir'd her Arms.

SONG LXIV. *I am a lusty, &c.*

I Am a lusty lively Lad,
Now come to One and Twenty,
My Father left me all he had,

Both Gold and Silver plenty:

Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,

The Ladies shall adore me;

I'll court and kiss, what Hurt's in this,

My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,

Till Soul and Body fundred,

Some say he was an Usurer,

For Thirty in the Hundred:

He scrap'd and scratcht, she pinch'd and patcht,

That in her Body bore me;

But I'll let fly, good Cause why,

My Father was horn before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in Pleasure;
 Five Pound a Quart shall chear my Heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good Cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Washington*,
 My Grandfire delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old *John Thrasington*,
 Whose Lantern Leather Breeches
 Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.

My Grandfire striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 'Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
 Oh! then he got my Father;
 Of happy Memory, cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
 Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, *Cambridge*, and *Gray's-Inn*,
 My grey-coat Grandfire put him,
 Till to forget he did begin

The Leathren Breech, that got him;
 One dealt in Straw, the other in Law,
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Grandfire Beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
 My Grandfire were a Sawyer,
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtle, learned Lawyer;
 By *Coke's Reports*, and Tricks in Courts,
 He did with Treasure store me,
 That I may say, Heavens bless the Day,
 My Father was born before me.

Some say of late, a Merchant that
 Had gotten Store of Riches,
 In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
 His Staff, and Leathern Breeches :
 His Stockings gartred up with Straw,
 E'er Providence did store him,
 His Son was Sh'riff of London, 'cause
 His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
 And put on Scarlet Clothing,
 At first did spring from Butter-milk,
 Their Ancestors worth nothing ;
 Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
 By digging and by Spinning,
 Did to all Kings and Princes give
 Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
 Tho' selfish, yet was slavish,
 I'll spend it at another rate,
 And be as lewdly lavish ;
 From Madmen, Fools, and Knaves he did
 Litigiously receive it ;
 If so he did, Justice forbid,
 But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis-Court,
 I'll prove a nobler Fellow ;
 I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
 Of O brave *Punchinello* ;
 I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and stab,
 No Hector shall outroar me ;
 If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
 My Father is gone before me.
 Our aged Counsellors would have
 Us live by Rule and Reason,
 'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
 And Pleasure's out of Season :
 I'll learn to dance the Mode of France,
 That Ladies may adore me ;
 My thrifty Dad go Pleasure had,
 Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus*' Sport
 Doth revel it in Plenty,
 I'll deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty ;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets ;
 Ladies make room, behold I come,
 Have at your knocking Jackets.

SONG LXV. *Of a noble Race
 was Shinkin.*

Hear all you Friends to Knighthood,
 A Tale will raise your Wonder,
 How Caitiff vile,
 By basest Wile,
 An hardy Knight did plunder.
 How from this *British* Worthy
 This Knave, a Fox light on hur!
 Did once purloin
 The only Sign
 And Badge he had of Honour.
 Oh! had you seen our Here!
 No Knight could e'er look bigger ;
 Unless his Size
 My Song belyes,
 Than *M*——n of *Tredegar*.
 A Ribbon gac'd his Shoulder,
 A Star shone on his Breast, Sir ;
 With smart Toupee,
Fert bien poudré,
 And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.
 This Ribbon held a Bauble,
 Which his kind Stars decreed him ;
 With which he'd play,
 Both Night and Day,
 'Twould do you good to see him.
 Tho' I a Bauble call it,
 It must not thus be slighted ;

'Twas one of the Toys,
 Bob gave to his Boys,
 When first the Chits were knighted.
 Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
 You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;
 But *English* Rogue,
 Confound the Dog,
 Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.
 Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,
 Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter,
 Ye Knights of the Toast,
 Or Knights of the Post,
 Or *Thistle*, *Bath*, or *Garter*.
 Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story;
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those Things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG LXVI. *Farewel the, &c.*

Farewel the Town's ungrateful Noise,
 Hurry, Strife, that damps all Joys,
 Where Reason proud Ambition blinds,
 Frenzy of unquiet Minds,
 Ease and Pleasure,
 Blest with Leisure,
 In sweet Groves my Choice shall be,
Calls smiling,
 Time beguiling,
 Dear Content's a World to me.
 Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,
 Lawyers bawl, and Parsons rail,
 A Friend against a Friend must be,
 And darling Brothers disagree;
 Yet their Stories,
Whigs and *Tories*,
 Both would change old Gain appear,
 Both would change old Gain appear;

Charming Graces
 In a Place is
 Of a thousand Pounds a Year,
 Great *Pan* has left his foreign Powers,
 Where Peace sat smiling, crown'd with Flowers,
 To govern *Albion's* stubborn Flocks,
 Whose Hearts are harder than their Rocks;
 He that's royal
 Loves all loyal
 Hearts like mine from Treason free,
 Peace when lasting,
 Love ne'er wasting,
 Is a World to him and me.
 Oh! State and Glory unconfin'd,
 Thou burning Fever of the Mind,
 I, 'midst the Grandeur thou dost bear,
 In Content more blest appear;
 Flowers when springing,
 Birds when singing,
 In my rural Shade I see,
 Plots ne'er making,
 Heart ne'er aking,
 Dear Content's a World to me,

SONG LXVII. *Groves, &c.*

Groves and Woods, high Rocks and Moun-
 tains,
 Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,
 Birds and Beasts that range with Pleasure,
 Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice,
 Make haste and appear to dance a gay Measure,
 And *Phœbus* please with Nature and Art's valu'd
 Treasure,
 Haste and see that no Sluggard refuses:
 Flora delightful as blushing *Aurora*,
 To banish the Pest of *Pandora*,
 I summon thy *Jessamine* and *Roses*,
 Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Posies,
 Come away when I sing and play.

No Creature in Nature,
Be late here, but wait here,
From *Vulcan's* hot Bellows,
Air, *Neptune* and *Tellus*,
The Thrushes from Bushes,
And Brickets from Thickets,
Come whisk it and frisk it,
And skip it and trip it,
In Honour of Love and the Muses.

SONG LXVIII. *The old Wife, &c.*

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her
Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back,
The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months
after

Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack ;
Young *Robin* so pleas'd her, that when she came
home,
She gap'd like a stuck Pig, and star'd like a
Mome,
She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she halloo'd and
whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Was ever Maiden so *lericompoop'd* ?

Oh *Nelly*, cry'd *Celis*, thy Clothes are all mealy,
Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap now and slabber, why what a pox ails
ye ?

I'll go to the Miller, and know all, ye Whore ;
She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she halloo'd and
whoop'd,

And all the Day long
This, this was her Song,
Hey, were ever two Sisters so *lericompoop'd* ?

Then *Mary* o'th' *Daisy*, a third of the Number,
Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it
about,

The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the Secret found out.

Thus *Celis* and *Nelly*, and *Mary* the mild,
Were just about Harvest-Time all big with Child,
They danc'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and
whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

And when they were big they did stare at each
other,

And crying, Oh Sisters ! what shall we now do ?
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Fa-
ther,

And they in one Month will all come to Town
too :

O why did we run in such haste to the Mill,
To *Robin*, who always the Toll Dish would fill,
He bump'd up our Bellies, then halloo'd and
whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

SONG LXIX. *Musing I late.*

Musing I late

On *Windsor* *Tarras* fat ;

And hot, and weary,

Heard a merry

Am'rous Couple chat ;

Words as they go,

The Nymph soon made me know,

And t'other was,

Tho' gay in Dress,

Ablund'ring Country Beams

He had shown her all
 The Lodgings, great and small ;
 The Tower, the Bower,
 The Green, the Queen,
 And fam'd St. *George's* Hall :
 Lastly brought her here,
 To court her for his Dear ;
 To wed and bed,
 And swore he had
 A thousand Pound a Year,
 Money, the Crew
 Of Sots, think all must do ;
 And now this Fool,
 Unlearn'd at School,
 It seems believes so too :
 But the rare Girl,
 More worth than Gold or Pearl,
 Was nobly got,
 And brought, and taught,
 To slight the sordid World.
 She then brisk and gay,
 That lov'd a tuneful Lay,
 In haste pull'd out
 Her little Flute,
 And bad him sing or play ;
 He both Arts defy'd,
 And she as quickly cry'd ;
 Who learnt no way
 To sing nor say,
 Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

SONG LXX. *Hark the, &c.*

H Ark the thund'ring Cannons roar,
 Echoing from the *German* Shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er ;
 The *Turks* are all confounded ?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
 Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since *Staremborg* is wounded.

Close your Rank, and each brave Soul
 Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
 A grand Carouse to the Royal-Pole,
 The Empire's brave Defender;
 No Man leave his Post by Stealth,
 To plunder the *Grand Visier's* Wealth,
 But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
 Of the second *Alexander*.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
 A *Small-beer*, drowzy, senseless *Rogue*,
 The Juice of the Grape so much in vogue,
 To forbid to those adore him;
 Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
 Given 'em leave to carouse in *Wine*,
 The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
 And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
 Hopeless *Vict'ry* to obtain,
 Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein,
 Success must needs attend him;
 Our *Brains* (like our *Cannons*) warm,
 With often firing feel no harm,
 While the sober *Sot* flies the *Alarm*,
 No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest crown'd,
 Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
 Weak *Coffee* can't keep its Ground
 Against the Force of *Claret*:
 Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
 And the *Pagan Troops* recoil,
 The valiant *Poles* divide the Spoil,
 And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
 But the most *Christian Turk's* at home,
 Watching the Fate of *Christendom*,
 But all his Hopes are shallow;
 Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
 Let *English Caesar* now advance,
 And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
 He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

SONG LXXI. *In January last, &c.*

IN January last, on *Munnday* at Morn,
As I along the Fields did pass to view the
Winter's Corn;

I looked me behind, and I saw come over the
Knough,

Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent
Brow.

I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and she right
courteouslie

Bekt low and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud Day
agan to ye;

I spear'd o' her, fair Maid quo' I, how far intend
ye now?

Quo' she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny
Brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Com-
pany,

For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend
ta be;

When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to
her, my Doe,

May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bon-
ny Brow.

Nea, gud Sir, you are far missean, for I am mean
o' those,

I hope ya ha more Breeding than to dight a Wo-
man's Clothes;

For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss me
bonny Brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mair to say,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the Play;
And I will chose yan o' me own that shall not on
me row,

Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her
bonny Brow,

Sir, Ise see ye are proud-hearted, and leath to
 be said nay,
 You need not tall ha started, for aught that Ise
 ded say;
 You know Women for Modestie, ne at the first
 time boo,
 But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind
 as you.

SONG LXXII. *My dear Cock, &c.*

MY dear Cock adoodle,
 My Jewel, my Joy;
 My Darling, my Honey,
 My pretty sweet Boy:
 Before I do rock thee
 With soft Lul-la-by;
 Give me thy sweet Lips
To kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs.
 Thy charming high Forehead,
 Thy Eyes too like Sloes;
 Thy fine dimple Chin,
 And thy right Roman Nose:
 With some pretty Marks
 That lie under thy Clothes;
 Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
To kifs, kifs, &c.
 To make thee grow quickly,
 I'll do what I can:
 I'll feed thee, I'll stroke thee,
 I'll make thee a Man:
 Ah! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betty and Nan;
 By thee will run mad,
To kifs, kifs, &c.
 And when in due Season
 My Billy shall wed;
 And lead a young Lady
 From Church to the Bed!

A welfare the losing
Of her Maidenhead,
If *Billy* come near her,
To *kiss, kiss, &c.*

Then welfare high Forehead,
And Eyes black as Sloes;
And welfare the Dimple,
And welfare the Nose:
And all pretty Marks,
That lie under the Clothes;
For none is more hopeful
To *kiss, kiss, &c.*

SONG LXXIII. *Virgins, if e'er, &c.*

Virgins, if e'er at length it prove
My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray with me such a Fate:

May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
And may a little decent Pride
My Actions regulate.

Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray with me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may
Keep nauseous Fools and Pops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the wise:

That may secure my Modesty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise.

Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When first a Lover I commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,
And learned Education:

May all his Courtship easy be,
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wisely shew his Passion:

Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design;
To bring us into Sorrow:

Grant me all this that I have said,
 And willingly I'll live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow,
 Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
 Pray wish me such a Fate.

SONG LXXIV. Packington's Pound.

L E T Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like
 a *Hector*,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*,
 Neither Cyder nor Sherry,
 Metheglin nor Perry,
 Shall more make me drunk, which the vulgar
 call merry :
 These Drinks o'er my Fancy no more shall pre-
 vail,
 But I'll take a full Sup at the merry Milk-pall.
 In Praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
 But all Things in order first, *God save the King* ;
 That ev'ry *May-day*,
 And the Queen I may say,
 Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay :
 Assist me fair Damsels, to finish this Theme,
 And inspire my Fancy with Strawberries and
 Cream.
 The first of fair Dairy-Maids, if you'll believe,
 Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-Grand-mo-
 ther *Eve* ;
 She milk'd many a Cow,
 As well she knew how,
 Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now :
 She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
 For the Butter and Cheese in those Days made it
 self.
 In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Mo-
 ney,
 Yet the Children of *Israel* fed upon Milk and
 Honey ;

No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the brown Cow with the meanest
she :

Their Lambs gave them Clothing, their Cows
gave them Meat,

In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
That Nurser of Subjects, bold Britain's chief
Meat ;

When they first begin it,

To see how the Rennet

Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's
in it :

Then from the blue Whey, when they put the
Curd by,

They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky ;

Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea,

Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of new Whey ;

For it cools Head-ach Pains,

Ill Vapours it drains,

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your
Brains.

Court Ladies i' th' Morning will drink a whole
Pottle ;

And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bot-
tle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream, thy due Praises how shall I now
utter ?

For when at the best,

A Thing's well exprest,

We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest :*

Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul,

I had long since been drowned in a Cream-bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the Dutchman's Delight,

By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light ;

But Oh ! the soft Stream,

That remains of the Cream,

Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a Dream;
It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen,

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;

For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E're it goes in the Belly,
Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and
the Jelly;

For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be must-
ter'd,

The charming Delights of Cheese-Cakes and
Custard;

For the *Tottenham Court*,
You can have no Sport,
Unless you give Custards and good Cheese-Cake
for't;

And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to
laugh,

Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good
Store,

But a *Devonshire White-pot* requires much more;
No State you can think,

Tho' you study and wink,
From the lussy Sack-posset to poor Posset-drink;
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the
worse,

For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes
the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool;

A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him
full well;

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Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women such Fools may
be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cow's Teat in her
Hand,

How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand;
Then with a Pleasure I rub,

Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the Blessing of a Syllabub;

Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-Maids, such Bliss ne'er
oppose,

If e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your Profession,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken Posses-
sion;

At length it was said,

That one Mr. Ed——mond

Did both dig and sow in her Parsley-Bed;

But the Fool for his Labour deserves not a Rush,
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose-Bush.

Now Milk-Maids take warning by this Maiden's
Fall,

Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:

Mind well your Milk-pail,

And ne'er touch a Man,

And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he
can:

I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word,

And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

SONG LXXV. *There lately, &c.*

THere lately was a Maiden fair,

With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,

Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;

This pretty Maid, whose Name was Kate,

Met here a hard unlucky Fate,

As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little ere it did grow dark,
 She needs must walk into the Park,
 The Gentry for to see, Sir;
 Where soon she met a Footman gay,
 That stopp'd her short, and made her stay,
 To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
 Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
 And grant him his full Will, Sir;
 She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
 And open'd all her Country Store,
 And let him take his Fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out, *Yeh,*
 Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
 To trot before the Chair, Sir;
 Which made this Damself all alone
 To sigh and sob, and make great Moan,
 And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London* Tricks,
 God send me down amongst my *Dicks*,
 That live on *Dunsmore Heath*, Sir;

If ever I come here again,
 Or e'er believe one Man in ten,
 May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.

SONG LXXVI. *In the pleasant, &c.*

IN the pleasant Month of *May*,
 When the merry, merry Birds began to sing:
 And the Blossoms fresh and gay
 Usher'd in the welcome Spring;
 When the long cold Winter's gone,
 And the bright enticing Moon,
 In the Evening sweetly shone:
 When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the
 Grass;

At a jolly Country Fair,
 When the Nymphs in the best appear;
 We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddl and a She,
 E'ry Shepherd and his Lark.

In the middle of the Sport,
 When the Fiddle went brisk, and the Clasp
 went round,
 And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
 With their merry Feet beat the Ground ;
 Little *Cupid* arm'd unseen,
 With a Bow and Dart stole in,
 With a conqu'ring Air and Mien,
 And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the
 Swains ;

E'ery Shepherd and his Mate
 Soon felt their pleasing Fate
 And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
 Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the sighing Swain gave o'er,
 And the weary'd Nymphs could dance no more,
 There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
 E'ery pretty kind Pair that lov'd :

In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
 And mourn'd the Time away,
 And the Nymphs as well as they
 Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy ;
 Till at last by Consent of Eyes,
 E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
 E'ery buxom She retires with her He,
 To act Love's solid Joys.

SONG LXXVII, *One Night, &c.*

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanced to
 see.

A Thing like a Spirit, it frightned me ;
 I cock'd up my Hat, and resolv'd to look big,
 And strait fell a tuning the *Irish Fig*.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer in short,
 I found it was one of the Petticoat Sort ;
 My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
 But still I kept tuning the *Irish Fig*.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her,
 I put her agog of a longing Desire ;

I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
 And a Scourge to the Tune of the *Irish Jig*.
 Then nothing but dancing our Fancy could
 please,
 We lay on the Grass, and dane'd at our Ease;
 I down'd with my B——s, and off with my
 Wig;

And we fell a dancing the *Irish Jig*.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your Kindness told
 she,

The Scholar's as wise as the Master can be;
 For if you should chance to get me with Kid,
 I'll lay the poor Brat to the *Irish Jig*.

The Dance being ended as you may see,
 We rose by Consent, and we both went away;
 I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,
 And so I went roaring the *Irish Jig*.

SONG LXXVIII. *My dear Heart, &c.*

MY easy Heart,
 With single Dart,
 Has no small Anguish found;
 But Love has now
 Two Strings to's Bow;
 Both Wit and Beauty wound.

Such Guns or Spears
 Who sees or hears,
 Of Death may take his Choice,
 For tho' he flies
 Her piercing Eyes,
 She'll reach him with her Voice,

When Wit persuades,
 And Beauty leads
 Our Senses all to Joy,
 Not *Dido's* Guest
 Cou'd guard his Breast
 Against the *Cyprian* Boy.

But if his Bow,
And Arrows too,
Were broken all, and lost,
None cou'd withstand
Her naked Hand,
They'll feel it to their Cost.

SONG LXXIX. *To the Brook, &c.*

TO the Brook, and the Willow, that heard
him complain,
Oh qui' hew! willow!

[*These words to be sung between each Line.*]

Poor Collin went weeping, and told them his
Pain;

Sweet Stream, he cry'd, bidly I'll teach thee to
flow,

And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my
Woe;

All restless and painful, my *Collin* now lies,
And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies;
To the Nymph, my Heart's Love, ye soft Slum-
bers repair,

Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her
your Care;

Let me be left restless, my Eyes never close,
So the Sleep that I lose give my Dear one Re-
pose;

Dear Stream! if you chance by her Pillow to
creep,

Perhaps your soft Murmurs may lull her to Sleep;
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my Charmer the Fates have de-
creed,

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, be-
lieve;

Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I
give;

One Fate to thy *Collin* and thee shall betide;
And soon lay thy Shepherd down by thy cold
Side:

Then glide gentle Brook, and to lose thy self
haste,

Bear this to my Willow; this Verse is my last.

Ab Willow! Willow! ab Willow! Willow!

SONG LXXX. *When the Rose, &c.*

When the Rose is in Bud, and the Vio-
lets blow,

When the Birds sing us Love-songs on every
Bough;

When Coughsips, and Daisies, and Daffadils spread,
And adorn and perfume the green flow'ry Mead;

When, without the Plow, fat Oxen do low,

The Lads and the Lassies a Sheep-shearing go;

The cleanly Milk-pail

Is fill'd with brown Ale,

Our Table, our Table's the Grass;

Where we kiss and we sing,

And we dance in a Ring,

And ev'ry Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lass.

The Shepherd sheers his jolly Flocks,

How much richer than that which they say was
in Greece!

'Tis our Cloth and our Food,

And our politic Blood,

'Tis the Seat, 'tis the Seat, which our Nobles all
sit on;

'Tis a Mine above Ground,

Where our Treasure is found,

'Tis the Gold, 'tis the Gold and Silver of Bri-
tain.

SONG LXXXI. *As, on a Sun-shine, &c.*

As, on a Sun-shine Summer's Day,
I to the green Wood bent my Way;
That lonely Path my Fancy took
Was guided by a Silver Brook;

And trust me, trust me, all I meant,

Was to be pleas'd, and innocent

Upon its flow'ry Banks I sat,
Regardless of Love or Hate,
So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay ;

And trust me, trust me, &c.

All in the self-same shady Grove,
Youthful Sylvia chanc'd to rove,
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural oaten Reed to hear ;

But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
She something seem'd to understand ;
Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That something too, too plainly spoke ;

But trust me, but trust me, &c.

SONG LXXXII. *Let the Waiter, &c.*

LET the Waiter bring clean Glasses,
With a fresh Supply of Wine ;
For I see by all your Faces,

In my Wishes you will join.

It is not the Charms of Beauty

Which I purpore to proclaim ;

We a while will leave that Duty,

For a more prevalling Theme.

To the Health I'm now proposing,

Let's have one full Glass at least ;

No one here can think't imposing,

'Tis the Founder of our Feast.

SONG LXXXIII. *The Jockey, &c.*

THO' Jockey su'd me long, he met Disdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain,

Give o'er, said I, give o'er

Your silly kind Amour,

I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply ;

At last he forc'd a Kiss,

Which I took not amiss,
And since I've known the Bliss,
I'll ne'er deny.

My *Jeckey* he had like a Man-like Face,
And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
Tho' I cry'd, *Jeckey* fie,
Your Suit I must deny,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I,
With that he was amas'd,
He kiss'd my Hand and gaz'd,
Which so much Passion rais'd,
I did comply.

When *Jeckey* saw me yield, he me embrac'd,
And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waste,
My Dear, said he, to you,
I'll ever be true,

And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive;
But will for ever love you,
And prize none above you,
From you I'll ne'er remove,
You may believe.

Then when you court a Lass that's coy,
Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun his Joy,
If you press her to do so,
Never mind her no, no, no,
But trust her Eyes:
For Coyness gives Denial,
When she wishes for the Trial,
Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,
I am sure she lies.

SONG LXXXIV. *Gilderoy, &c.*

Gilderoy was a bonny Boy,
Had Roses tull his Shoon,
His Stockings made of the finest Silk,
His Garters hanging down:
It were a comely Sight to see,
He were so trim a Boy;

He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Oh! like charming *Eyne* he had,
A Breath as sweet as Rose,

He never wore a Highland Plad,
But costly silken Clothes,

He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
There's none to him was coy;

Ay, wae is me, I mourn this Day,
For my dear *Gilderoy*.

My *Gilderoy* and I were born
Both in one Town together,

Not passing seven Years ago,
Since one did love each other;

Our Daddies and our Mammies both
Were cloth'd with muckle Joy,

To think upon the Bridal-Day
'Twixt me and *Gilderoy*.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
Gued faith I freely bought,

A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
With silken Flowers wrought;

And he gave me a Wedding Ring,
Which I receiv'd with Joy,

No Lad or Lassie e'er could sing,
Like me and *Gilderoy*.

In muckle Joy we spent our Time

Till we were both sixteen,

Then gently he did lay me down

Among the Leaves so green;

When he had done what he could do,

He rose and gang'd his Way,

But ever since I lov'd the Man,

My handsome *Gilderoy*.

While we did both together play,

He kiss'd me o'er and o'er;

Gued Faith it was as blithe a Day

As e'er I saw before;

He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein
 With Love and mickle Joy,
 But when shall I behold again
 Mine own sweet *Gilderoy*?
 'Tis pity Men should e'er be hang'd
 That take up Women's Geer,
 Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,
 Or stealing Cow or Mare.
 Had not our Laws been made so strict,
 Is'd never lost my Joy,
 Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.
 'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
 Must he be punish'd then?
 What kind of Cruelty is this,
 To hang such handsome Men?
 The Flower of the *Scottish* Land,
 A sweet and lovely Boy:
 He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.
 At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
 And there God-wot they hang'd him,
 Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,
 And there God-wot they hang'd him:
 They hang'd him up above the rest,
 He was so trim a Boy,
 My only Love and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.
 Thus having yielded up his Breath,
 In *Cyprus* he was laid,
 Then for my dearest, after Death,
 A Funeral I made:
 Over his Grave a Marble-Stone
 I fixed for my Joy,
 Now I am left to weep alone
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

SONG LXXXV. To Gods, &c.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
 Out of your wonted Favour,

To be the Comfort of my Life,
 And I was glad to have her.
 But if your Providence divine,
 For greater Bliss design her,
 To obey her Will at any Time;
 I'm ready to resign her.

SONG LXXXVI. *Chevy Chase.*

A Certain Presbyterian Pair
 Were wedded t'other Day,
 And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
 Their Pastor came to pray.
 But first, he bad each Guest depart;
 Nor sacred Rites profane;
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries
 Can never entertain.
 Then with a Puritanick Air
 Unto the Lord he pray'd;
 That he would please to grant Intreats
 To that same Man and Maid:
 And that the Husbandman might dress
 Full well the Vine his Wife;
 And like a Vine, she still might twine
 About him all her Life.
 Sack-poffet then he gave them both,
 And said, with lifted Eyes,
 Blest of the Lord! with one Accord,
 Begin your Enterprize.
 The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,
 T' apply prolifick Balm;
 And while they strove in mutual Love,
 The Parson sung a Psalm.

SONG LXXXVII. *From France, &c.*

From *France*, from *Spain*, from *Rome* &c.
 come,
 And from all Parts of *Chriftendom*;
 For to cure all strange Diseases,
 Come take Physick he that pleases!

Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
 And can never hold your Water,
 I can teach you it to keep ;
 And other Things are very meet,
 As groaning backward in your Sleep,

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
 That is at least threescore or more ;
 Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
 As if you'd fear to pass her by :
 I can make her plump and young,
 Lusty, lively, and also strong ;
 Honest, active, fit to wed,
 And can repair her Maidenhead ;
 All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
 That makes him weary of his Life,
 With scolding, yodeling in the House,
 As tho' the Devil was turned loose ;
 Let him but repair to me,
 I can cure her presently ;
 With one Pill I'll make her civil,
 And rid her Husband of that Evil,
 Or send her headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
 Pains within, and Aches without ;
 There is no Disease but I
 Can find a present Remedy ;
 Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
 Are the easiest Wounds I cure ;
 Nay, more than that I will maintain,
 Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
 Or ask you nothing for my Pain.

Or if any Man has not
 The Heart to fight against the Scot ;
 I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
 Shall make him fight, and ne'er fear killing ;
 Or any that has been dead
 Seven long Years and buried,

I can him to Life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more,

If any Man desire to live
A thousand Ages, let him give
Me a thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life until he die ;
Nay more, I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick ;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Then he may thank himself, not me.

SONG LXXXVIII. *Undone ! &c.*

U Ndone ! undone ! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town ;
And cannot find the Way to *Westminster*,
Now *Charing-Cross* is down ;
At the End of the *Strand* they make a Stand,
Swearing they are at a loss ;
And chafing say, that's not the Way,
They must go by *Charing-Cross*.
The Parliament to vote it down,
Conceived very sitting ;
For fear't should fall, and kill 'em all,
I'th' House as they were sitting ;
They were inform'd it had such a Plot,
Which made 'em so hard-hearted ;
To give express Command, it should
Be taken down and carted.
Men talk of Plots, this might be worse,
For any thing I know ;
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chaloner*
Was hang'd for long ago ;
But as our Parliament from that
Themselves strangely defended ;
So still they do discover Plots,
Before they be intended.
For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,
Will say I am confident ;

They never heard it speak one Word
 Against the Parliament :
 'T' had Letters about it some do say,
 Or else it had been freed ;
 'Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it
 Could neither write, nor read.
 The Committee said, verily
 To Popery 'twas bent ;
 For aught I know it might be so,
 For to the Church it never went ;
 What with Excise, and other Loss,
 The Kingdom doth begin
 To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross
 Without Door, nor within.
 Methinks the Common-Council should
 Of it have taken Pity ;
 'Cause, good old Cross, it always stood
 So strongly to the City ;
 Since Crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith, if I was as you ;
 For Fear the King should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tyburn too.

SONG LXXXIX. *Now that, &c.*

NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
 And *Madge* the Maid hath swept the
 Room,
 And trimm'd her Spit and Pot ;
 Awake my merry Muse and sing,
 The Revels and that other Thing,
 That must not be forgot.
 As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Clarinda broke out of her Bed,
 Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
 Where all the Maiden Lights that were
 Compris'd within our *Hemisphere*,
 Attended at her Side.
 But wot you then, with much ado,
 They dress'd the Bride from Top to Toe !
 And brought her from the Chamber ;

Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inshrind in Amber.

The sparkling Bullies of her Eyes,
Like two eclipsed Suns, did rise
Beneath her chrystal Brow;
To shew, like those strange Accidents,
Some sudden changeable Events,
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Presag'd the blust'ring Night,
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And screen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, those Threads of Scarlet Dye,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breasts, those melting *Alps* of Snow;
On whose fair Hills in open show,
The *God of Love* lay knapping;
Like swelling Buts of lively Wine,
Upon their ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping,

Her Waste, that tender Type of Man,
Was but a small and single Span,
Yet I dare softly swear,

He that whole thousands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Manor there,

But now before I pass the Line,
Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;

The *Bridgroom* and the *Parson* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,

The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*,

When as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
 He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
 To gaze upon her Face;
 And if the Spirit did not move,
 His Countenance was far above
 Each Sinner in the Place.

With mickle Stir he join'd their Hands,
 And hamper'd them in Marriage-Bands,
 As fast as fast may be:
 Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
 That secret Sigh in ev'ry Ear,
 Once Love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
 And up the Dishes in a Train

Came smoking, two and two:
 With that they wip'd their Mouths and sat,
 Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
 Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate,
Ralph and Bess, Andrew and Maudlin,
 And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybil* so sweet,
 Whose Cheeks on each Side of her Snuffers did
 meet,

As round and as plump as a Coilling.

When at the last they had fetched their Fees,
 And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees
 In Claret and good Cheer;

Then, then began the merry Din,
 For as it was they were all on the Pin,

O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as *Luck* would have it, the *Parson* said Grace,
 And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,

Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,
 And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her,
 until

The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
 He toll'd for the rest of the Grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
 They enter'd upon the last Act of the Play,
 The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
 Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the
 Ground,
 And in seeking the Garter much Pleasure was
 found ;

'T would have made a Man's Arm have
 stray'd.

This Clutter o'er, *Clarinda* lay
 Half bedded, like the peeping Day,
 Behind *Olympus* Cap ;
 Whilst at her Head each twittering Girl
 The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
 To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
 All disappointed in the Bustle,
 The Maidens had shav'd his Breeches ;
 But let us not complain, 'tis well,
 In such a Storm, I can you tell,
 He sav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
 Even just as if a Man had said,
 Fair Lady have at all ;
 Where twisted at the Hug they lay,
 Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,
 Oh ! who wou'd fear the Fall ?

Thus both with Love's sweet Taper fired,
 And thousand balmy Kisses tired,
 They could not wait the rest ;
 But out the Folk and Candles fled,
 And to't they went, and what they did,
 There lies the Cream o'th' Jest.

SONG XC. *My Father was born
 before me.*

O F all the Recreations which
 Attend on human Nature ;

There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
 Or is of such a Stature :
 As is the subtle Angler's Life,
 In all Mens Approbation :
 For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
 In every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
 And had no cause of jangling ;
 The Devil did the Waters move,
 The Serpent went to angling :
 He baits his Hook, with Godlike Look,
 Thought he this will entangle her ;
 By this all ye may plainly see,
 That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
 Are all most neat Entanglers ;
 And he that looks fine, will find,
 That most of them are Anglers :
 Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
 Physicians like Curmudgeons ;
 They bait with Health, we fish for Wealth,
 And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt twelve and one,
 Meets many a neat Entangler ;
 'Mongst Merchant-men, there's not one in ten,
 But what is a cunning Angler :
 For like the Fishes in the Brook,
 Brother doth swallow Brother ;
 There's a golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
 And they fish for one another.

A Shopkeeper I next prefer,
 He's a formal Man in black, Sir ;
 He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
 And cries, what is't you lack, Sir ;
 Fine Silk, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
 But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,
 My Citizen he must look to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such angling as a Wench,
 Stark naked in the Water;
 She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
 And throw yourself in after;
 Your Hook and Line she will confine,
 Thus tangled is th' Entangler;
 And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear
 Of many a jovial Angler.
 But if you'll trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
 Cast in a rich young Gallant;
 To take a Courtier by the Pole,
 Throw in a golden Talent;
 But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er
 Compound for half the Charge on't;
 But if you'll catch the Devil at stretch,
 You must bait him with a Sergeant.
 Thus I have made my Angler's Trade
 To stand above Defiance;
 For like the Mathematick Art,
 It runs through every Science;
 If with my angling Song I can
 To Mirth and Pleasure seize you;
 I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
 And angle still to please you.

S O N G XCI. *In a Humour, &c.*

IN a Humour I was late,
 As many good Fellows be,
 To think of no Matters of State,
 But seek for good Company;
 That best contented me.
 I travell'd up and down,
 No Company I could find,
 Till I came to the Sign of the Crown:
 My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
 The Maid was ill at ease;
 The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
 They were all of one Disease,
 Says Old Simon, the King.

Considering in my Mind,
 And thus I began to think;
 If a Man be full to the Throat,
 And cannot take off his Drink;
 And if his Drink will not down,
 He may hang himself for Shame;
 So may the Tapster at the Crown,
 Whereupon this Reason I frame;
 Drink will make a Man drunk,
 And drunk will make a Man dry;
 Dry will make a Man sick,
 And sick will make a Man die,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Man should be drunk to Night,
 And laid in his Grave to morrow;
 Will you or any Man say,
 That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?
 Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
 'Tis able to kill a Cat,
 And he that will drink all Night,
 Is never afraid of that!
 For drinking will make a Man quaff,
 Quaffing will make a Man sing;
 Singing will make a Man laugh,
 And laughing long Life doth bring,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
 Dear Brother it is a Sin,
 To drink unless you be dry,
 Then strait this Tale I begin.
 A Puritan left his Can,
 And took him to his Jug,
 And there he play'd the Man,
 As long as he could tug;
 But when that he was spy'd,
 What did he swear or rail;
 No, no truly, dear Brother, he cry'd,
 Indeed all Flesh is frail,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
 Of Frailty it is a Sin,
 Or for to keep a Punk,
 Or play at In and In:
 For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
 Are all of one Condition,
 And will breed Want and Scabs,
 In spite of the Physician:
 Whofo fears every Grass,
 Must never piss in a Meadow:
 And he that loves a Pot and a Lase,
 Must never cry oh! my Head oh!
 Says Old Simon the King.

SONG XCII. *Now listen a while, &c.*

NOW listen a while, and I will tell,
 Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
 And Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,
 To Manchester Market he was bound,
 And under a Grove of Willows clear,
 This Baker rode on with a merry Cheer:
 Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
 And there he met the Devil of Hell.
 Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
 How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
 In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my say,
 Because his Stones were cut away:
 For he that will have a Gelding free,
 Both fair and lusty he must be:
 Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
 Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.
 Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,
 And with thy Knife come and geld me;
 The Baker had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
 With which he gelded the Devil of Hell;
 It was sharp pointed for the Nance,
 Fit for to cut any manner of Stones.
 The Baker being lighted from his Horse,
 Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrew thy Heart;
 Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
 For gelding of me thou art not quit,
 For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven-
 night.

The *Baker* hearing the Words he said,
 Within his Heart was sore afraid,
 He hied him to the next Market Town,
 To sell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
 The *Baker* went home another Way,
 Unto his Wife he then did tell,
 How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
 Nay, a wond'rous Word I heard him say,
 He would geld me the next Market-Day;
 Therefore, Wife, I stand in doubt:
 I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knave's* Eyes were out,
 I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
 Than for to lose any Manner of Stone,
 For why, 'twill be a loathsome Thing,
 When ev'ry Woman shall call thee Gelding.
 Thus they continue both in Fear,
 Until the next Market-Day drew near;
 Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
 Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat:

Thy Hose, thy Shoon, and Cap also,
 And I like a Man to the Market will go;
 Then up she got her all in haste,
 With all her Bread upon her Beast;
 And when she came to the Hill-side,
 There she saw two Devils abide,
 A little Devil, and another,
 Lay playing under the Hill-side together.
 Oh! quoth the Devil, without any feign,
 Yonder comes the *Baker* again;
 Beest thou well, *Baker*, or beest thou woe,
 I mean to geld thee before thou dost go:
 These were the Words the Woman did say,
 Good Sir, I was gelded but Yesterday;

Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will see,
 And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.
 And looking upwards from the Ground,
 There he spy'd a grievous Wound:
 Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
 For he was not cunning that gelded thee.
 For when he had cut away the Stones clean,
 He should have sowed up the Hole again;
 He called the little Devil to him anon,
 And bid him look to that same Man.

Whilst he went into some private Place,
 To fetch some Salve in a little Space;
 The great Devil was gone but a little Way,
 But upon her Belly there crept a Flea;
 The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
 He up with his Paw, and gave her a Pat:
 With that the Woman began to start,
 And out she thrust a most horrible Fart.
 Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come
 again I pray,

For here's another Hole broke, by my fay;
 The great Devil he came running in haste,
 Wherein his Heart was sore aghast:
 Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not sound;
 Thou stinkest so sore above the Ground,
 Thy Life Days sure cannot be long,
 Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.
 The Hole is cut so near the Bone,
 There is no Salve can stick thereon,
 And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in doubt
 That all thy Bowels will fall out;
 Therefore, *Baker*, hie thee away,
 And in this Place no longer stay.

S O N G XCIII. *Chloris, now, &c.*

CH L O R I S, now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's Sheep are gone astray;
 And all the Joy he took to see
 His pretty Lambs run after thee.

Is gone, is gone, and he alone;
 Sings nothing now but well-a-day, well-a-day.
 His Oaten Pipe that in thy Praise,
 Was wont to play such Roundelays,
 Is thrown away, and not a Swain
 Dares pipe or sing, within his Plain;
 'Tis Death for any one to say
 One Word to him, but well-a-day.
 The May-pole where thy little Feet
 So roundly did in Measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no Content
 Comes near *Amyntor* since you went.
 All that I ever heard him say,
 Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, well-a-day.
 Upon these Banks you us'd to tread,
 He ever since hath lain his Head:
 And whisper'd there such pining Woe,
 As not a Blade of Grass will grow:
 O *Chloris*! *Chloris*! come away,
 And hear *Amyntor's* well-a-day.

SONG XCIV. *Have you e'er, &c.*

Have you e'er seen the Morning Sun
 From fair *Aurora's* Bosom run?
 Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed
 The Essences of white and red?
 Then you may boast, for you have seen
 My fairer *Chloris*, Beauty's Queen.
 Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears,
 With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
 Have you e'er heard the *Sirens* sing,
 Or *Orpheus* play to Hell's black King?
 If so, be happy, and rejoice,
 For thou hast heard my *Chloris's* Voice.
 Have you e'er smelt what Chymick Skill
 From Rose or Amber doth distill?
 Have you been near that Sacrifice
 The *Phoenix* makes before she dies?

Then you can tell, (I do presume)
 My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.
 Have you e'er tasted what the Bee
 Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree?
 Or did you ever taste that Meat,
 Which Poets say the Gods did eat?
 O then I will no longer doubt
 But you have found my *Chloris* out.

SONG XCV. *Thus all our, &c.*

THUS all our Lives long we're frolick and
 gay,

And instead of Court Revels we merrily play
 At Trap, and Kestles, and Barley-break run,
 At Gouff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have
 done

These innocent Sports, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Patridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry,
 The nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chase,
 And the little pretty Lark, betray with a Glais;
 And when we have done, we laugh and lie
 down,

And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are
 crown'd;

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
 To the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' May:

And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
 What others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
 With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we
 find

Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown
 kind:

And when we have done, &c.

SONG XCVI. *Come fill, &c.*

COME fill up the Bowl with the Liqueur
that fine is,

And much more Divine is,

Than now a-days Wine is, with all their Arts,
None here can controul;

The Vintner despising, tho' Brandy be rising,

'Tis Punch that must chear the Heart:

The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,

And *Celia* disdaining, shall cease to be nice,

Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover the Cheat of each
Lover,

When free from all Care you'll quickly find,

As Nature intended 'em, willing and kind:

Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

SONG XCVII. *Philander, &c.*

PHILANDER and *Sylvia*, a gentle soft
Pair, [Care;

Whose Business was Loving, and Kissing their

In a sweet-smelling Grove went smiling along,

'Till the Youth gave a Vent to his Heart with
his Tongue:

Ah *Sylvia*! said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)

Your cruel Resolves will you never revoke?

No never, she said. How never? he cry'd,

'Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence
abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,

Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyes cast on the
Ground;

She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with
his Neck,

And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would
check:

Ah *Philander*! she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss,

Ah! never ask more, and I'll give thee a Kiss;

How never? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er.
 No never, she said, then tript to a Bower.
 She stopt at the Wicket; he cry'd, let me in.
 She answer'd, I wou'd, if it were not a Sin;
 Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the
 poor Head
 Of *Philander* for this. Straight trembling he
 said,
 Heav'n sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are
 there.
 She kiss'd him, and cry'd, you're an Atheist;
 my Dear;
 And shou'd you prove false, I should never en-
 dure.
 How never? he cry'd, and straight down he
 threw her.
 Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms;
 He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd Charms
 upon Charms;
 He cry'd, shall I now? No never, she said;
 Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead.
 Then, as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
 Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile:
 Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to
 apply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those
 that die.

SONG XCVIII. *Your Hay it is, &c.*

Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is
 reap'd,
 Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd;
 Come, my Boys, come,
 Come, my Boys, come,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home:
 Harvest home,
 Harvest home,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home.
Come, my Boys, come, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten;

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Book-learnt Sor,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot;

Burnt to Pot,

Burnt to Pot,

'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot;

Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll toils off our Ale till we cannot stand,

And hey for the Honour of old *England*,

Old *England*,

Old *England*,

And hey for the Honour, &c.

S O N G X C I X. *Would you be, &c.*

Would you be a Man in Fashion?

Would you lead a Life divine?

Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little Dram
of Passion)

In a lussy Dose of Wine.

If the Nymph has no Compassion,

Vain it is to sigh and groan:

Love was but put in for Fashion,

Wine will do the Work alone.

S O N G C. *The the Pride, &c.*

THO' the Pride of my Passion, fair *Sylvia*
betrays,

And frowns at the Love I impart;

Tho' kindly her Eyes twist amorous Rays,

To tye a more fortunate Heart:

Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in
my Pain,

His Heart is too tender,

Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
 And he that loves on, tho' Sylvia denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys:
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the Force, the Force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

SONG CI. *Why am I, &c.*

WHY am I the only Creature,
 Must a ruin'd Love pursue?
 Other Passions yield to Nature,
 Mine there's nothing can subdue:
 Not the Glory of possessing
 Monarch's Wishes gave me Ease,
 More and more the mighty Blessing
 Did my raging Pains increase.
 Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
 Tho' it ever waited near;
 Cloth'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
 Still the Monster would appear:
 That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
 Nor Despair removes my Pain;
 I endure them all together,
 Yet my Torments still remain.
 Had alone her matchless Beauty
 Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
 Age at last would do its Duty,
 Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
 But her Mind's immortal Graces
 Make my Love immortal too;
 Nature ne'er created Faces
 Can the Charms of Souls undo.
 And to make my Loss the greater,
 She laments it as her own;
 Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
 But alas! she shews me none:
 Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
 In Retirement I'll complain;

And in Rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Pow'r again.

SONG CII. *A Wife I do, &c.*

A Wife I do hate,
For either she's false or she's jealous;
But give me a Mate.

Who nothing will ask us, or tell us:
She stands at no Terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:
Or loves for the Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process, or Warning,
From a Wife for a Night,
You may be divorc'd the next Morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

SONG CIII. *Glide swiftly on, &c.*

Glide swiftly on, thou Silver Stream,
Pursue the Lad I love:
In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame,
And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always green,
Thy Channel never dry:
If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,
My Tears shall that supply.

May gilded Carps thy Surface skim,
In place of useless Weeds;
May painted Flow'rs adorn thy Brim,
And Knots of banded Reeds.

SONG CIV. *When Love, &c.*

When Love and Youth cannot make
Way,
Nor with the Fair avail,

To bend to *Cupid's* gentle Sway,
What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, *Strophon*, a Receipt
Of a most sov'reign Pow'r
If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

This Method try'd enamour'd *Joue*,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardless *Danne's* Love,
Or conquer her Disdain.

By *Cupid's* Self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart,
So deep, as when he tips with Gold
The fatal piercing Dart.

SONG CY. *Who, to win, &c,*

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour,
Wou'd solicit long in vain?
Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
Wou'd endure an Age of Pain?
Idle Toying,
Ne'er enjoying;
Pleas'd with suing,
Fond of Ruin,

Made a Martyr of Disdain,
Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
Frankly proff'ring all her Charms;
Never flying,
Still complying,
Train'd to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circled in her snowy Arms.

SONG CVI. *Domestick Bird, &c.*

DOMESTICK Bird, whom wint'ry Blasts
To seek for human Aid compel;

To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,
 Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.
 Supplies thy Hunger to relieve
 I'll daily at my Window lay,
 Assur'd that daily those Supplies
 With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring
 Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,
 Freely revisit then the Scene
 Which Notes so sweet as thine approve.
 But if another Winter's Frost
 Shall bring me back my Guest again,
 Again with Musick come prepar'd,
 Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,
 In this its best Effect appears;
 That Friendship in its strictest Bond
 It both engages and endears.
 In Musick's ravishing Delight,
 You feather'd Flocks with Men agree;
 Of all the animated World
 The only Harmonists are we.

SONG CIVIL.

WHY do you fix your Eyes on me?
 Why do your spreading Studies rise?
 Oh! tell me what is your Design,
 Say, do you love me, or despise?
 If you despise me, wherefore turn
 You not your Eyes from me away;
 And if you do with Passion burn,
 To speak it, why shou'd you delay?
 Do not my Looks declare my Heart
 To pity thee too much inclin'd?
 But shou'd you scorn me, use no Art,
 To bear my Fate I stand resign'd.
 My Love, as yet a lambent Fire,
 By Kindling Sun'd, may soon increase;

Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,
And leave both you and me at Ease.

SONG CVIII. *On dear, &c.*

ON dear *Zelinda's* Charms I gaze,
And drink Destruction from her Eye.
In those bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
And laughing bids his Arrows fly:
He wounds without ceasing,
The Pain is yet pleasing;
So sweet is the Anguish,
I love and I languish; [die
And when from my Charmer, methinks I could
And when, &c.

With *Venus*, when on *Ida's* Grove,
For Charms *Zelinda* may compare:
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her Face, divine her Air.
Bright Youth and good Nature
Light up ev'ry Feature:
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting,
Inviting, delighting;
O *Cupid!* assist me my Charmer to move,
O *Cupid!* &c.

SONG CIX. *Will you credit, &c.*

WILL you credit a Miser, 'tis Gold makes
us wise,
The Bliss of his Life, the Joy of his Eyes;
And ask a fond Lover, where Wisdom he places,
To be sure in his Mistress, her Charms and
her Graces.
But let the free Lad speak the Joy of his Soul,
'Tis a sparkling Glass, and a smiling full Bowl,
The Miser is wretched, unhappy, and poor;
He suffers great Want in the midst of full Store;
The Lover's disconsolate, mopish, and sad,
For that which when gain'd will soon make
him mad,

The Miser's a Fool, and the Lover's an Ass,
And he only's Wife, who adores the full Glass,
Let the Miser then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf,
And to feed empty Bags, may he starve his own self;

Let the Lover still languish 'twixt Hope and Despair,

And doat on a Face as inconstant as fair,
But still may his Bliss be as great as his Soul,
Who pays no Devoir but to Wine and the Bowl,

SONG CX. *The wounded Deer, &c.*

THE wounded Deer flies swift away,
The bearded Arrow in his Side,
Still vainly hoping that he may
Escape unspy'd, mix'd with the Herd.
But oh! the Moment that they see
The streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on the Ground.
Thus the poor Nymph, who, sore distressed,
Has gas'd her Liberty away,
To all the World becomes a Jest,
And falls of scandalous Tongues the Prey,

SONG CXI. *Dear Colin, &c.*

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm Blushes,
Since how can I speak without Pain?
My Eyes have oft told my Wishes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain?
My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,
And you too might cruelly blame,
Then don't you expect a Confession
Of what is too tender to name.
Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why shou'd you expect it from me?
Our Wishes shou'd be in our Keeping,
Till you tell us what they shou'd be;

Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my Bosom confine.

SONG CXII. *As I walk'd, &c.*

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of
 late,

A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate;
 In a languishing Posture, poor Maid she appears,
 All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with
 Tears:

She cry'd and she sobb'd, and I found it was all
 For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At last she broke out, O wretched, she said,
 Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
 With what he with Ease and Pleasure may give,
 Without which, alas! poor I cannot live!

Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and
 call

For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young Man in the Place,
 My Colour would fade, and then flush in my
 Face;

My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 My Breast never popp'd up and down so before!
 I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was
 all

For a little of that, &c.

SONG CXIII. *How sweetly smells, &c.*

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green!
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry,

Painting and Order please our Sen,
 And Claret make us merry;

But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,

Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy:

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And Birds in Confort chanting?
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,
 I'm rapt in Admiration;
 My Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale Creation.

Where'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
 I take the happy Omen,
 And often mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman;
 But, dubious of my ain Desert,
 My Sentiments I smother;
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For fear she love snother.

Thus sang blate *Ealie* by a Burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;
 She daughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But ere he wist drew near him,
 She spake her Favour with a Look,
 Which left na Room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And sang his Arms about her.
 My *Christy*! — witness, bonny Stream,
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a Dream;
 O Love the mair surprizing!
 Time was too precious now for Taulk;
 This Point o' a' his Wishes
 He wadna with sic Speeches haulk,
 But war'd it a'on Klipes.

SONG CXIV. *I wish my Love, &c.*

O Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r!
 At once I love, at once adore;
 With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,
 While softest Love inspires my Breast.
 This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous Master thine;

These Eyes with *Stephen's* Passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
Thou can't give Bliss, or Bliss destroy;
And thus I've bound myself to Love,
While Bliss or Misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms!
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like some disappointed Shade
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG CXV. *The Kirk wad led, &c.*

THIS I have seven braw new Gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new Gowns,
My Wooer has turn'd his Back,
Besides I have seven Milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good Ky,
The Laddie winna ha'e me.
My Dady's a Deliver of Dicks,
My Mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fiddler Ladd,
And the Siller comes linkl in;
The Siller comes linkl in,
And it is fou sair to see,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the Ladd at me?
Whenever our Bary does bark,
Then sae to the Door I run,

To see gin any young Spark
 Will light and venture but in,
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gae by,
 Syne far ben the House I rin;
 And a weary Wight am I,
 When I was at my first Prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i'the Year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
 And a Lad with muckle Gear.
 When I was at my neist Prayers,
 I pray but now and than,
 I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
 If I got a handsome young Man.
 Now when I'm at my last Prayers,
 I pray on balth Night and Day,
 And O! if a Beggar wad come,
 With that same Beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me?
 And O! what'll I do?
 That sic a braw Lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a Weer I trow.

SONG CXVI. *Lucky Nancy, &c.*

WHILE Fops in soft *Italian Verse*,
 Ilk fair ane's *Een* and *Breast* rehearse,
 While *Sangs* abound and *Scene* is scarce,
 These *Lines* I have indited:
 But neither *Darts* nor *Arrows* here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these *fine Sounds* I swear,
 The *Maidens* are delighted.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld Springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.
 Nor *Snaw* with *Crimson* will I mix,
 To spread upon my *Lassie's Cheeks*;
 And syne th' *unmeaning Name* prefix,
Miranda, Obloo, or Phillis,

I'll fetch nae Similitude frae *you*,
 My Height of 'Exstasy to prove,
 Nor sighing — thus — present my Love
 With Roses eek and Lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had almost forgot
 My Mistress, and my Sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' Fault I wat.

But Nanfy, 'tis nae Matter,
 Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime,
 And ken ye, that atones the Crime;
 Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
 And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken my reverend Sonny Fair,
 Thy runkled Cheeks and lyart Hair,
 Thy half-shut Een and hoodling Air,
 Are a' my Passion's Fawel.

Nae skyring Gowk, my Dear, can see,
 Or Love, or Orace, or Heaven in thee;
 Yet thou has Charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be nae cruel.

*Learn me on thy shawny Pew,
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
 Dryest Wood will eithers leue,
 And Nanfy'sae will ye new.*

Troth I have sung the Sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither Bard wad do;
 Hear then my charitable Voy,

Dear venerable Nanfy,

But if the World my Passion wrapp,
 And say, ye only live in Sang,
 Ken I despise a stand'ring Tongue,
 And sing to please my Fancy.

Learn me on thy, &c.

SONG CXVII. *The Meal, &c.*

THE Meal was dear short syne,
 We buck'd us a' the gither;

And Maggie was in her Prime,
 When Willie made Courtship till her;
 Twa Pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting Shot;
 And syne came ben the Lais
 With Swats drawn frae the Butt.
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,
 And syne at Gilles the Mither,
 And ye wad gi's a bit Land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
 But I'll part wi' my Wife, by my Fae,
 Or I part wi' my Land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its milk,
 The Lais beind in her Snood,
 And Crummie who kens her Stake;
 With an auld Bedden o' Chaithe
 Was left me by my Mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' Flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
 But ye maun mend your Hand,
 And think o' Modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither,
 A House is butt and benn,
 And Crummie will want her Fother.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their Mither!
 We have nouthor Por nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer;
 Ye shall hae twa good Pecks
 That ance were o' the Tweal,

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The t'ane to had the Grots,
The ither to had the Meal:
With ane auld Kilt made of Wands,
And that fall be your Coffer,
Wi' aiken Woody-bands,
And that may had your Tocher.

Consider, well, Guidman,
We hae bôt borrow'd Gear,
The Horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's Mare:
The Saddle's name of my ain,
An' thae's but borrow'd Boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun rae to my Coots:
The Cloak is George Watt's,
That gars me look sae croule;
Come fill us a Cogoe of Swats,
We'll make nae mair toom rule.

I like you well, young Lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married when little I had
O' Gear that was my ain.
But an' that Things are sae,
The Bride she maun come furth,
Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e
It'll be but little worth.
A Bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Glen the Mither!
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the Hissie come hither.
The Bride she gude till her Bed,
The Bridegroom he came till her;
The Fidler crap in at the stee,
An' they cudl'd it a' the gither.

SONG CXVIII. *Vain, Belinda, &c*

Vain, Belinda, are your Wiles,
Vain are all your artful Smiles,
While, like a Bully, you invite,
And decline th' approaching Night.

Various are the little Arts
Which you use to conquer Hearts;
By empty Threats he would affright,
And you by empty Hopes invite.
Cowards may by him be brav'd,
Fops may be by you enslav'd:
Then, would he vanquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

SONG CXIX. *Blest with thee.*

BLeft with my *Sylvia*, Life proves a Plea-
sure,
But from my Treasure 'tis nought but Pain;
Fondly loving,
Constant moving,
Sweetly flowing,
Smiles bestowing,
With Joy then, *Sylvia*, fly to your Lover, till I
You'll there discover
How much you reign.
If then you find my Soul sincere,
Why should you fly me, what can you fear?

SONG CXX. *O! Callia, W.*

OH! *Callia*, recal thy lost Hours,
And Duty and Reason obey;
Despise Love, and all those false Pow'rs,
That first gave young *Stephen* the Sway.
Believe me, the Swain is a Rover,
Nor constant to any can be;
Then prithee discard such a Lover,
And once more resolve to be free.

SONG CXXI. *What can, W.*

What can allunge the Pain Man feels,
When busy Cares disturb his Breast,
And modest Sense his Want conceals,
With thousand Thoughts that bar his Rest.

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove ?

Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give Ease ?

Can Womens Charms, or Thoughts of Love

Recall his Soul, or Mind to Peace ?

No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all,

The Rich enjoy them but a Day ;

Within their Breast they deign to call,

Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,

When wanton Fortune is unkind ;

That sets a Wretch above a King,

And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

SONG CXXII. *Chaste Lucretia, &c.*

Chaste Lucretia, when you left me,

You of all Things dear bereft me ;

Tho' I shew'd no Discontent.

Grief is strongest,

And the longest,

When too great to find a Vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguish,

When we sigh in Secret languish !

Silent Streams are deepest found :

Noisy Grieving

Is deceiving,

Empty Vessels make most Sound ;

Had I Words that could reveal it,

Yet I wisely would conceal it ;

Tho' the Question be but fair :

Grief and Merits

Love and Spirits,

Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,

And surprizing Joys attend you ;

Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun :

Faintly shining,

And declining,

Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG CXXIII. *Gentle God, &c.*

Gentle God of pleasing Pains,
 God of Love and soothing Joys,
 Fly where *Flora* matchless reigns:
 Tell her *Strepban* loving dies.
 On her cold and snowy Breast
 Let thy filken Pinions rest.

In melting Whispers, moving Sounds,
 Softest Wishe, gentle Sighs,
 Tell her, she restless wounds
 With the Lightning of her Eyes:

Sweetly pleading, Pity moves,
 Pleasing, painful God of Love!

Whilst for me you're fondly suing,
 Gentle God of Love beware,
 Lest you meet your own Undoing,
Flora's so divinely fair.

What, if she thyself-disarms?
 she has more than *Psyche's* Charms!

SONG CXXIV. *Cupid, God, &c.*

CUPID, God of gay Desires,
Hymen, with thy sacred Fires,
 Smiling Zephyrs haste away,
 Grace this happy, happy Day.

Loves and Graces all attend
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care,
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

SONG CXXV. *In Alcina, &c.*

Bird of May,
 Leave the Spray,
 Fly to the Grove,
 Wake my Love,
 O there the Dove
 Slumb'ring lies,

Warble an Air

Till the Fair

Speaks a Passion with her Eyes,

But if my Grief

Finds no Relief,

Whisper her, that *Thy* *is* dies,

Bird of *May*,

Keep the Spray,

Keep the Spray;

Bird of *May*,

Chloe smiles, my Soul's all gay,

Chloe smiles, &c.

SONG CXXVI. *Too long, &c.*

TOO long, thou Tyrant, Love,

I've borne *Belinda's* unrelenting Scorn,

Who boasts her guarded Breast.

Oh! level now thy keenest Dart,

That, in her cold obdurate Heart

Thy Pow'r may be confess.

The Pray'r's too just to be deny'd,

Behold, 'tis done, the God reply'd;

The Shaft has pierc'd her home,

Thy Pain now feeling in her own,

She sighing cries, in piteous Moan,

Come, *Philander*, come.

SONG CXXVII. *When Chloe, &c.*

When *Chloe* fair begins her Song,

In Raptures motionless I gaze;

Thus cou'd I stand, thus all Day long

Lost in a giddy, sweet Amaze,

So when th' enchanting *Siren* sings,

Th' allured Mariner is wreck'd;

Thus whirling Gulphs Attention bring,

And overwhelm what they attract.

Those very Sounds, that sweetly flow,

That soft, that lovely, tender Breath,

Do Pity, Joy, Compassion show;

And who cou'd e'er believe it? Death!

SONG CXXVIII. *Guardian, &c.*

Guardian Angels, now protect me,
 Send to me the Swain I love:
Cupid, with thy Bow direct me,
 Help me, all ye Pow'rs above.
 Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes,
 Tell him I love and I despair;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say, 'tis for him I live;
 O may the Shepherd be sincere!
 Thro' the shady Grove I'll wander,
 Silent as the Bird of Night;
 Near the Brink of yonder Fountain,
 First *Leander* blest'd my Sight;
 Witness, ye Groves and Falls of Water,
 Echo's repeat the Vows he swore,
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more!
 Does he love, and yet forsake me,
 To admire a Nymph more fair?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the Willow,
 And esteem the happy Pair.
 Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling,
 Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue;
 The Lark and *Philomel*
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the World adieu.

SONG CXXIX. *To gentle, &c.*

YE gentle Gales, that fan the Air,
 And wanton in the shady Grove;
 Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,
 My secret Pain, and endless Love:
 And, in the sultry Heat of Day,
 When she does seek some cool Retreat;
 Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
 And scatter Roses at her Feet:

That when she sees their Colours fade;
 And all their Pride neglected lye;
 Let that instruct the charming Maid,
 That Sweets not timely gather'd die,
 And when she lays her down to Rest,
 Let some auspicious Vision shew,
 Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

SONG CXXX. 'Tis Masonry, &c.

'TIS Masonry unites Mankind,
 To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;
 In friendly Converse all conjoin'd,
 One Spirit animates the Whole.

Where'er aspiring Domes arise,
 Wherever sacred Altars stand,
 Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,
 Those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

As Passions rough the Soul disguise,
 Till Science cultivates the Mind;
 So the rude Stone unshapen lyes,
 Till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care
 Be to deserve a Brother's Name;
 Yet ever mindful of the Fair,
 Their kindest Influence we claim.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;
 But they who once our Order prove,
 Will own, that we who build so well,
 With equal Energy can love.

Sing, Brethren then, the Craft divine
 (Best Band of social Joy and Mirth)
 With choral Sound, and chearful Wine,
 Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth!

SONG CXXXI. Collin's Complaint.

Fond *Echo*, forbear thy light Strain,
 And heedfully hear a lost Maid!

Go tell the false Ear of the Swain,
How deeply his Vows have betray'd;
Go tell him what Sorrows I bear;
See yet if his Heart feel my Woe;
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,
Or Death will make Pity too slow.

SONG CXXXII. *No more, &c.*

NO more shall Buds on Branches spring,
Nor Violets paint the Grove;
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
If I forsake my Love;
The Sun shall cease to spread his Light,
And Stars their Orbits leave;
And fair Creation sink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.

SONG CXXXIII. *Cupid and, &c.*

CUPID and *Venus* one Day strove
To warm *Amyntor's* Heart,
And give him all the Joys of Love,
The Joys without the Smart.
Venus then, let ev'ry Maid
Bestow a fav'rite Grace:
No, Mamma, *Cupid* smiling said,
Let's show him *Celia's* Face.

SONG CXXXIV. *Long from, &c.*

Long from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms,
Reserv'd to fall by thee.
Thou fair one, thou alone canst move
This Passion in my Breast;
Thou, thou alone canst teach me Love,
O teach me to be blest.
In Safety thus from all Alarms
The roving Turtle flies,

Till some unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

SONG CXXXV. *The Nymph that, &c.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the
Groves and the Plains,

Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my
Strains,

No Lover in Story, or ancient or new,
E'er suffer'd so much from a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind,
To Love seems averse; to my Friendship inclin'd:
She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks
grave, [Slave.

She admits me her Friend, but disowns me her

I tell her I'm dying; she asks what I ail?

I fall at her Feet, but alas! 'twon't avail:

She wonders why trembling I sigh and complain,
And pities my Case, while she laughs at my
Pain.

A Bosom so frozen what Lover can bear!

Then say, O ye Pow'rs! shall I hope or despair?

Or fly to a warmer, and kinder than she,

Who'll soon ease my Pains, and as soon set me
free.

SONG CXXXVI. *Foolish Woman, &c.*

Foolish Woman, fly Mens Charms,

Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms,

For, should you, by chance, comply,

'Tis not they, but you must die.

Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd,

And forsake you when enjoy'd,

Strive their winning Arts to shun,

If you slight them, they're undone,

When that you them over-pow'r,

Reserve yourself until the Hour

Of the Matrimonial Noose,

Then false Men you may abuse,

SONG CXXXVII. *Wanted Cupid, &c.*

WAnton Cupid, cease to hover
Thus around the smiling Fair;
You exclude a faithful Lover
With your too officious Care.
Whisp'ring Breezes, haste, begone
To some remoter silent Grove,
And leave *Alexis* here alone
To tell a thousand Tales of Love,
How I'm charm'd with e'ry Feature,
That adorns her lovely Face!
How she's ev'ry Thing that Nature
Can e'er give with ev'ry Grace,
If she listens to my Story,
And for me, hath equal Love;
I'll not envy human Glory,
But be blest as those above.

SONG CXXXVIII. *Come take, &c.*

Come, take your Glass, the Northern Lad,
So prettily advis'd,
I drank her Health, and really was
Agreeably surpris'd.
Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet,
Her Air and Mien so free;
The *Syrren* charm'd me from my Mast,
But take your Drink, said she.
If from the North such Beauty comes,
How is it that I feel
Within my Breast that glowing Flame
No Tongue can e'er reveal?
Tho' cold and raw the North-wind blow,
All Summer's on her Breast;
Her Skin was like the driv'n Snow,
But Sun-shine all the rest.
Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it seems;

That Joy with Pain be equal felt,

And balanc'd in Extremes:

Then like our genial Wine the'll charm

With Love my painting Breast:

Me, like our Son, her Heart shall warm,

Be Ice to all the rest.

SONG CXXXIX. *Blink over, &c.*

L Eave Kindred and Friends, sweet Beauty,

Leave Kindred and Friends for me

Affur'd thy Servant is stiddy

To Love, to Honour, and thee,

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,

May fly by Chance, as they came;

They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,

But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,

Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,

That other Beauties disproving,

I'd worship thee only, my Dear.

And should Life's Sorrows embitter

The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,

To share them together is fitter,

Than moon asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,

To grasp my Love in my Arms!

By thee to be grasp'd and kiss'd!

And live on thy Heaven of Charms!

I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,

Should Fortune capricious prove;

Tho' Death should tear me to Pieces,

I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG CXL. *Women are wanton, &c.*

W Omen are wanton, yet cunningly coy;

Lascivious, yet crafty, to make us obey;

When once they have woo'd us, triumphant

they ride,

And trample down Man, that was made for

their Guide.

Cho. But let them remember their Grimmer
Eve's Fate,

Left they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This Creature was made a Help-meat for the Man,
And so he approv'd her, deny it who can;
But surely poor Adam was soundly asleep,
Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

Old Painters did form them resembling the Shell,
Their House on their Backs was, and in it their
Tail,

Implying that Modesty keeps something in,
Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

SONG CXL. Mary Scot.

TWas Summer, and the Day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the Brues of Yarrow;
Till then despising Beauty's Power,
I kept my Heart, my own secure;
But Cupid's Art did there deceive me,
And Marj's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ransom take for Mary's Slave?
Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me;
Her lovely Smiles, like Light, revive me;
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming Fair;
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one Request,
I'd ask to lye in Mary's Breast;
There would I live or die with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure;
Despising Kings and all that's Great,
I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate;
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

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But tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my Chain;
 In hopes my faithful Heart may move her;
 For leaving Life I'll always love her;
 What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind?
 That Breast, all Softness, must prove kind;
 And she shall yet become my Marrow,
 The lovely beauteous Rose of Yarrow.

SONG CXLII. *While some, &c.*

While some for Pleasure pawn their Health,
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save myself, and without Stealth
 Kiss and caress my *Nanny-O*.
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did, or *Danae-O*:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but *Nanny-O*.
 How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When Dancing she moves finely-O,
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

CHORUS:

My bonny, bonny *Nanny-O*,
 My lovely charming *Nanny-O*,
 I care not tho' the World know
 How dearly I love *Nanny-O*.

SONG CXLIII. *Leave me, &c.*

Leave me, Shepherd, leave me,
 Give o'er your artful Wiles;
 Ev'ry Look deceives me,
 And ev'ry Word beguiles.
 If I yield you will fly,
 I must repent and mourn;

Shepherd 'tis too soon to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Why are you pursuing
To urge me to my Fate,
To contrive my Ruin,
And prove yourself Ingrate?
If I yield, you will fly,
I must repent and mourn.

Still I can't forbear to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few sweet Moments make;
Years of Grief and Sorrow
They in Exchange must take.

It is a Madness to be wise,
When *Cupid* bends his Bow;
Ev'ry Sense then open eyes
To entertain the Foe.

SONG CLXIV. *With Arts, &c.*

With Arts oft practis'd and admir'd,
A youthful Swain by Love inspir'd,
Long Time pursu'd a Fair,
Her Coldness equal to his Love,
Repuls'd his Hope, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.
With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries,
But deaf to all his Pray'rs, she flies
As fast as he pursues.
To which he answers in Disdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourself the Conquest lose.
'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love should be repaid,
To make our Bliss compleat.
Since I've requested, you've deny'd,
My Love as well as yours, is try'd,
And I with Ease retreat.

SONG CXLV. *If all that, &c.*

IF all that I love is her Face,
From looking I sure can refrain,
In others her Likeness may trace,
Or Absence may cure all my Pain.

This said, from her Charms I retir'd,
Nor knew I till then how I lov'd;
Whom present my Passion admir'd,
In Absence my Reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for Relief,
Where all that I see is Disdain;
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No Merit in me to complain.

Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Base,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

SONG CXLVI. *Since Drinking, &c.*

Since Drinking has Pow'r for to give us
Relief,

Come fill up the Bowl, and a Pot on all Grief.
If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
And so we'll proceed from one Bowl to the other,
Till, like Sons of Apollo, we'll make our Wit
soar,

Or, in Homage to Bacchus, fall down on the
Floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They each of them lov'd for to toss off their
Bowls.

Then let's try to show ourselves Men of Merit,
By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of good Claret.
And then we shall all be deserving of Praise:
But the Man that drinks most shall go off with
the Bays.

SONG CLXVII. *The blind Boy.*

O Say, what is that Thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the Blessings of the Sight?
Tell your poor blind Boy.

You talk of wond'rous Things you see;
You say the Sun shines bright.

I feel him warm; but how can he
Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myself I make,
Whene'er I wake, or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always Day.

With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless Woe;
But sure, with Patience I may bear
A Loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My Cheer of Mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind Boy!

SONG CLXVIII. *Know, &c.*

Now, I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,
That stands upon the Battlements of State,
Stand there who will for me,

I'd rather be Secure than Great.
In being so high, the Pleasures are but small,
But long's the Ruin, if I chance to fall.
Let me in some sweet Shade secured lye,
Happy in Leisure and Obscurity.

Whilst others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noise,
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,
Like subterranean Streams, unheard, unknown,
Then when my Days are all in Silence past,
A good plain Countryman I die at last.

Death cannot chuse but be
To him a mighty Misery;
Who to the World was popularly known,
And dies a Stranger to himself alone.

SONG CXLIX.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to
mourn?

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return,
Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are
clear,

While Lav'rocks are singing,
And Primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my Eye or my Ear,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear,
That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a knell,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But, quick as an Arrow,
Haste here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Languor, till that happy Day,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
sing and play.

SONG CL.

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with Scars?
These are the noble Hero's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my Hero, to my Breast,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each Bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play ;
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay ;
 Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State ;
 Let that to their Share fall,
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a Ball :
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head incline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chace,
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
 And Songs of generous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above :
 Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine ;
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.

SONG CLI. *Wherever I am, &c.*

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
 My *Pbillis* is still in my Mind ;
 When angry I mean not to *Pbillis* to go,
 My Feet of themselves the Way find.

Unknown to myself I am just at her Door,
And when I wou'd call, I can bring out no more
Than *Phillis* the fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart bounds in my
Breast,

And the Love I wou'd still is shown;
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a sad Dream deludes my sad Mind,
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!

Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He shou'd offer his Treasure in vain;

O let me alone to be happy and poor!
And give me my *Phillis* again.

Let *Phillis* be mine, and for ever be kind,
I cou'd to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas! I discover too much of my Love,

And she too well knows her own Pow'r;
She makes me each Day a Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each Hour:
But let me each Minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG CLII. *Alexis, how, &c.*

ALEXIS, how artless a Lover,
How bashful and silly you grow!
In my Eyes can you never discover,
I mean Yes, when I often say No.

When you pine and you whine out your Passion,
And only entreat for a Kiss;

To be coy and deny, is the Fashion,
Alexis shou'd ravish the Bliss.

In Love, as in War, 'tis but Reason
To make some Defence for the Town;
To surrender without it, were Treason,
Before that the Out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my Blushes to cover,
'Tis for Honour and Modesty Sake;
He is but a pitiful Lover,
Who is foil'd by a single Attack.

But when we by Force are o'erpower'd,
The best and the bravest must yield;
I am not to be won by a Coward,
Who hardly dares enter the Field.

SONG CLIII. *Whilst Strephon, &c.*

WHilst Strephon on fair Clloe hung,
And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung;
The Nymph, in a disdainful Air,
Thus smiling, mock'd the Shepherd's Care.

Swain, I know, that you discover
In my Form a thousand Charms;
Can you point me out a Lover,
Worthy my encircling Arms?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit boast;
To adore me is a Duty,

Thousands witness to their Cost.

Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain
On the vain Maid retorts again.

Foolish Creature,
Dost each Feature

Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature;

Artful feigning,

Coy disdain,

Vain Coquet, destroys them all:

Go over-bearing,

Proud, ensnaring;

Lay a thousand Rops despairing;

Then complying,

Sighing, dying,

To some Fool a Victim fall.

Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving,

Angels all in Front appear;

But the Dot their Acts believing,

Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG CLIV. *Address to a Bottle.*

Couldst thou give me a Pleasure,
Like the Mistress of my Heart,
To drink beyond all Measure,
And from thee never part.

A Pleasure so alluring,
I never could refrain,
Till Life not worth enduring,
In a Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But since there's no comparing
With Raptures she can give,
Whose Extrasy (past bearing)
I scarce can taste, and live.

To brighter Joys resigning,
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,
And die without repining,
To be bury'd in her Arms.

SONG CLV. *Ab! say ye, &c.*

AH! say ye wanton Gales, and lend
A friendly Moment to my Tale;
To the dear Nymph my Sorrows send,
In tend'rest Signs that can prevail.

In secret Murmurs, Oh! convey
What Love suggests in sad Distress,
And let her know, that ev'ry Way
She slights the Swain she ought to bless.

Or, if the Winds refuse to bear
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid;
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And guard my Heart from being betray'd.

Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps
To the blest Mansion where my Dear
Each Day she wakes, each Night she sleeps,
With Pity may my Passion hear.

Within her downy Arms embrac'd,
I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare;
My Lips seal'd to her fragrant Breath,
O'erflowing Blessings let me share.

Or shou'd the Deities refuse
 Immediate Aid to my Request,
 Her let me not for ever lose,
 But soon or late let me be blest.

In pleasing Dreams, let tender Love
 Invade her Sleep, and let her know,
 O Cupid, and Almighty Jove!
 How much for her I undergo.
 On her lov'd Bosom, Night and Day,
 Where Interruption knows no Rest;
 There let me breathe my Soul away,
 And bid Adieu to human Race.

SONG CLVI. *Why do my Looks, &c.*

WHY do my Looks my Thoughts betray,
 And sudden Blushes in me fly!
 Why do I sigh, and faint away,
 Since what I love wou'd have me die.
 Cou'd I but once on him prevail
 To mingle with his Joy my Smart,
 That he might feel what now I all,
 But I'm too young to shew such Art.
 Attractive Cupid, be my Care,
 And look with Pity on my Flame:
 O break the Chains that now I wear,
 Or bind *Amintor* in the same!
 Haste to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
 To help a harmless injur'd Maid,
 That she may quickly send Relief,
 And save a Heart that is betray'd.

SONG CLVII. *Once fair, &c.*

ONCE fair *Serena* panting lay,
 With Thoughts of Love oppress'd;
 Hoping that Slumber might allay
 The Fever in her Breast.
 Her sleeping Sense at last was caught,
 And Slumber soon made known;
 The Transports she enjoy'd in Thought,
 She waking durst not own.

Smiling she lay with longing Arms,
 Grasping the fleeting Air;
 Melting with thousand am'rous Charms
 Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
 Her Swain surpris'd to hear her Tongue,
 And all her Love repeat,
 Straight to her Arms like Light'ning flew,
 Her Wishes to compleat.

The Maid assur'd to be thus taught,
 Sigh'd, blush'd, and strove to rise;
 Accusing that her Swain was nought,
 Her Virtue to surprise:
 She vow'd by all the Gods above,
 Her Scoon she wou'd not hide;
 But melting with rapturous Love,
 The Nymph forgot to chide.

SONG CLVIII. *How wretched, &c.*

HOW wretched is a Maiden's Fate,
 When Love invades her Heart;
 In secret she deploms her State,
 Nor dares reveal the Smart.
 If Love a Shepherd's Breast engage,
 No nicer Forms restrain:
 He woos, he sighs, and Sighs assuage
 The agonising Pain.

We born to love, and be belov'd,
 A Fate like Echo's try:
 Ah! worse; for when we're strongest mov'd,
 We hesitate and die.
 Then point out, Love, the happy way
 To make our Wishes known;
 Our Hearts uncensur'd to display,
 And all thy Rigour own.

SONG CLIX. *Love's a gentle, &c.*

Love's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights;
 Which with mutual Inclinations
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content;
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
But a chaste and constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the blissful State above.

SONG CLX: *Whistle Call's, &c.*

WHILE *Call's* Eyes my Heart subdue,
I list'ning blast her tuneful Tongue;
But, doom'd my Ruin to pursue,
I sigh'd, and begg'd the fatal Song.
I sigh'd, &c.

The heav'nly Sounds my Sense oppress'd,
My fluttering Heart forgot to beat;
The Sighs forsook my heaving Breast,
I sunk, and fainted at her Feet.
I sunk, &c.

She smil'd to see her Conquest sure,
Whilst I insensibly revive;
Ye Swains, ne'er wonder at the Cure,
'Tis in her Arms alone I live.
'Tis in, &c.

SONG CLXI. *'Twas when the, &c.*

A Swain of Love despairing,
Thus wall'd his cruel Fate;
His Grief the Shepherds sharing,
In Circles round him sat.

The Nymphs, in kind Compassion,
The luckless Lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the Passion,
A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends, your Plaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Shou'd *Call's* but discover,
For me you'd shed a Tear:
Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendship soon subdue;

Too late you'd ask Forgiveness,
 And for her Mercy sue.
 Her Charms such Force discover,
 Resistance is in vain;
 Spite of your self, you'll love her,
 And hug the galling Chain;
 Her Wit the Flame increases,
 And rivets fast the Dart;
 She has ten thousand Graces,
 And each could gain a Heart.
 But oh! one more deserving
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breath,
 Her Heart to him devoting,
 She's cold to all the rest;
 There Love with Joy abounding,
 The Thought distracts my Brain;
 O cruel Maid! then swooning,
 He fell upon the Plain.

SONG CLXII. *Happy the, &c.*

Happy the youthful Swain,
 That feels no Love-sick Smart;
 But without Grief or Pain,
 Can win a Virgin's Heart;
 Happy beyond expressing
 Is he who can obtain
 That most transporting Blessing
 Which others seek in vain.
 Love, and the Graces, smiling,
 In all his Actions meet;
 Cupid, the Fair beguiling,
 Still makes his Conquest sweet;
 Love is his only Treasure,
 Beauty's his only Gain;
 Ever he finds the Pleasure,
 But never feels the Pain.

SONG CLXIII. *Whilst endless, &c.*

Whilst endless Tears and Sighs declare
 Thy slighted Love, and broken Heart;

The little Warblers of the Air
 In thy soft Sorrow seem to share,
 And plaintive Notes like Sighs impart.
 The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
 And near thee glow'd with brighter Green;
 And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now,
 Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow,
 Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.
 The God of Love, ev'n his thy Foe,
 Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart;
 And soften'd with *Louisa's* Woo,
 Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
 And silent, weeps his fatal Art.

SONG CLXIV. *Beneath a shady, &c.*

Beneath a shady Willow,
 Hard by a purling Stream;
 A mossy Bank my Pillow,
 I fancy'd in a Dream,
 That I the charming *Phyllis*
 Did eagerly embrace;
 Her Breast as white as Lilies,
 And *Rosalinda's* Face.
 What Extasies of Pleasure
 She gave, to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden Treasures
 She blest'd her am'rous Swain:
 Cou'd nought but Joys discover,
 And I my Dream believe;
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.
 But when I wak'd, deluded,
 And found all but a Dream;
 I sailn wou'd have eluded
 The melancholy Theme.
 Ye Gods! there's no enduring
 So exquisite a Pain;
 The Wound is past all curing,
 That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

SONG CLXV. *Charming Chloë, &c.*

CHARMING *Chloë*, look with Pity
On your faithful Love-sick Swain.
Hear, oh! hear his doleful Ditty,
And relieve his mighty Pain.
Find you Musick in his sighing?
Can you see him in Distress?
Wishing, trembling, pining, dying,
Yet afford no kind Redress!

Strepson mov'd by lawless Passion
For no Favours rudely sues;
All his Flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient Honour for him woos.
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great;
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say, at least, you do not hate.
Shou'd you, sonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight so true and kind a Lover,
Chloë, might not *Strepson* smile?
Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
Strepson, conscious of thy Ruin,
Soon would be a silent Shade.

SONG CLXVI. *Damon, &c.*

DAMON ask'd me but once, and I faintly
deny'd,
Intending to snap him the next time he try'd.
But alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Suit to the fam'd *Leonore*.
Yet why shou'd I grieve? for I am well assur'd,
Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the
first Word.
The' he swears and he cringes, I'll venture to say,
That Man is a Fool, that will take the first Nay.

Had his Love been sincere, and he really in Pain,
He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
But adieu; let him go; for I never will see
A Swain that's in earnest allows for our Sex.

SONG CLXVII. *Beauty and, &c.*

Beauty and Wit, illustrious Maid,
Bright as to you belong,
Charm all Mankind without the Aid
Of soft melodious Song.

Why will you add, enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;

By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In vain to tempt *Lasurus*' Heir
Their Songs the *Syrans* try'd;
But cou'd their Notes with thine compare,
He must have heard, and dy'd.

Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in each Strain's a Dart;

We die by Pleasure, not by Pain,
While thus you pierce the Heart.

SONG CLXVIII. *Why is your, &c.*

WHY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd,
Oh, keep it by the same!

For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possess
Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,

'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame;

Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
These snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flames,

That Shape so made to be embrac'd,

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What would I give I might but taste
Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.

SONG CLXIX. *Sabina, &c.*

Sabina in the dead of Night
In restless Slumbers wishing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light
To loose Desires did lend the Way:
I stepp'd to her Bedside with bended Knee,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
I'm sure she saw, but would not see.
I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did sleep:
I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
And sure Sabina heard, but would not hear.
Thus, as some midnight Thief (when all
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy)
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To search for hidden Treasury:
So mov'd my busy Hand from Head to Heel,
And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.
Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
And she without a Blush receives;
As by dissembling most are coy,
She by dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

SONG CLXX. Young Thyrse, &c.

Young Thyrse, once the jolliest Swain
That ever charm'd the list'ning Plain,
Attentive to his Glee;
While Nymphs around the Rover throng,
He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song
Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

Bright Celia, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
And Flavia, fairest of the Fair,
Are now no longer free;
Coy Delia felt unusual Pain,
All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain
Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

The Vow, by Inclination sway'd,
A softer Tune had often play'd
To ev'ry charming She;
None fear Delusion from his Tongue,
For all he said, and all he sung
Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

The treach'rous Boy thus play'd his Part
In Triumph o'er each female Heart;
Oh! who so blest as he?
Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
While all he sung, and all he said,
Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

SONG CLXXI. Lince found, &c.

Lince found Damsel lying
In Tears upon the Plain;
And laughing at his Crying,
Encreas'd poor Damsel's Pain.
Cries Damsel, Mortal, fly me,
Or by the Pow'r divine,
Cries Lince, don't desy me,
And shew a Flask of Wine.
This foolish pining Lover
Will teach thee how to scorn,
Thy Gaiety recover,
And make the Maid grow warm.

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Come prithee, *Damon*, try it,
 'Tis sov'reign, prithee do;
Damon cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.
 Soon *Damon* felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew rosy red;
 Then *Lince* fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out, they went to Bed.
 Next Morning, *Damon* straying,
 To breathe the fragrant Air,
 He heard poor *Della* praying
 A last and fervent Pray'r.
 Ye, ye, I must implore him,
Damon the kind; the true,
 Ye Gods, the cry'd, restore him,
 Else Love and Life adieu.
 On *Lince*'s Humour thinking,
 He sprung into her Arms;
 And fir'd with last Night's Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.
 The Maid deep Crimson blushing,
 Reclip'd her Head, and sigh'd;
 Whilst eager *Damon* flushing,
 Love's strongest Efforts try'd.
 Ah! whither am I flying!
 Her fault'ring Tongue express;
 Then clasping, panting, sighing,
 They murmur'd all the rest.

SONG CLXXII. *A Last that, &c.*

A Last that was loaden with Care
 Sat heavily under a Thorn;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 And thus she began for to mourn.
 So merry as we twa have been;
 So happy as we twa have been!
 O my Heart is like to despair,
 When I think of the Days we have seen!
 When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,
 The Birds did melodiously sing;

And the cold nipping Winter did wear
 A Face that resembled the Spring.
 Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,
 As he gently pressed my Hand,
 I had the wide World in my Pride,
 And cou'd all its Glory withstand.
 My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 Or why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee?
 But now he is far from my Sight,
 Perhaps new Advice may approve;
 Which makes me lament Day and Night,
 That ever I granted him Love.
 At the Eve, when the rest of the Folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I sat myself under his Oak,
 And I heavily sigh'd for him.

SONG CLXXIII. *The smiling, &c.*

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
 Invites the tuneful Birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each Spray,
 Love melts the universal Lay.
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wile,
 Like them improve the Hour that flies,
 And in soft Raptures waste the Day
 Among the Birks of *Endermay*.
 For soon the Winter will appear;
 At this thy lively Bloom will fade,
 As that must blast each verdant Shade:
 Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd Songsters love no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of *Endermay*.

SONG CLXXIV. *Come, fair, &c.*

Come, fair Nymphs, to this sweet Grove,
 Constant Swain make haste away,

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And behold my charming Love,
Rejoice with me this happy Day.
Sylvia, at length, has chang'd her Mind,
She Pity shews, no more Disdain:

Never flying,
Nor denying,
Her Heart to me she has resign'd;
I no more shall sigh in vain:
My faithful Vows she now will hear;
Joys delighting,
Charms inviting,
In fair Sylvia do appear.

SONG CLXXV. *False tho', &c.*

False tho' she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,
They cou'd not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG CLXXVI. *Sigh no more, &c.*

Sigh no more, my lovely *Celia*;
Why ah! why those mournful Sighs?
Where ah! where's the beauteous *Lustre*
Once adorn'd those brilliant Eyes?

See how briny Floods o'erwhelm them,
Breaking on the blushing Shore;
And like Summer's Dew on Lilies,
Decks the Bosom I adore.

The Flow'rs that form'd by Nature drooping,
Yet their fragrant Odours fill;
And my *Celia*, tho' she's weeping,
Hath those Charms she can't disguise.

SONG CLXXVII. *When charming, &c.*

When charming *Celia* gently smiles,
Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks;

No Goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her Look, so soft her Air.
 In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd:
 With sparkling Wit, and solid Sense,
 And soft persuasive Eloquence.
 In framing her divinely fair,
 Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
 That we in *Cloe's* Form should find
 A *Venus* with *Minerva's* Mind.

SONG CLXXXVIII. *How can I, &c.*

HOW can I well describe the Joy,
 When first I let my Eyes
 On her who only could employ
 My Thought in great Surprise!
 Charming Face,
 Love exciting,
 Comely Grace,
 All delighting!

Who can look on one so fair,
 And not the Force of Love declare?
 But when I labour'd to address
 The Terror of my Suit,
 Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppress,
 And I continu'd mute:
 But my Smart more abounded,
 Cupid's Dart has me wounded,
 And I longer can't conceal
 The Anguish for your Sake I feel.
 Yet, if you disregard my Pains,

I bid this World adieu:
 For all my Hopes of Life are vain,
 If not sustain'd by you.
 With Disdain do not grieve me,
 See my Pains, and relieve me,
 Sure you can't severely treat
 A Lover dying at your Feet.
 Pity and Love should, in the End,
 Inseparably join.

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To extricate from Despair
Such am'rous Hearts as mine.

Sweet Replies,
Kind Behaviour,
Pleasing Eyes,
Gentle Favour,

Are what Lovers must implore,
Or else they can exist no more.

SONG CLXXIX. *To thee, &c.*

TO thee, O gentle Sleep alone
Is owing all our Peace;

By thee our Joys are highten'd down,
By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bless'd.

Oh! stay, *Arpaso* bids thee stay,

The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to lose in Day

The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleading Form she sought,

That Motion chas'd her Sleep;

Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought

The Grievs for which we weep.

SONG CLXXX. *As Celadon, &c.*

AS *Celadon* once from his Cottage did stray,
To court his dear *Jug* on a Hillock of
Hay;

What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor
Swain,

When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain,

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,

Sweet *Jug*, 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies;

My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,

And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me
lug,

Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your
Name,

When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jug he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say, that his Voice is so
sweet.

Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't pre-
vail:

For Roger, the Thatcher, possesses thy Breast,
As he at our last Harvest Supper confest.

I own it, says Jug, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me than all you have
said;

Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what
you can,

'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

SONG CLXXXI. See Phillis, &c.

SEE, *Phillis*, yonder Bower

With e'ry beauteous Flower,

And twirling Green array'd;

Sweet Jonquills, Daffadillies,

Carnations, Roses, Lillies,

Invite us to the Shade.

There clasping thee, my Treasure,

In Extasy 'bove Measure,

I'll on your Bosom lye,

While you're with Looks expiring,

My blissful Death desiring,

My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses

I'll crown my dying Bliss,

Whilst you in Pity cry;

My Love, I'll not be cruel,
But in this am'rous Doal
We'll both together die.

SONG CLXXXII. *O greedy, &c.*

O Greedy *Midas* I've been told,
That what you touch'd, you turn'd to
Gold;

O had I but a Pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine.
I'd turn, &c.

Each purling Stream shou'd feel my Force;
Each Fish my fatal Power mourn;
Each Fish, &c.

And wond'ring at the mighty Change,
And wond'ring, &c.
Shou'd in their native Regions burn,
Shou'd in, &c.

Nor shou'd there any dare t'approach
Unto my mantling, sparkling Shrine,
Unto my, &c.

But first shou'd pay their Votes to me,
But first, &c.
And stile me only God of Wine,
And stile, &c.

SONG CLXXXIII. *A. Chloe, &c.*

As *Chloe* o'er the Meadow past,
I view'd the lovely Maid;
She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,
And fear'd by me to be embrac'd;
My Eyes my Wish betray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,
The charming Nymph pursu'd;
Daphne was not so bright a Game,
Tho' Great *Apollo's* darling Dame,
Nor with such Charms endu'd.
I follow'd close, the Fair still flew
Along the grassy Plain;

The Grass, at length, my Rival grew,
And catch'd my *Gloes* by the Shoe,

Her Speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,

What did the Fall reveal!

Such Limbs Description cannot tell,

Such Charms were never in the *Mall*,

Nor Smoak did e'er conceal,

She shriek'd; I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes,

And burning with Desire,

I help'd the Queen of Love to rise,

She check'd her Anger and Surprise,

And said, Rash Youth, retire.

Be gone, and best what you have seen,

It shan't avail you much;

I know you like my Form and Mien;

Yet since so insolent they've been,

Those Parts you ne'er shall touch.

Too lovely fair one, I confess,

The Swain whom you will deign to bless,

Might sigh an Age away,

In Expectation of the Joy,

When you no longer cold or coy,

Shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form

So soft, so perfect, and so warm,

Who gazes must adore;

But I so long in vain have try'd,

To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,

That here I give it o'er.

But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found;

I'll be no longer tamely bound

In hopeless Flames to burn.

Vain Maid, I've shaken off my Chain,

By Wine a Conquest I obtain,

And triumph in my Turn.

SONG CLXXXIV. *The Coquet.*

CRowds of Coxcombs that deluding,
Cringing, chattering,

Ogling, flattery,
By Coquetting, and by Prudery,
All are Victims to my Art.
While at Will the Fools I'm leading,
They for Favours interceding,
With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding,
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me,
Thinks I prize him,
Who despise him;
All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,
Born to baffle all Mankind.
Like the Winds and Waves still changing,
Never constant, ever ranging,
Cupid from my Heart estranging,
That's as cold as he is blind.
That's, &c.

SONG CLXXXV. *Bernard, &c.*

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis the Object of my waking Thought;
Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.
From the bright Vision's Head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples, fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair;
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire,
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.
Ah! charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely Shade,
Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made;
Silence and Shades with Love agree,

Both shelter you, and favour me,
 You cannot blush, because I cannot see.
 No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid;
 Faintly she spoke me-thought, for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
 Then die, said I, she still deny'd,
 And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
 You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.
 I wak'd, and straight I knew,
 I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
 Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
 Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do:
 Ah! cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain;
 While I can dream, you scorn in vain,
 Asleep, or waking, you must ease my Pain.

S O N G CLXXXVI. *Matbinks, &c.*

Methinks the poor Town has been troubled
 too long,
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
 By Fools who at once can both Love and De-
 spair,
 And will never leave calling them cruel and
 fair:
 Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
 The Truth that I know of my bonny black *Bess*.
 This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
 Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a
 Coal;
 She's plump, yet with Ease you may span round
 her Waist,
 But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be em-
 brac'd:
 Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest;
 But I know what I mean, when I drink to the
 best.

The Plowman, and 'Squire, the erranter Clown;
 At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown;

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But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to
submit ;

All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord ———'s
Drums ;

But to those who have had my dear *Best* in their
Arms,

She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms ;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and trip in her Paces
And with Head on one Side, and a languishing
Eye,

To kill us with looking, as if she would die.

SONG CLXXXVII. *Adieu to, &c.*

A Dieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love,
For a Passion more noble my Fancy does
move ;

My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In sorrowful Notes my *Aminas* his Name :

The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me
complain,

Thou never shalt see thy *Aminas* again ;

For Death has befriended him,

Fate has defended him,

None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd
to his Lays,

Come help me to sing forth *Aminas* his Praise ;

No Swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,

So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his
Lute :

Then come to his Grave, and your Kindness pursue,

To weave him a Garland, with Cypress and

Yew ;

For Life hath forsaken him,

Death hath o'ertaken him,

No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,
 I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
 You Echo's, and Fountains, my Witnesses prove,
 How deeply I sigh for the Loss of my Love;
 And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
 This Favour I never will cease to implore;
 That now I may go above,
 And there enjoy my Love,
 Then, then I never will part with him more.

SONG CLXXXVIII. *Pastora's, &c.*

PASTORA'S Beauties when unblown,
 E'er yet the tender Bud did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Power I did perceive;
 How often in the Dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep,
 Have I thought this my chief Delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to weep.
 Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White
 No Letter yet did ever stain;
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair *Pastora* here must reign;
 Her Eyes those darling Suns shall prove
 Thy Love to be of noblest Race;
 Which took its Flight so far above
 All human Things, on her to gaze.
 How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you?
 You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
 And all its Grievs that did ensue;
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain?
 Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
 And take away the tort'ring Pain.

SONG CLXXXIX. *Hail to the, &c.*

Hail to the Myrtle Shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field;

Kings will not here invade,
 Tho' Virtue all Freedom yield;
 Beauty here opens her Arms,
 To soften the languishing Mind;
 And *Phyllis* unlocks her Charms:
 Ah *Phyllis*! ah! why so kind?
Phyllis, the Soul of Love,
 The Joy of neighbouring Swains:
Phyllis that crowns the Grove,
 And *Phyllis* that gilds the Plains:
Phyllis that ne'er had the Skill
 To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Phyllis*, whose Eyes can kill,
 Whom Nature has made divine.

Phyllis, whose charming Tongue
 Makes Labour and Pain a Delight;
Phyllis that makes the Day young,
 And shortens the live-long Night:
Phyllis, whose Lips like *May*,
 Still laugh at the Sweets they bring;
 Where Love never knew Decay,
 But sets with eternal Spring.

SONG CXC. *Chloris, in native, &c.*

CHLO^RIS, in native Purple bright,
 The Violet of Beauty Springs;
 She spreads her opening Sweets to Sight,
 And ravishes with warbling Strings:
 Fair Charmer of our Eyes and Ears;
Cecilia sure has Heav'n forsook;
 She brings soft Musick from the Spheres;
 And bears an Angel in her Look.

SONG CXCI. *Ye Purple-blooming, &c.*

YE Purple-blooming Roses,
 Whom Love in Wreathes disposes;
 Why guard ye so your Treasures,
 And grudge the Boy his Pleasures?

So mix'd with sweet and sour,
 Life's not unlike the Flow'r:
 Its Sweets unpluckt will languish,
 And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.
 Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
 The Chaplet, e'er it wither;
 Steep'd in the various Juices.
 The cluster'd Vine produces.
 This, round my moisten'd Tresses,
 The Use of Life expresses:
 Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow, S.
 Our Rose may fade to morrow. S.

SONG CXCI. *Fair Sally, &c.*

FAIR *Sally* lov'd a bonny Seaman,
 With Tears she sent him out to roam;
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other Woman,
 But left his Heart with her at Home.
 She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
 And while she turn'd the Spinning Wheel,
 Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds grew loud, and she grew paler,
 To see the Weathercock turn round;
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
 Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
 With nimble Haste he leap'd the Stile,
 And *Sally* met him with a Smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the Waist he took his *Sally*,
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he;
 Like home-bred Spark, he could not dally,
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee;
 Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
 Cry'd he, thy *Tom*'s return'd again,
 And brings a Heart for *Sally*.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant *Thomas*,
 Tho' out of Sight, ne'er out of Mind;
 Our Hearts tho' Seas have parted from us,
 Yet they my Thoughts did leave behind.

So much my Thoughts took *Tommy's* Part,
That Time, nor Absence from my Heart

Cou'd drive my constant *Thomas*.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely *Sally*,

I still have kept for thy dear Sake :

A thousand times, in am'rous Folly,

Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck.

Again this happy Pledge returns,

To tell how truly *Thomas* burns ;

How truly burns for *Sally*.

This Thimble didst thou give to *Sally*,

Whilst this I see, I think of you ;

Then why does *Tom* stand, shall I, shall I ?

While yonder Steeple's in our View:

Tom never to Occasion blind,

Now took her in the coming Mind,

And went to Church with *Sally*:

SONG CXCI. *Little Flea, &c.*

Little Flea, why so bloody-thirsty ?

Thou'st drunk, till it has almost burst thee.

Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,

To stir a Step on *Strephon's* Errand.

Yet, prithee, sweet sincere Backbiter,

To *Chloe* go, that false Delighter ; S.

Go hide thy self within her Bodice,

And make her own she is no Goddess. S.

Tell her the Shafts of *Cupid's* Quiver

So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver ; S.

And when she holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,

Say thus your Love-sick *Strephon* lingers. S.

SONG CXCI. 'Tis thee I love.

'TIS thee I love,

I'll constant prove ;

You are the Charmer of my Heart ;

Dearest believe me,

I'll ne'er deceive thee,

From *Chloe* bright I ne'er can part.

Be kind as fair.
 Oh! be not severe,
 But shew Compassion on your Swain;
 You'll ne'er repent it,
 No ne'er relent it,
 Dear Creature; dear Creature, now ease my Pain.

SONG CXCIV. *Clarinda, &c.*

CLARINDA, hear my Moan,
 My Boon do not deny;
 If you'll not be my own,
 Your Martyr I must die.
 Remember, that my Love
 To you is ever true;
 I can't my Passion move,
 It's fix'd till Death on you.
 If you my Life will save,
 Receive me in your Arms;
 Or sink me in my Grave.
 A Victim to your Charms.
 But when I'm dead and gone,
 Let this then be your Guide;
 Engrave it on my Tomb,
 For you I liv'd and dy'd.

SONG CXCVI. *Dear charming, &c.*

DEAR charming Beauty, you're my Pleasure,
 'Tis you alone that I adore;
 Grant me your Love, my only Treasure,
 And all my Care will now be o'er.
 Ah! do not fly me, my dear Jewel,
 Lest you kill your faithful Slave:
 You ne'er was known yet to be cruel,
 To destroy what you can save.
 Had I ne'er seen you, charming Phillis,
 Such Torture I ne'er should have known;
 But thank my Stars, if that your Will is,
 To smile, and ever be my own;

No greater
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No greater Blessing I'll desire,
Than your matchless Charms, my Fair;
For you are all that I admire,
And all I love, and all I fear.

SONG CXCVII. *Glide gently on, &c.*

GLide gently on, thou murm'ring Brook;
And sooth my tender Grief;
'Twas here the fatal Wound I took,
'Tis here I seek Relief.

With *Sylvia* on this verdant Shore
I fondly sat reclin'd;
Believ'd the charming things he swore,
Too credulously kind,
Too credulously, &c.

While thus he said. This purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall flow,
O *Pastorella*, e'er my Flame
The least Decays shall know.

Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back to your chrystal Head;
The false, ungrateful, perjur'd Swain
Has broke the Vows he made.
Has broke, &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless Breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows, and soft Address,
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.

But tell the Nymph, thou gentle Stream,
If e'er she visits thee;
The treach'rous Youth has vow'd the same,
Yet broke his Faith with me,
Yet broke, &c.

SONG CXCVIII. *To the God, &c.*

TO the God of Wine,
My Song and my Design
With a grateful Spirit will I raise,

'Tis my Heart's Delight,
To give him ev'ry Night,
And to carrol merrily his Praise.
Monarch *Bacchus*, gay and young;

Free to save us,
And relieve us,
When the World goes wrong.
Sound his Name,
Raife it high,
Sing his Fame
To the Sky,

Till the wise World join in our Song.

Shou'd a Mortal dare
His merry Subjects sneer,
Let him dread the Fate decreed.
A new Law well weigh'd
The drinking Court has made,
And to Justice thus they'll proceed.

Set the Rebel to the Bar,
That the Traitor,
Bound in Fetter,
May his Sentence hear.

Let the Rogue,
In a String,
Like a Dog,
Take a Swing,

Or be drown'd in Rot-gut Small-beer.

SONG CXCI. *He's a, &c.*

HE's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
Stout, vig'rous, active, and tall;
There's none can from Danger secure you,
Like brave, gallant *Moor of Moor-ball*.
No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their Hearts with Alarms;
No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.
But wish'd, &c.

SONG CC. *How can you, &c.*

HOW can you lovely *Nancy*, thus cruelly
slight

A Swain who is wretched, when banish'd your
Sight ;

Who for your Sake alone thinks Life worth his
Care,

But which soon, if you frown on, must end in
Despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your
Eyes

Once express so much Softness, and sweetly sur-
prize ;

By their Lustre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe,
As they had such mild Influence, they e'er wou'd
deceive.

But alas ! like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
Who perceives a false Splendor at Distance invite
Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it, and dies ;
A like Ruin attends me, if away *Nancy* flies.

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel, and unveil'd all
your Charms :

When you vow'd lasting Love, and swore with a
Kiss,

That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss,
Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that Woe
Will, like Sicknes neglected, more desperate
grow :

That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind
Pow'rs,

Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not fickle as
ours.

SONG CCI. *If the Glasses, &c.*

IF the Glasses they are empty,

Fill again, my Soul's adry :

Sure such Wine as this will tempt y^e

To carouse in Sympathy.

Thirsty Souls, like Plants aspiring,
Moisture ever are desiring.

Thus carefing
Nature's Blessing,
We'll the sober World defy.

See the Bottle, how its Beauty
Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;

We to *Bacchus* owe a Duty,

Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace,
Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never spare it;

Ever drinking,

Void of thinking,

We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG CCII. *What dire, &c.*

WHat dire Misfortune hath beset
Each quiv'ring Beau and tuneful Bell,
Soft *Farinelli's* killing Note,
For *Spain* has caught him by the Throat.
Far, far away he's forc'd to stay

Killing, thrilling,

Thrilling, killing:

Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
Charming *Farinelli's* gone.

Our Tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow,
That *Senesino* needs wou'd go,
When strait a heavier Loss we know,
Dear *Farinelli's* kidnapt too.

Farinelli, Senesino,

Senesino, Farinelli,

Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O cruel *Spain*! will nought suffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely Prize;
Take all our Ships, take all our Men,
So we enjoy but him again,

O send him straight, our Nobles wait,

O send him quick, we all are sick.

Ruin'd! Lords and Commons all,
From St. James's to Guildhall.

SONG CCIII. *Sooner than I'll, &c.*

Sooner than I'll my Love forego,
And lose the Man I prize;
I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
Or fall a Sacrifice.

Nor Bolts nor Bars shall me controul,
I Death and Danger dare: S.

Restraint but fires the active Soul, S,
And urges fierce Despair, S.

The Window now shall be my Gate,
I'll either fall or flie;

Before I'll live with him I hate, S.
For him I love, I'll die. S.

SONG CCIV. *Return, return, &c.*

Return, return, my lovely Nymph,
For Summer's Pleasures now will fade:
The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
All Nature seems as if decay'd.

Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn;
The Lark forgets to mount the Sky;
Ah! lovely *Calia*, quick return.

The blushing Rose's Charms decay,
The Lily droops its lovely Head:
Sweet winding *Thames* begins to swell,
And visit th' unfrequented Mead.

The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lies,
The Vallies now no more delight:
Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life
Have taken too their annual Flight.

SONG CCV. *Ranging the Plain, &c.*

Ranging the Plain one Summer's Night,
To pass a vacant Hour,

I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely *Phyllis* Bow'r;
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
 In Expectation sat,
 To meet those Joys in *Stratton's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.
 Upon her Hand she leant her Head,
 Her Breast did gently rise;
 That e'ery Lover might have read
 Her Wishes in her Eyes:
 At e'ery Breath that mov'd the Trees,
 She suddenly would start;
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart:
 But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had stay'd;
 And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The melancholy Maid:
 Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
 He would be here by One;
 But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
 And yet he is not come.

SONG CCVI. *He that is, &c.*

HE that is resolv'd to wed,
 And be by the Nose by Woman led,
 Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
 For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
 If that she be inclin'd to Strife,
 Will find a Man thrill Musick all his Life,
Will find a Man, &c.
 If he approach her when she's vext,
 Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

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Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's try'd :
 And this Convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry Mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a Sight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Penance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feast ;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do but say *Amen*.
He has nothing, &c.

SONG CCVII. *Believe me, Jenny, &c.*

Believe me, *Jenny*, for I tell you true,
 These Sighs, these Sobs, these Tears, are
 all for you ;

Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
 When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love ?

Is't not enough, you cruel Fair,

To slight my Love, neglect my Pain ?

At least, that rigid Sentence spare ;

Nor say that I first caus'd you to disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes ;

Let not Dissimulation, baser Art,

Stifle the busy Passion of your Heart :

Yet, let the Candour of your Mind

Now with your Beauty equal prove ;

Which I believe ne'er yet design'd

The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

SONG CCVIII. *Ye happy Swains, &c.*

YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of Love :

That I the like Success may find,

My Shepherdess to move :

Long have I strove to win her Heart,
 But yet alas! in vain;
 For she still acts one cruel Part
 Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure
 Consumes my Life away;
 Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
 Languishing Night and Day:
 Yet she regardless of my Grief,
 Looks on her dying Slave;
 And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
 To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate!
 I'm punish'd so severe?

Tell me, that I may expiate
 With a repenting Tear:

But if you have resolv'd, that I
 No Mercy shall obtain;

Let her persist in Tyranny,
 And cure by Death my Pain.

S O N G CCIX. *As May in, &c.*

AS May in all her youthful Dress,
 My Love so gay did once appear;
 A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
 And Roses did inhabit there.

Thus while th'Enjoyment was but young,
 Each Night new Pleasures did create;
 Harmonious Words dropt from her Tongue,
 And Cupid on her Forehead sat.

But as the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
 And all its blushing Looks resigns,
 To th'pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
 While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
 My *Chloe* then was kind and gay;
 But when by Time I lost the Charm,
 Her Smiles like Autumn dropt away.

SONG CCX. *Weep all ye, &c.*

WEep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,

For *Strepbon's* now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, see, upon the craggy Rocks
Each Goddess stript appears;
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love; that fatal Hour,
When this your Youth was born,
Had sworn by *Styx* to shew his Pow'r,
He'd kill a Man ere Morn:
For *Strepbon's* Breast he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and shot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes;
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears, like Rivers, ran,
He sigh'd, you love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

SONG CCXI. *Your Gamester, &c.*

YOUR Gamester, provok'd by his Loss, may
forswear,
And rail against Play, yet can never forbear;
Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
In Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.
So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain
Of those fatal Wounds, which Love gets by
Disdain; [drawn in,
Seduc'd by the Charms of your Looks, and
To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers again

Clarissa, I live on the Hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;
In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.
My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this Cast,
To make me a Saver for all my Life past;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore;
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

SONG CCXII. *Fairest Work, &c.*

Fairest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without dissembling Art;
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no sullen Clouds appear;
Graces there are less adorning,
Than below, when *Caelia's* there.
Ev'ry tuneful Breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their Power;
Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses
Humbly tells us his Amour:
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
Faithful *Stephen* ne'er denies;
Such a Treasure in possessing,
All the Bills of Love supplies.
Yet I see by ev'ry Trial,
Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;
Ever finding a Denial;
Where my softest Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
No Decay can ease my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.
For if e'er my *Diana's* Treasure
Must her Virgin Sweets resign;
Love shall flow with equal Measure,
And I'll boldly call her mine.

Till her panting, wedding Lover,
Grown uneasy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to discover
Golden Coasts without a Name.

SONG CCXIII. *Little Britain.*

BRITONS, where is your great Magnanimity?

Where's your boasted Courage flown?
Quite perverted to Pusillanimity,
Scarce to call yourselves your own.

What your Ancestors won so victoriously,
Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;
You'd relinquish; and O most ingloriously
To Oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes Preparative,
See her weeping quit the Shore;
Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative,
Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to assist, exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppressors their Plunder regorgitate,
And preserve a sinking Land.

SONG CCXIV. *I love, I doat, &c.*

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet in my Mind;

Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind;

For when, as long her Chain I've worn,
I ask Relief from Smart;

She only gives me Looks of Scorn,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold;

But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold.

Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize
For Wealth, and not Desert,

And my poor Sighs and Tears despise;
Alas! my Heart will break.

When, like some wanting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend;
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.

Ah! *Sylvia*, thus in vain you strive
To aet a healing Part:

'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed
I lay me down to Rest,

In hopes to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast;

Her Cruelty all Ease denies;
With some sad Dream I start;

All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart!

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove
That leads me where she dwells;

Where to the senseless Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells.

With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
Till Morning bids depart:

Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am gone, and cold;

Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told:

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part;

And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart!

SONG CCXV. *Did you not, &c.*

Sbe. **D**ID you not promise me when you
lay by me,
That you would marry me; can you deny
me?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

She. Ah! who would trust you Men that swear
and vow so,

Born only to deceive, how can you do so?

He. If we can swear and lie, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lie, would make
one tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas! was but too real;

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my
Transgression,

You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, ere thou could'st
go, Child;

But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so,
Child.

She. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive
thee.

He. Send your Kid home to me, I will take
Care on't,

If 't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a
rare one.

SONG CCXVI. The Black-Bird,

Room, room, room for a Rover,
Yonder Town's so hot;

I a Country Lover

Bless my Freedom got;

This celestial Weather

Such Enjoyment gives,

We like Birds flock hither,

Browsing on green Leaves;

Some who late sat scowling,

Publick Cheats to mend;

Study now with Bowling,
 Each to cheat his Friend :
Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry,
rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry, sings the Black-
Bird: Oh what a World have we!

In the Eastern Regions,
 Cannibals abound ;
 Eas'd of all Religions,
 Man does Man confound :
 But our worse Natives,
 Here Church-Rules obey ;
 Yet like hard'rous Caitiffs,
 Gorge up more than they :
 In the Town, hot Follies
 Fools to Faction draw ;
 Nonsense, Noise, and Malice,
 Passes too for Law ;
Whilst on the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial,
 As our Church-men guess ;
 Some write We most loyal,
 Yet mean nothing less :
 Ev'ry factious Teaser
 Proudly Vets his Will ;
 Praise be then to Caesar,
 Who sits patient still :
 Chancery wants a Ruler,
 Justice Scales to guide ;
 ——— wants a Cooler,
 Who like Yabu ride :
Whilst on the, &c.
 Give me then a Bottle,
 Mucidora by ;
 Wine that warms the Noddle,
 Does all Cares defy :
 Sol has enter'd Arica,
 Summer Sweete do fall ;
 Pleasures new and various,
 Let's enjoy 'em all ;

So adieu, State Janglers,
 Our whole Winter's Curse;
 Farewel to Law Wranglers,
 That so plague the Purse:
 Hark in the, &c.

SONG CCXVII. *To the same Tune.*

WHilst Content is wanting
 In the World below;
 We in Freedom chanting,
 Life's true Pleasure know;
 Cloy'd with Care and Duty
 To superior Sway,
 They ne'er see the Beauty
 Of one happy Day:
 Profit's Golden Follies
 Half the Globe infect;
 Faction, Pride, and Malice,
 Govern all the rest:
*Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, terry, terry, terry,
 Hey, Terry, terry, sings the Black-Bird,
 Ah! what a World have they?*

Giant-limb'd Ambition,
 Like a Tyrant reigns;
 Forming new Division
 Hourly in their Brains:
 Sometimes Peace enjoying,
 Some they a League begin;
 But one Monarch's dying
 Breaks 'em all again:
 Then the grave State-menders
 For Religion fight;
 Tho' the hot Pretenders
 Never had a Doit;
Whilst here in lasting Day, &c.
 Warriors all are Princes,
 When their Aid they want;
 Armies for Defence,
 Present Pay they grant:

But the Work once ended,
 They the Chiefs disown ;
 Who in Haste disbanded,
 Loudly are cry'd down ;
 Thus uncur'd they nourish
 Whimsey's worse Disease ;
 Whether lose or flourish,
 Never are at Ease :
Whilst here in lasting Day, Terry, &c.
 The fat pumper'd City,
 Grumbling at the Tax ;
 Think to stint, 'tis pity,
 Bellies or their Backs :
 The rich Country Booby,
 Brooding o'er his Ground ;
 Low'rs, and wond'rous moody,
 Grudges four in the Pound ;
Gospel Fermentation
 Banters all our Souls ;
 And to fire the Nation,
 Black-coats blow the Coals ;
Whilst here in lasting Day,
Terry, terry, terry, terry, sings the Black-Bird,
Oh ! what a World have they ?

SONG CCXVIII. *Strike up, &c.*

SStrike up drowfie Gut-scrapers,
 Gallants be ready,
 Each with his Lady ;
 Foot it about,
 'Till the Night be run out,
 Let no one's Humour pall ;
 Brisk Lads now cut your Capers ;
 Put your Legs to't,
 And shew you can do't ;
 Frisk, frisk it away
 'Till Break of Day,
 And hey for Richmond Ball.
 Fortune-Biters,
 Hags, Bum-fighters,

Nymphs of the Woods,
And stale City Goods ;
Ye Cherubins,
And Seraphins,
Ye Caravans,
And Haradans,

In Order all advance :
Twickenbam Loobies,
Thistlewort Boobies,
Wits of the Town,
And Beaus that have none ;
Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,
Ye Monfieurs, and ye Sooterkins,
I'll teach you all the Dance.

The D A N C E.

Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,
Do the same *Nanny*,
Eyes are upon ye ;
Trip it between
Little *Dickie* and *Jean*,
And set in the Second Row :
Then, cast back you must too,
And up the first Row ;
Nimbly thrust thro' ;
Then, then turn about,
To the left ; or you're out,
And meet with your Love below.
Pass, then cross,
Then *Jack's* pretty Lass,
Then turn her about, about and about ;
And *Jack*, if thou can do so too
With *Betty*, whilst the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend :
Still there's more
To lead all four ;
Two by *Nancy* stand,
And give her your Hand,
Then cast her quickly down below,
And meet her in the second Row ;
The Dance is at an end.

SONG CCXIX. *Valiant Jockie, &c.*

Valiant Jockie's march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave Mackay;
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To curse the Hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn I'll follow too,
 And dearest Jockie's Fate pursue:
 Near him be to guard his precious Life,
 Never Scot had such a loyal Wife:
 Sword I'll wear,
 I'll cut my Hair,
 Tann my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair,
 In Souldier's Weed,
 To him I'll speed,
 Never sit a Trooper cross'd the Tweed.
 Trumpet sound to Victory,
 I'll kill (my self) the next Dundee;
 Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
 To do some glorious Deed by me:
 Great Bellona, take my Part,
 Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
 That for Love, and bonny Scotland's Good,
 Some brave Action may deserve my Blood.
 Nought shall appear
 Of Female Fear,
 Fighting by his Side I love so dear;
 All the North shall own,
 There ne'er was known
 Such a sprightly Lais, this thousand Year.

SONG CCXX. *Great Alexander, &c.*

Great Alexander's Horse,
 Bucephalus by Name;
 That long has been enroll'd
 Within the Books of Fame:
 Bot Sir Credulous Easy's Mare
 So far did him excel;
 She ne'er run for the Prize,
 But she bore away the Bell!

*With a Nigby, Wheeny, Yeapoopin,
Full Caper and Career;
All England cannot shew you
Sic another Mare.*

And to Brentford she did come,
And an Ale-house she did find;
She could not pass it by,
For she knew her Master's Mind:
And as he call'd for a Pot,
She would be, would be sure of twain;
Which made her such a Sot
She ne'er could run again:

With a Nigby, &c.

Since last I saw her Face;
I heard Report is spread;
With drinking in that Place;
This bonny Mare is dead:
And the last Words she did say,
As she came down the Hill;
Was ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart;
And so she made her Will:

With a Nigby, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof she bequeath'd
To some religious Fool,
Who after her untimely Death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul:
And her hinder Hoof, with which
She play'd full many a Trick;
She gave to those curs'd Wives,
That 'gainst their Husbands kick;

With a Nigby, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare;
Her Master wept full sore;
Because it was reported,
He ne'er should see her more;
But that which comforted him
For his departed Friend,
Was after all his great Loss,
She made so good an End;

SONG CCXXI. *Her Eyes, &c.*

HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright;
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair:
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.
 Her Breath's as sweet as Odours blown,
 By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.
 Where'er she breathes, where'er she sings,
 How happy are the Groves,
 How blest! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd that she loves!
 With gentle Steps let's beat the Ground,
 In gladsome Couples join'd;
 For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

SONG CCXXII. *There was, &c.*

THere was a bonny Blade
 Had marry'd a Country Maid,
 And safely conducted her home, home, home;
 She was neat in ev'ry Part,
 And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
 She was bright as the Day,
 And brisk as the May,
 And as round and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb,
 Plumb;
 But still the silly Swain
 Could do nothing but complain,
 Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

She could brew, and she could bake,
 She could sew and she could make,
 She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom,
 Broom,

She could wash and she could wring,
 She could do any Kind of Thing;
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he went,
 For to give himself Content,
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,
 O! 'tis the easiest Part
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb,
 dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor he did her bring,
 And he cut her chatt'ring String,
 And at Liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue,
 her Tongue,

Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 Astho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the House with Noise,
 And she rattl'd in his Ears like a Drum, Drum,
 Drum,

She bred a deal of Strife,
 Made him weary of his Life,
 He'd give any Thing again she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

To the Doctor then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woes,
 Oh! Doctor you've me undone, undone, undone;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any Kind of Thing she was dumb,
 dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak,
 It was a Thing easily done, done, done;

But 'tis past the Art of Man,
 • Let him do whate'er he can,
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue
 Tongue, Tongue.

SONG CCXXIII. *Tell me no, &c.*

TELL me no more of Flames in Love,
 That common dull Pretence,
 Fools in Romances use to move
 Soft Hearts of little Sense;
 No *Strepson*, I'm not such a Slave,
 Love's banish'd Pow'r to own;
 Since Interest and Convenience have
 So long usurp'd his Throne.

No burning Hope or cold Despair,
 Dull Groves or purling Streams,
 Sighing and talking to the Air
 In Love's fantastick Dreams,
 Can move my Pity or my Hate,
 But Satyrists I'll prove,
 And all ridiculous create
 That shall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
 And God-like rul'd alone,
 And tho' his Subjects were but few,
 Their Hearts were all his own:
 But since the Slaves revolted are,
 And turn'd into a State,
 Their Int'rest is their only Care,
 And Love grows out of Date.

SONG CCXXIV. *Wealth, &c.*

Wealth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear;
 What does Love our Business here?
 While *Bacchus* merry does appear,
 Fight on and fear no Sinking,
 Charge it briskly to the Brim,
 'Till the flying Top-sails swim,
 We owe the great Discovery to him
 Of this new World of Drinking.

ave Cabals that States refine
 single their Debates with Wine;
 and the God o' th' Vine
 Make every great Commander,
 et sober Sots Small-beer subdue,
 the Wise and Valiant Wine does woo;
 the *Stagyrite* had the Honour to
 Be drunk with *Alexander*.

and to your Arms, and now advance
 Health to the *English King of France*;
 on to the next a *bon Sperance*,
 By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*.
 thus in State I lead the Van,
 all in your Place by your right-hand Man,
 at Drum! now March! Dub-a-dub, ran dan,
 He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

ONG CCXXV. *Tho' Fortune, &c.*

THO' Fortune and Love may be Deities
 still,

To those they oblige by their Power;
 for my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,
 They cannot expect I'll adore;

Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
 and dedicate there all the rest of my Days,

To the Goddess accepted my Vows,

To the Goddess accepted my Vows,

Thou perfectest Image of all Things divine,

Bright Center of endless Desires,

May the Glory be yours, and the Service be mine,

When I light at your Altars the Fires:

offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,

it would for your Service all Torments endure,

Might you but have all Things you wish,

Might you, &c.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,

I find I'm too much in her Power;

she makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise;

In Absence of her I adore:

If Love then undoes me before I get back,
 I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
 Or languish away in Despair,
 Or languish, &c.

SONG CCXXVI. *He himself, &c.*

HE himself courts his own Ruin,
 That with too great Passion sues 'em;
 When Men whine too much in Wooing,
 Women will like Coquets use 'em;
 Some by this Way of addressing
 Have the Sex so far transported,
 That they'll fool away the Blessing
 For the Pride of being courted:
 Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some Blockhead buys the Favour;
 Presents have more Power o'er 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour.
 Thus like Zealots, with screw'd Faces,
 We our Fooling make the greater,
 While we cant long-winded Graces,
 Others they fall to the Creature.

SONG CCXXVII. *Why so, &c.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover?
 Prithee, prithee, prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail?
 Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
 Prithee, prithee why so mute;
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't?
 Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can, nothing can make her,
 The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil
 takes her.

SONG CCXXVIII. *A Wig, &c.*

A Wig that's full,
 An empty Scull,
 A Box of Burgamot;
 A Hat ne'er made
 To fit his Head,
 No more than that to plot.
 A Hand that's white,
 A Ring that's right,
 A Sword, Knot, Patch, and Feather;
 A gracious Smile,
 And Grounds and Oil,
 Do very well together.
 A Smatch of French,
 And none of Sense,
 All-conquering Airs and Graces;
 A Tune that thrills,
 A Leer that kills,
 Stolen Flights and borrow'd Phrases.
 A Chariot gilt,
 To wait on Jilt,
 An awkward Pace and Carriage;
 A foreign Tour,
 Domestick Whore,
 And mercenary Marriage.
 A Limberham,
 G—— D—— ye M'am,
 A Smock-face, tho' a mann'd one;
 A peaceful Sword,
 Not one wise Word,
 But state and prate at random.
 Duns, Bastards, Claps,
 And am'rous Scraps
 Of *Cælia* and *Amantis*;
 Toss up a Beau,
 That grand Ragou,
 That Hodge-podge for the Ladies.

SONG CCXXIX. *The merry*
Christ-Church Bells.

SEE how fair and fine she lies
Upon her Bridal Bed ;
No Lady at the Court,
So fit for the Sport,
Oh she look'd so curiously white and red :
After the first and second Time,
The weary Bridegroom slacks his Pace ;
But oh ! she cries, come, come, come my Joy,
And cling thy Cheek close to my Face :
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
Whilst Time and Touch they keep ;
Then with a Kiss
They end their Bliss,
And so fall fast asleep.

SONG CCXXX. *Stay, Shepherd,*
stay, &c.

WHen *Molly* smiles beneath her Cow,
I feel my Heart I can't tell how ;
When *Molly* is on *Sunday* drest ;
On *Sundays* I can take no Rest.
What can I do on *Working-days* ?
I leave my Work on her to gaze :
What shall I say ? At Sermons I
Forget the Text, when *Molly's* by.
Good Master Curate, teach me how
To mind your Preaching and my Plough ;
And if for this you'll raise a Spell,
A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

SONG CCXXXI. *Happy the, &c.*

HAppy the Time when free from Love,
I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove ;
I minded not the Great One's Fall,
Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,
I minded not, &c.

My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
None could my Heart from Love protect.

There is not one upon these Plains,
That loves like me, of all the Swains;

But I have learnt now, to my Cost,
That who Love's best must suffer most.

But I have, &c.

SONG CCXXXII. *Fye, Amarillis, &c.*

FYE, *Amarillis*, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye cease, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,
For him thou never canst retrieve;
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee,
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee?
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, scorn the Wretch,
Scorn the Wretch, that Love denies thee,
Scorn the Wretch, scorn the Wretch,
That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy Aid, and be not afraid,
Of meeting a Swain that is kind;
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least, at least a more generous Mind.
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least a more generous Mind.

SONG CCXXXIII. *Cælia, that, &c.*

CÆLIA, that I once was blest,
Is now the Torment of my Breast:
Since to cure me,
You bereave me
Of the Pleasure I possess:
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to love, and then to leave me.
Cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the Want.

But possessing
 Once the Blessing,
 Is the Cause of my Complaint;
 Once possessing is but tasting,
 'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.
Celia now is mine no more,
 But I'm here, and must adore;
 Nor to leave her
 Will endeavour,
 Charms that captiv'd me before:
 No Unkindness can dis sever,
 Love that's true is Love for ever.

SONG CCXXXIV. *Three merry, &c.*

THree merry Lads met at the Nose,
 To speak in the Praises of the Nose;
 The Nose that stands in the middle Place,
 Sets out the Beauty of the Face:
 The Nose with which we have begun,
 Will serve to make our Verses run;
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his End's so high a Prize,
 That Men prefer't before their Eyes;
 And no Man takes him for his Friend,
 That boldly takes his Nose by th' End:
 The Nose that like *Euripus* flows,
 The Sea that did the wise Man pose;
Invention often, &c.

The Nose is of as many Kinds,
 As Mariners can reckon Winds;
 The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
 The great Nose which did fright the Maid;
 The Nose thro' which the Brotherhood
 Do parly for their Sisters Good;
Invention often, &c.

The Flat, the Sharp, the *Roman Snout*,
 The Hawk's Nose circled round about:

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The crooked Nose that stands awry,
 The Ruby Nose of Scarlet Dye;
 The Bramen Nose, without a Face,
 That doth the Learned College grace.
Invention often, &c.

The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
 Shews what's o'Clock, if Day be clear;
 The broad Nose stands in Buckler's Place,
 And takes the Blows from all the Face;
 The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
 Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.
Invention often, &c.

The short Nose is the Lover's Bliss,
 Because it hinders not a Kiss;
 The tooting Nose, O monstrous Thing!
 That's he that did the Bottle bring:
 And he that brought the Bottle hither,
 Will drink (O monstrous!) out of Measure.
Invention often, &c.

The fiery Nose in Lanthorn stead,
 May light his Master home to Bed;
 And whoso'er this Treasure owes,
 Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose:
 The Bramen Nose that's o'er the Gate,
 Maintains full many a Latin Pate.
Invention often, &c.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
 And think it is more than enough;
 We answer them, we did not fear,
 Nor think such Noses had been here:
 But if there be, we need not care,
 A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.

*Invention now is barren grown,
 The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.*

SONG CCXXXV. Still I'm, &c.

Still I'm wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring;
 Yet each Gift I think too small,

Still the more I am presented,
Still the less I am contented;

Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more?

Has she lavish'd all her Store?

Must my Hopes to Nothing fall?

Oh! you know not half your Treasure;

Give me more, give over Measure,

Yet you can never, never give me all.

SONG CCXXXVI. *The Fire, &c.*

THE Fire of Love in youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Brush Wood,
But for a Moment burns:

Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,

It crackles, and to Vapours turns,

And soon itself, itself destroys,

And soon itself, itself destroys.

But when crept into aged Veins,

It slowly burns, and long remains;

And with a fullen Heat,

Like Fire in Loggs, it glows and warms 'em long,

And tho' the Flame be not so great,

Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,

Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.

SONG CCXXXVII. *Bless Mortals, &c.*

Bless Mortals, bless the clearing Light,

That flows from *Celia's* Eyes,

For never did a Star so bright

In Beauty's Heav'n rise:

And whilst a Crown's uneasy Weight,

And all the mighty Toils of State,

She softens with her Charms,

Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,

And oft his Joys renew?

And yet how few in Kings approve,

What they themselves pursue?

The marm'ring Crowd themselves afford
 The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
 Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
 To recompence the Slavery of Power.

SONG CCXXXVIII. *Young Phaon;*

Young Phaon strove the Bliss to taste,
 But *Sappho* still deny'd;
 She struggl'd long, the Youth at last
 Lay panting by her Side.
 Useless he lay; Love would not wait
 Till they could both agree,
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear:
 I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age could Love's Rites perform,
 We make old Men obey;
 They court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And plunder and away.

SONG CCXXXIX. *As fair, &c.*

As fair *Olinda* sitting was
 Beneath a shady Tree;
 Much Love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me:
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
 And prest her to be kind:
 She cry'd, Oh, no. But I remember,
 Womens Words are Wind.
 I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,
 Then farther did intrude;
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
 And told me I was rude:
 I begg'd her Pardon twenty Times,
 And some Concern did feign;

But like a bold presumptuous Sinner,
 Did the like again.
 At last I did by Dalliance raise,
 The pretty Nymph's Desire;
 Our Inclinations equal were,
 And mutual was our Fire:
 Then, in the Height of Joy, she cry'd,
 Oh! I'm undone I fear;
 Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
 Kill me, kill me quite, my Dear.

SONG CCXL. Lavia, &c.

LAVIA would, but dare not venture,
 Fear so much o'er-rules her Reason;
Chloe suffers all to enter,
 Subjects Fame to Inclination;
 Neither's Method I admire,
 Either is in Love displeasing;
Chloe's Fondness gluts Desire,
Lavia's Cowardise is teasing.
Celia, by a wiser Measure,
 In one faithful Swain's Embraces;
 Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
 Yet for chaste in Publick passes:
 Fair-ones follow *Celia's* Notion,
 Free from Fear and Censure wholly;
 Love, but let it be with Caution,
 For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

SONG CCXLI. Blandusia! &c.

BLANDUSIA! Nymph of this fair Spring,
 Appear, while we your Virtues sing;
 While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
 And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.
 See! round your Wells we thronging stand,
 Now gentle wave your sacred Wand,
 And touch the yielding Mountains Brow,
 And let your healing Waters flow.

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They cure the thinking Matron's Spicen,
 The longing Virgin's sickly Green;
 Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
 And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
 Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky;
 That spacious Valley yields the Fair,
 Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
 Delicious Villa's, sweetest Groves;
 Each Thing in full Maturity,
 Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves,

With what Varieties the bright,
 The noble *Thames* regales the Sight!
 Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
 The Sweets of *Zephyr's* laden Wings.

His gliding by *Elysian* Fields,
 In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;
 And those so near fair wat'ry Plains,
 Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs, I've seen, with pleasing Pain,
 A long and bloody Fight maintain;
 Ruffled and under Sail, like *Jove*,
 Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

SONG CCXLII. *To all young, &c.*

TO all young Men that love to woo,
 To kiss, and dance, and tumble too;
 Draw near and Counsel take of me,
 Your faithful Pilot I will be:

Kiss who you please, *Joan, Kate, or Mary*,
 But still this Counsel with you carry,
 Never marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
 Knows not how to value thee;
 She hath no am'rous Passion, but
 What *Tray*, or *Quando*, has for *Shut*.
 To lick, to whine, to frisk, to cover,
 She'll suffer thee, or any other,

Thus to love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town;
 In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
 About her Neck a valued Prize,
 A Necklace made of Whittings Eyes;
 With Lilt for Garters 'bove her Knee,
 And Breath that smells of Fermity
 'a not for them

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a Care,
 For if they catch you in their Snare;
 You must as daily Labourers do,
 Be still a shoving with your Plow,
 If any Rest you do require,
 They then deceive you of your Hire,
 And retire.

The maiden Ladies of the Town
 Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
 For when you have Possession got
 Of Venus' Mark, or Honey-pot:
 There's such a Stir with marry me,
 That one would half forswear to see
 Any she.

If that thy Fancy do desire
 A glorious Out-side, rich Attire;
 Come to Court, and there you'll find
 Enough of such to please your Mind:
 But if you get too near their Lap,
 You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
 Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
 With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast;
 Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
 Lips which a Million have them sipt:
 There's nothing got by such as these,
 But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees
 For your Feet.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be
 Concern'd in Woman's Company,
 Make it the Study of thy Life,
 To find a rich, young, handsome Wife:

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That can with much Discretion be
Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,
Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
And in th' Embraces of her Waist
A Million more of Pleasures taste;
Who e'er would marry that could be
Blest with such Opportunity?

Never me.

SONG CCXLIII. *Singing charms, &c.*

Singing charms the Blest above;
Angels sing, and Saints approve;
All we below of Heav'n can know,
Is that they both sing and love.

Mira hath an Angel's Air;
Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair,
Vassals and Kings
Feel when she sings
Charms of warbling Beauty near.
Savage Nature conquer'd lyes,
All is Wonder and Surprise;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a firing

By her charming Notes and Eye;
Let the Viol and the Harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let Flute and Lyre
In Dust expire,
Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

SONG CCXLIV. *Pretty Armida, &c.*

Pretty Armida will be kind,
When at her Feet you prostrate lye;
No cruel Look was e'er design'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and every Part
That is exposed to your View;

You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.
 But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
 You may not think that without Pain,
 And some Attendance on her Will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain:
 Wooers, like Angling-men, must wait
 Women's Time, and give them play,
 'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.
 What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
 And you read Yielding in her Eyes;
 Yet you alas! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalise;
 Her Heart may not so easily be
 As you imagine, but may prove
 As hard as Adamant to thee,
 And Proof against the Darts of Love,
 Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Trial of, Sir, if you please;
 Tell her, you are her captive Slave,
 And beg of her Relief and Ease;
 But she'll not hear you, for the spice,
 That underneath your gilded Bait
 A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
 So from your Angle she'll retreat.

SONG CCXLV. *Man, (Man, &c.*

MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman
 made,
 And the Woman made for Man;
 As the Spur is for the Jade,
 As the Scabbard for the Blade,
 As for Digging is the Spade,
 As for Liquor is the Can,
 So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.
 As the Scepter's to be sway'd
 As for Night's the Serenade,

As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be the Widow, Wife, or Maid,
Be the wanton, be the stay'd,
Be the well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman
made,
And the Woman made for Man.

SONG CCXLVI. *Take not, &c.*

TAKE not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your Comfort still,
This be your Comfort still,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
She, she that is wiser will comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be damn'd, to swear untrue,
And sigh, and weep, and whine, and woo,
As all our simple Coxcombs do?
All Women love it, and tho' this
Does suddenly forbid the Bliss,
Try but the next, you cannot miss.

SONG CCXLVII. *Since there's, &c.*

Since there's so small Diff'rence 'twixt Drown-
ing and Drinking,
We'll tittle and pray too, like Mariners sink-
ing;
Whilst they drink Salt-Water, we'll pledge 'em
in Wine,

And pay our Devotion at Bacchus's Shrine:
Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-suits and
Love;

From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous
Things,

And handling of Guns in Defiance of Kings!

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with Loss of much Leather,
From the Folly of dying for Grief or Despair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the
Air:

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From a Usurer's Gripe, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;
From the Scolding of Woman, and Bite of mad
Dogs,

And wandering over wild *Irish Bogs*:

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From Hunger and Thirst, empty Bottles and
Glasses,

From those whose Religion consists in Grimages;
From e'er being cheated by Female Decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reasoning with
Boys:

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome Insects and Flies,
That think themselves pretty, or witty, or
wise;

From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,
As long as a *Ratibon* Consultation:

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

SONG CCXLVIII. *Sir Egla-more.*

SIR *Egla-more*, that valiant Knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;

And as he
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And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
All arm'd with a Coat of Mail,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
That had slain God knows how many Men;
But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,
Horse did tremble, Man did quake;
The Birds betook them all to Peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear;
And to't they go, and soundly fight,
A live-long Day, from Morn to Night.

The Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That could the sharpest Steel abide:
No Sword could enter her with Cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good Turn;
For as a Yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there lay all Night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword:
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

SONG CCXLIX. *Go tell, &c.*

GO tell *Amintor*, gentle Swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief:
That Musick should in Sounds convey
What dying Lovers dare not say,

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live;
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid:
 Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,
 That soon they will be past Redress:
 For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

SONG CCL. *Fancelia's Heart, &c.*

FANCELIA's Heart is still the same,
 Hard and cold as Winter's Morning,
 Tho' my Love is ever burning;
 Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.
 So long I talk and think of Love,
 All the Groves and Streams can name her;
 All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her,
 If she keeps her cruel Fashion,
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion.
 Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
 All the Looks with which I languish
 Move not her to any Feeling,
 Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

SONG CCLI. *All my past, &c.*

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in Store,
 By Memory alone.
 Whatever is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Phyllis is only thine.

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Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows :
 If I by Miracle can be
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
 It's all that Heav'n allows.

SONG CCLII. *When I see, &c.*

When I see my *Strepbon* languish,
 With *Lucinda's* Charms oppress ;
 When I see his Pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breat :
 Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from loving ?
Sighs so soft, &c.
Strepbon's plain and humble Nature
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale :
Strepbon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale :
 There's not a Nymph that would not chuse him ;
 Why should I alone refuse him ?
There's not, &c.

SONG CCLIII. *In vain she, &c.*

In vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes ;
 She still is charming, still is fair,
 And I must love, tho' I despair :
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
 Who would not die to be so sweetly slain !
 Like those who Magick Spells employ,
 At Distance wound, and those destroy ;
 She kills with her severe Disdain,
 And absent I endure the Pain :
 But spare, O spare your cruel Art ! the fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

SONG CCLIV. *Lovely Laurinda ! &c.*

Lovely *Laurinda* ! blame not me,
 If on your beautiful Looks I gaze ;

How can I help it, when I see
 Something so charming in your Face;
 That like a bright unclouded Sky,
 When in the Air the Sun-burns play;
 It ravishes my wandring Eye,
 And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

SONG CCLV. *Poor Cleonice, &c.*

Poor *Cleonice* thy Garlande tear
 From off thy widow'd Brow;
 And blind thy loose dishevell'd Hair
 With Yew and Cypress now;
 And since the Gods decreed his Years
 Should have so short a Date;
 Let thy sad Eyes pay Seas of Tears
 In Tribute to his Fate.

The Trees a duller Green have worn
 Since that dear Swain is gone;
 The tender Flocks their Pasture mourn,
 And bleat a sadder Moan;
 The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
 To happy Mansions fly;
 And all that once smil'd on our Loves;
 Now seem to bid me die.

SONG CCLVI. *Spare, mighty, &c.*

Spare, mighty Love, O spare a Slave,
 That at thy Feet for Mercy lyes;
 What would thy cruel Godhead have,
 See how he bleeds, see how he dies!
 Upon a noble Conquest go,
 And for thy Glory and my Peace,
 O make the scornful *Callia* know
 The Pains she now regardless sees.
O make, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
 And subtly poison so each Dart;
 That spite of all those Arms she wears,
 The Point at last may reach her Heart.

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Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
 And make our Fortunes so agree,
 That I may find that Cure from her,
 Which she may need as much from me.
That I may, &c.

SONG CCLVII. *If ever you, &c.*

IF ever you mean to be kind,
 To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
 For fear that to morrow should alter my Mind,
 Oh! let me now, now, now.
 If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
 And swear by this kind Embrace;
 That another to morrow, as you hope to live,
 Oh! then I will strait unlace;
 For why should we two disagree,
 Since we have, we have Opportunity?

SONG CCLVIII. *Since Calia, &c.*

Since *Calia* only has the Art,
 And only she can captivate,
 And wanton in my Breast;
 All other Pleasures I despise,
 Than what are from my *Calia's* Eyes,
 In her alone I'm blest.

Whene'er she smiles, new Life she gives,
 And happy, happy, who receives
 From her enchanting Breath;
 Then prithee *Calia*, smile once more,
 Since I no longer must adore,
 For when you frown 'tis Death.

SONG CCLIX. *Chloe found, &c.*

CHLOE found Love for his *Psyche* in Tears,
 She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his
 Fears;
 'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps:
 'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,

*Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps,
Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps.*

SONG CCLX. *Come, come, &c.*

Come, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatia leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the
Plain;

Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us on the Plain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

SONG CCLXI. *If I bear, &c.*

IF I hear *Orinda* swear,
She cures my jealous Smart;
If I hear *Orinda* swear,
She cures my jealous Smart:
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fires my Heart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fires my Heart.

Beauty's Strength and Treasure
In Falshood still remain;
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
That gives the greatest Pain,
That gives the greatest Pain, &c.

SONG CCLXII. *Some brag of, &c.*

Some brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their
Phyllis,
Some cry up their *Calia*, and bright *Amaryllis*.

Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
 And Goddesses frame from the Wash-bowl and
 Tub ;
 But away with these Fictions, and counterfeit
 Folly ;
 There's a thousand more Charms in the Name
 of my *Dolly*.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
 Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bit ;
 She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your
 Sall :

Nay, had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
 One Look from my *Dolly* your Stomach recovery.

SONG CCLXIII. *Oh! how, &c.*

OH! how you protest and solemnly swear,
 Look humble, and fawn like an Ass ;
 I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see
 A Lover that's brought to this pass,
 Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear,
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yield
 to't ;

You ask me in vain ; for never I swear,
 I never, no never, I never, no never,
 I never, no never will do't.
 For when the Dead's done, how quickly you go,
 No more of the Lover remains,
 In haste you depart, whate'er we can do,
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains :
 Desist then in time, let's hear en't no more,
 I vow I will never yield to't ;
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
 For I will never, no never do't.

SONG CCLXIV. *Hark! now, &c.*

HArk! now the Drums beat up again,
 For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,

Then let us lift, and march, I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind ;
Come lift and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts, and Clothes, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest, you know ;
Then lift and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out ;
Then let's be Volunteers, I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French sorrow are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay ?
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Gallway beat
The French and Spaniards every Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
Will never get true Honour by't.

While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
We all with Honour shall return ;
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

The 'Prentice Tom he may refuse
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes ;
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away,

Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Waves,
That scold and cry both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see,
We every one shall Captain be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis Ours to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

SONG CCLXV. *Jilting is in, &c.*

Jilting is in such a Fashion,
And such a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame

Of highest Rank, or of Name,

Sir, but will stoop to your Caresses,
 If you do but put home your Addresses:
 It's for that she paints, and she patches,
 All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.
 But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her,
 Never trust much to her Honour:
 Tho' she may very high stand on't,
 Yet when her Love is ascendant,
 Her Virtue's quite out of Doors:
 High Breeding, rank Feeding,
 With lazy Lives leading,
 In Ease and soft Pleasures,
 And taking loose Measures,
 With Playhouse Diversions,
 And Midnight Excursions,
 With Balls masquerading,
 And Nights serenading,
 Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

SONG CCLXVI. *Farewel, &c.*

Farewel, ungrateful Traitor,
 Farewel my perjur'd Swain;
 Let never injur'd Creature
 Believe a Man again:
 The Pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing,
 But Joy's too short a Blessing,
 And Love too long a Pain:
*But Joy's too short a Blessing,
 And Love too long a Pain.*
 'Tis easy to deceive us,
 In pity of your Pain;
 But when we love, you leave us
 To rail at you in vain:
 Before we have descry'd it;
 There is no Bliss beside it;
 But she that once has try'd it,
 Will never love again.

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The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain ;
 But when the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain :
 Your Love by ours we measure ;
 'Till we have lost our Treasure ;
 But dying is a Pleasure,
 When living is a Pain.

SONG CCLXVII. *You I love, &c.*

YOU I love by all that's true,
 More than all Things here below ;
 With a Passion far more great,
 Than e'er Creature loved yet :
 And yet still you cry forbear,
 Love no more, or Love not here.
 Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more ;
 Bid the Old be Young again,
 Bid the Nun not think of Man :
 Sylvia thus when you can do,
 Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate ;
 What makes me love, that makes you hate :
 Sylvia you do what you will,
 Ease or cure, torment or kill ;
 Be kind or cruel, false or true,
 Love I must, and none but you.

SONG CCLXVIII. *Let's be, &c.*

LET's be merry, blith and jolly,
 Stupid Dulness is a Folly ;
 'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
 Hark, the chirping Birds delight us :
 Let us dance and raise our Voices,
 Every Creature now rejoices ;
 Airy Blasts, and springing Flowers,
 Verdant Coverings, pleasant Showers ;

Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,
 And can we be so dull as to deny?
 Here's no foolish surly Lover,
 That his Passion won't discover;
 No conceited foppish Creature,
 That is proud of Clothes or Feature:
 All Things here serene and free are,
 They're not wise, are not as we are,
 Who acknowledge Heaven's Blessings—
 In our innocent Caressings:
 Then let us sing, let us dance, let us play,
 'Tis the Time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of
May.

SONG CCLXIX. No, Phillis, &c.

NO, *Phillis*, tho' you've all the Charms
 Ambitious Woman can desire;
 All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
 Or sets our foolish Hearts on fire:
 Yet you may practise all your Art
 In vain to make a Slave of me;
 You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny:
*You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny.*
 When first I saw these dang'rous Eyes,
 They did my Liberty betray;
 But when I knew your Cruelties,
 I snatch'd my simple Heart away:
 Now I defy your Smiles to win
 My resolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got;
 Tho' once I suck'd their Poison in,
 Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.

SONG CCLXX. As unconcern'd, &c.

AS unconcern'd and free as Air,
 I did retain my Liberty;
 Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
 And scorn'd a heinous Slave to be:

'Till your bright Eyes surpriz'd my Heart,
And first inform'd me how to Love ;
Then Pleasure did invade each Part,
Yet to conceal my Flame I strove.

As Indians at a Distance pay
Their awful Reverence to the Sun ;
And dare not 'till he'll bless the Day,
Seem to have any thing begun :
Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,
My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain ;
And tremble to express Delight,
Unless you please to ease my Pain.

SONG CCLXXI. *Carle and the
King come.*

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely ;
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant Groves,
Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
Suffering best our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprise,
'Till its happy Hour arise ;
Temper well your Love-sick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the wife, Phely.

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

SONG CCLXXII. *Black ey'd Susan.*

Ye Pow'rful was Damon then so blest,
To fall to charming Delia's Share ;

Delia, the beauteous Maid, posselt
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?
 Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my Wish is given.
 I came, and *Delia* smiling, show'd
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy Name;
 With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt and blest the new-born Flame.
 May softest Pleasures ceaseless round her move,
 May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.
 She drew the Treasure from her Breast,
 That Breast where Love and Graces play;
 O Name beyond Expression blest!
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd! the Thought is Extasy.
 Who would not wish in Paradise to lie?

SONG CCLXXIII. *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
 That beauteous Heav'n ere while serene
 Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow?
 Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
 And must then Mankind lose that Light,
 Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
 And be obscur'd in endless Night,
 For each poor silly Speech of mine?
 Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.
 For *Venus* every Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
 And *Pallas*, with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.

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Who can the double Pain endure ?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, celestial Maid, secure
 With *Cupid's* Bow and *Pallas'* Shield ?
 If then to thee such Pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we must sin, ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even itself, 'appeas'd, bestows
 As the Reward of Penitence.

SONG CCLXXIV. *A Pedlar, &c.*

A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,
 He came into a Town ;
 With certain Wares he had to sell,
 Which he cry'd up and down ;
 At first of all he did begin
 With Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Coney-skins.
 I have of your fine perfumed Gloves,
 And made of the best Doe-skin ;
 Such as young Men do give their Loves,
 When they their Favour win :
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.
 I have of your fine Necklaces,
 As ever you did behold ;
 And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
 That are lac'd round with Gold :
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.
 Good Fellow, says one, and smiling sat,
 Your Measure does somewhat pinch ;
 Beside you measure at that rate,
 It wants above an Inch :

And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd and did protest;

Unless he'd shew it her once again,
She never shou'd be at rest;

With that he shew'd her his prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,
And said his Measure was good,

If that she pleas'd to try his Stuff,
And take it whilst it stood;

And then he gave her a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

Good Fellow, said she, when you come again,
Pray bring good Store of your Ware;

And for new Customers do not sing,
For I'll take all and to spare;

With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,

Gartering, Girdling, Taps, or Fillinging,
Mauls, any Goney-Ains.

SONG CCLXXV. Augustus, 1684.

AUGUSTUS crown'd with Majesty,
His weighty Cares removing;

Beheld this World, but nought could stir,
Worth Royal Thought, but Loving;

A Synod of the Gods appear,
And vote their Sacred Sense:

That none but the divinest Beings
Should bless the greatest Prince,

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Blessing;

With dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was sweet beyond expressing;

A Time commanding Beauty must,
While the World lasts, be fine;

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And when the World is shook to Dust,
The Sun will cease to shine.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord
Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks that lifeless Air;
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid!
To Life can bring the silent Shade:
Thou canst surpass the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

SONG CCLXXVI. *Pain'd with, &c.*

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's Love,
 Hell dropt a Tear—Hell dropt a Tear,
The Gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the Praises of the Youth
From her own Tongue—from her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus she sung—and thus ye sung.

Blest Days when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
But spoke their Mind—but spoke their Mind,
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee deserving Swain,
Yet still thought shame, — yet still thought
 shame,

When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame—to own my Flame!
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas! lament
 My slighted Joy—my slighted Joy.
 Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire—own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
 Fans up the Fire—fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design—or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes—with flowing Eyes;
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise—with sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove,
 His Mind unchang'd—his Mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

SONG CCLXXVII. *As from, &c.*

AS from a Rock past all Relief,
 The shipwreckt *Colin* spying
 His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
 Half sunk in Waves, and dying:
 With the next Morning Sun he spies
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise;
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.
 So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
 A sound in *Peggy's* Mind and Face;

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Ingratitude appear'd then base,
Virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,

I'll have no more delaying ;

Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,

We lose ourselves in staying :

I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,

Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;

Why should we happy Minutes lose,

Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,

And deem't a Loyer's Duty,

To sigh, And sacrifice their Ease,

Doating on a proud Beauty :

Such was my Case for many a Year,

Till Hope succeeding to my Fear,

False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,

Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

SONG CCLXXVIII. *Tho' for, &c.*

JONNY.

TH^{O'} for seven Years and mair, Honour
shou'd reave me,

To Fields where Cannons raie, thou need na
grieve thee :

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented ;
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im-
printed.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny* ! I'm jealous when'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover ;
And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart
fairer,

If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye;
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly careſſe ye;
Your blooming ſoft Beauties firſt bected Love's
Fire,

Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Miſtriſs, for Love gars me
trow ye,

And gin ye prove fauſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid
then,

Ye'll win but ſma' Honour to wrang a kind
Maiden.

Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid Iceboggles hammer red Gauds on the Study,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear rud-
dy:

Bid Britans think as gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;

The Stars ſhall gang Witherſhins e'er I deceive
thee.

SONG CCLXXIX. *My Deary, &c.*

Love never more ſhall give me Pain,

My Fancy's fix'd on thee;

Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,

My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,

Thy Love's ſo true to me:

Without thee I ſhall never live,

My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,

How ſhall I lonely ſtray?

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In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
In Sighs the silent Day.

I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see:

Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
With Cupid's raving Rage,
But thine which can such Sweets impart,
Must all the World engage.

'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its destin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on vestuous Love,
And in such Pleasure share;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from those Arms,
I'm lost, if Peggy die.

SONG CCLXXXVIII. *Sweet Sir, &c.*

Sweet Sir, for your Courtship,
When ye come by the *Wash* then,
For the Love ye bear to me,

Buy me a Keeking-glass then,
Keek into the Draw-well,

Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see ye'r *Benny* sell,
My Jo. Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in,

Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,
I drown'd my self for Sin,

Had the better be the *Bras*,
Janet, Janet;

Had the better be the Brav,

My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtesie,

Coming through *Aberdeen* then,

For the Loye ye bear to me,

Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,

Janet, Janet;

As Pair may gae ye baw a Year,

My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,

And skipping like a Mawking,

If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,

Of me they will be taunking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,

Janet, Janet;

Syne a' thir Faunts will no be seen,

My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courtesie,

When ye gae to the Cross then,

For the Love ye bear to me,

Buy me a Pacing-Horlie then.

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,

Janet, Janet;

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,

My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The Rock o't wi'na stand, Sir,

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my Hand, Sir.

Make the best o's that ye can,

Janet, Janet;

But like it never wale a Man.

My Jo Janet.

SONG CCLXXXII John Anderson.

What means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?

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Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love.

'Tis either Cunning or Disdain
That does such Ways allow ;
The first is base, the last is vain ;
May naither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part ;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not haif that Art :
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That seems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

SONG CCLXXXII. *Come kiss, &c.*

Peggy.

MY *Jockie* blyth for what thou has done,
There is nae Help nor mending ;
For thou has jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending,
My Mither sees a Change on me,
For my Complexion dashes ;
And this, alas ! has been with thee
Sae late among the Rashes.

Jockie.

My *Peggy* what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling ;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling ;
For her Content I'll instant woe,
Since thy Complexion dashes ;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis sifter than the Rashes.

Peggy.

Then *Jockie* since thy Love's so true,
Let Mither scoul, I'm easy ;
Sae long's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.

And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain,
 O! well's me on the Rashes;
 Whene'er thou like I'll do't again,
 And a feg for a' their Clashes.

SONG CCLXXXIII. *The young*
Laird and Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the Street, my Jo?
 My Mistris in her Tartan Screen,
 Fou bony, braw and sweet, my Jo.
 My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,
 That never wisht a Lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
 Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome Town a while;
 The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
 And a' the Simmer's gawn to smile;
 The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hind,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
 Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.
 Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burn-side, and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow,
 We'll pou the Daisies on the Green,
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' rhe velvet Fog.
 There's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, soft and flow'ry Den,
 Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower;
 Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the caulier Shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

SONG CCLXXXIV. KATY.

Answer.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;

I canna get Leave
To look to my Love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me;

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my Tacker;

Then, Sandy, ye'll see,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffin.

For tho' my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Plepishing dainty;

Yet he's unco sweet
To twin wi' his Gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;

Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

SONG CCLXXXV. A worthy, &c.

A Worthy London 'Prentice
Came to his Love by Night;

The Candles they were lighted,
The Moon did shine so bright;

He knocked at the Door,
To ease him of his Pain;

She rose and let him in Love,
And went to Bed again.

He went into her Chamber,
Where his true Love did lie;

She quickly gave Consent,
For to have his Company;

She quickly gave Consent,
The Neighbours peeping out;

So take away your Hand, Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown, Love,
My Mistress should it know;
I'll in my Smock step down, Love,

And I'll out the Candle blow:

The Streets they are so nigh,

And the People walk about;

Some may peep in and spy, Love,

Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress

Upon the Bed do lie,

Enjoying one another,

Why should not you and I?

My Master kiss'd my Mistress,

Without any Fear or Doubt;

And we'll kiss one another,

Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly

Of what we have to do;

Lest that our Noise and Talking

Should make our Pleasure rue:

For kissing one another

Will make no evil Rout,

Then let us now be silent,

And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,

He could no longer stay:

She strove to blow the Candle out,

And push'd his Hand away:

The young Man was so hasty,

To lay his Arms about;

But she cry'd, I pray, Love,

Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,

The Maiden she did blow;

But how the Candle went out,

Alas! I do not know;

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Said she, I fear not now, Sir,
My Master or my Dame;
And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas! I dare not name,

SONG CCLXXXVI. *Lady sweet, &c.*

Lady sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown,
For your Servant *Jean* may prove
Like yourself, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorist's Tooth to bite.

*The Smock alone the Difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.*

What avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father Adam?
Where does one exceed the other?
Was not *Eve* our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Jean*?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Jean*;
Jean's a Piece for a Man to bone
With his Wimble, you're no more.

Then what odds, &c.

Is it not your flaunting Tires
Are the cause of Men's Desires?
They're other Darts which Lust pursues,
Those *Jean* has as well as you.

Then, &c.

What care we for glorious Lights,
Women are used in the Nights,
And in Night in Women-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.

Then, &c.

Were there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either,

Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.

Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do,
What you should be done unto.

Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for Shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.

Then, &c.

SONG CCLXXXVII. *When I was, &c.*

When I was in the low Country,
When I was in the low Country;
What Slices of Pudding and Pieces of Bread
My Mother gave me when I was in Bed.

My Mother she kill'd a good fat Hog,
She made such Puddings would choke a Dog;
And I shall ne'er forget 'till that I die,
What Lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.
She hung them up upon a Pin,
The Fat run out, and the Maggots crept in;
If you won't believe me you may go and see.

What Lumps, &c.

And every Day my Mother would cry,
Come stuff your Belly, Girl, until you die;
'Twould make you to laugh if you were to see
What Lumps, &c.

I no sooner at Night was got into Bed,
But she all in Kindness would come with Speed;
She gave me such Parcels I thought I should die
With eating of Pudding, &c.

At last I rambled abroad, and then
I met in my Frolick an honest Man;

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Quoth he, my dear *Philli*, I'll give unto thee
Such a Pudding you never did see.

Said I, honest Man, I thank thee most kind,
And as he told me indeed I did find;
He gave me a Lump which did so agree,
One Bit was worth all my Mother gave me.

SONG CCLXXXVIII. *A Taylor, &c.*

A Taylor, good Lord, in the Time of Vacation,
When Cabbage was scarce, and when
Pocket was low,

For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion
To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row:

Now a Louse made him itch,

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,

And sing Cucumber, Cucumber do.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his
Garret,

To tell what he ow'd, that his Score he might
know;

Says he, it is all very right I declare it;

Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go?

Now a Louse, &c.

Says Prick-Louse, my Jewel, I love you most
dearly,

My Breast every Minute still hotter does glow,

Ay, only says she, for the Juice of my Barley,

And other good Drink in my Cellar below:

Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's
better,

Which I dare not name, and you care not to
show;

Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,

What is it you mean, and pray where does it
grow?

Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, 'tis a Thing that has never a Handle,

'Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low.

Said she, then I fear that you must have a Can-
dle,

Or else the wrong Way you may happen to go;
Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal,
Tho' I never was there, yet the Way do I
know;

Says she, if it be such a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to grope out your Way to it for
Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the Way that I'll go;

Says she, do not tounge me so, for I hate it,
I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:
So they both went to work,

*Now a Kiss, then a Firk,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber do.*

The Taylor arose when the Business was over,
Says he, you will rub out the Score and you go;

Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
I'm not such a Fool I would have you know;
Now a Louse made him Itch,

*Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber do.*

SONG CCLXXXIX. Dear Catho- lick, &c.

Dear Catholick Brother, are you come from
the Wars,

So lame of your Face, and your Foots full of
Scars;

To see your poor *Shela*, who with great Grief
was fill'd,

For you my dear Joy, when I think you were
kill'd.

With a Fa, la, la.

O my Shoul, my dear *Shela*! I'm glad you see
me,

Nor if I were dead now, I could not see thee;

The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.
But oh my dear *Shela* dost thou now love me?
So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea?
By *Cri—* and *St. Pa—* my dear Joy I do,
And we shall be marry'd to morrow just now.
I'll make a Cabin for my Dearest to keep off the
Cold,

And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold;
To make three halves of it I think will be best,
Give two to my *Shela*, and the third to the Priest.
Old *Philemy* my Father was Four-score Years
old,
And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told,
That we two are married, my Dear, spare no
Cost,

But send him some Letter upon the last Post.

SONG CCXC. Poor Sawney, &c.

Poor *Sawney* had marry'd a Wife,
And he knew not what to do with her;
For she'd eat more Barley-bread,

Than he knew how to give her;

We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,

The Wool and the Horns together;

And we will make Broth of that,

And we'll all sup together,

We'll all sup together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,

The Horns shall serve for Bread,

By this you may understand

The Vertue that's in a Sheep's-head:

And we'll all sup together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,
 And some shall lig at the Feet,
 Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the middle,
 Because she'd have all the Sheet;
We'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,
 And Sawney wou'd fain have been at her,
 Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,
 And made the Glass Windows to clatter;
We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,
 The Bridegroom followed after,
 The Fidler crept in at the Feet,
 And they all ligg'd together,
We'll all lig together, &c.

SONG CCXCI. *There's my Thumb, &c.*

MY sweetest May, let Love incline thee,
 T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
 Syne for its Faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a Shot to Birth or Money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bony;
 Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily,
 There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.
 How tempting sweet, these Lips of thine are,
 Thy Bosom white, and Legs sae fine are,
 That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em;
 They carry away my Heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
 Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
 Tenting my Flocks lest they shou'd wander,
 Gin thou'll gae all along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

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O my dear Lassie, it is but Daffin,
To had thy Weer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vllily,
O say, yes, and I'll no'er beguile thee.

SONG CCXCII. *For the Love of Jean*

JOCKIE said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my Tocher-good,
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee;
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jeany*, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' seven good Owlsen gangling in a Pleugh,
Gangling in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha'-House, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Jockie*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell.
Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

SONG CCXCIII. *Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a Beech's grateful Shade
Young *Colin* lay complaining;
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining:
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet *Peggy* I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly use him?
If Love's a Fault, tis that alone
For which you should excuse him:
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languish;

'Tis thou alone can quench the flame,
And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plains,
Where every Maid invites me;

For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,

For thee that only slightest me:

This Love that fires my faithful Heart

By all but thee's commended.

Oh! would thou act so good a Part,

My Grief might soon be ended.

That beautiful Breast so soft to feel,

Seem'd Tenderness all over;

Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,

'Gainst thy despairing Lover.

Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,

Not *Collin's* Care ne'er move thee,

Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,

My Peggy, I must love thee.

SONG CCXCIV. Tibby Fowler, Esq.

THERE'S a Store of Charms,

Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;

How strangely can her frae' white Arms

Fetter the Lad who looks but at her?

Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waist,

These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawe her;

Her rosy Cheek, and rising Breast,

Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

NELLY's gawfy, fast and gay,

Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;

Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ab! my*

She's bonny! O I wonder at her.

The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,

And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawe her;

Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,

Gar mony Mouths beside mine Water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,

My Wyson with the Maiden Shore,

Gin I can tell whilk I am for,

When these twa Stars appear thegither,

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O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires,

Sae largo, while we're oblig'd to neither;

Our spacious Souls immense Desires,

And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

TIBBY'S Shape and Air are fine;

And Nelly's Beauties are divine:

But since they canna baith be mine,

Ye Gods, give ear to my Petition,

Provide a good Lad for the tane,

But let it be with this Provision,

I get the other to my lane,

In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.

SONG CCXCV. *Up in the Air.*

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,

Beat the Ingle, and snuff the Light:

In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,

And Witches wallop o'er to France,

Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare,

And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Mail and Spade,

O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';

Nae Starns keek through the Azure Skie,

'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Fit.

The Man i' the Moon

Is carousing aboon;

D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?

The Man, &c.

Take your Glass to clear your Ren,

'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,

Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,

And gently puff the Lover's Fire.

Up in the Air

It drives away Care;

Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye Lads,

yet.

Up in, &c.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost;
 Come *Willie*, gie's about ye'r Tost:
 Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.
 Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fain;
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

SONG CCXCVI. *Where shall our
 Goodman lie.*

He. **W**Here wad bonny *Anne* lie?
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
 Wad ye a Goodman try?
 Is that the Thing ye're laking?
Sbe. Can a Lads sae young as I
 Venture on the bridal Tie,
 Syne down with a Goodman-lie?
 I'm flec'd he keep me wauking.

He. Never judge untill ye try,
 Mak me your Goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to lie,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

Sbe. What if I shou'd wauking lie,
 When the Hoboys are gawn by,
 Will ye tant me when I try,
 My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my Bosom thou shall lie,
 When thou waukrife art or dry,
 Healthy Cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

Sbe. To your Will I then comply,
 Join us, Priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a Goodman lie
 Wha can a Cordial give me.

SONG CCXCVII. *Ew-bughts Marion.*

WILL ye go to the Ew-bughts, *Marion*,
 And wear in the Sheep wi' me;

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The Sunshine's sweet, my *Marion*,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O *Marion's* a bonny Lass,
 And the Blyth blinks in her Eye;
 And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
 Gin *Marion* wad marry me.
 There's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*,
 And Silk on your white Haws-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my *Marion*
 At E'en when I come hame.
 There's braw Lads in *Earnshaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye
 At Kirk when they see my *Marion*;
 But none of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her Bridal Day;
 And ye's get a green sey Apron,
 And Waistcoat of the *London Brown*,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion*;
 Nane dances like me on the Green;
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
 Sae put on your *Pearlins*, *Marion*,
 And Kirtle of the *Cramasie*;
 And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
 I shall come West, and see ye.

SONG CCXCVIII. *The blythesome
 Bridal.*

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be Liltin' there;
 For *Jockie's* to be married to *Maggie*,
 The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.

And there will be Lank-kail and Pottage,
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
 And there will be good sawt Herring,
 To relish a Cog of good Ale,
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Sawney* the Sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle Mow;
 And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
 With *Andrew* the Tinker, I trow;
 And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
 With thumbless *Katie's* Goodman;
 And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowie*,
 And *Laurie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the How of the Hill;
 And there will be *Alaister* *Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The Lads that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Strannie*,
 And coft him gray breeks to his *Azie*,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great Mercy it happen'd nae worse;
 And there will be glee *Gawdy* *Fannert*,
 And *Kirst* with the Lily white Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Manners,
 And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-mug*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden* *Macklawrie*,
 And blinkin daft *Barbara* *Mackleg*,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd *Laurie*,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket *Mag*,
 And there will be happier-ars'd *Nan*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Rowrie* by Name,

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Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
The Lais w' the gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
There Lads and Lassies in Pearlings
Will feast in the Heart of the Fla',
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
That are baith foddan and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
With furth of good Cabbocks of Skate,
Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,
And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate.
And there will be Partans and Buckies,
And Whytens and Speldings enew,
With singed Sheeps-heads, and a Haggies,
And Scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk Kebbucks,
And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
With Swats, and well scraped Padunches,
And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps:
And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
With Skink to sup till ye rive,
And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be Lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
The Last wi' the gowden Hair.

SONG CCXCIX. *The Highland Laddie*

THE Lawland-lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy!

How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,

And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,

My handsome charming Highland Laddie;

May Heaven still guard, and Love reward

Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuse

To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,

I'd take young Donald without Trews,

With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The bravest Beau in Borrow-town,

In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,

Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,

He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,

And leave my Lawland-kin and Dady.

Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,

He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and silken Bed,

May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;

But I can kiss, and be as glad,

Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,

I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,

And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,

Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,

Than that his Love prove true and steady.

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,

While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie

O my bonny, &c.

SONG CCC. *Allan Water.*

W HAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat?
 What Verse be found to praise my *Annie*?

On her ten thousand Graces wait,

Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.

Since first she trod the happy Plain,

She set each youthful Heart on Fire;

Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,

That *Annie* kindles new Desire.

This lovely darling dearest Care,

This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,

Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,

When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye.

All Day the am'rous Youths convene,

Joyous they sport and play before her;

All Night, when she no more is seen,

In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;

His rising Sighs express his Flame;

His Words were few, his Wishes many.

With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,

Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?

Alas! your Love must be deny'd,

This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s Art,

His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling;

He stole away my Virgin Heart;

Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.

Some brighter Beauty you may find,

On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many;

Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,

And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

SONG CCCI. *Jocky blyth and gay.*

S WIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay
 Are still my Heart's Delight,

I sing their Songs by Day,
 And read their Tales at Night.
 If frae their Books I be,
 'Tis Dulness then with me;
 But when these Stars appear,
 Jokes, Smiles, and Wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon Stile,
 And Wit that flows with Ease,
 Instruct us with a Smile,
 And never fails to please.

Bright *Sandy* greatly sings
 Of Heroes, Gods, and Kings:
 He well deserves the Bays,
 And ev'ry *Briton's* Praise.

While thus our *Homer* shines,
Young, with *Horatian* Flame,
 Corrects those false Designs
 We push in love of Fame.

Blyth Gay, in pawky Strains,
 Makes Villains, Clowns, and Swains,
 Reprove, with biting Leer,
 Those in a higher Sphere.

Swift, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
 Long may you give Delight;
 Let all the *Dunces* bray,

You're far above their Spite:
 Such, from a Malice sour,
 Write Nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For who, the Trash, will read?

SONG CCCII. *Woe's my Heart, &c.*

With broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender;
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
 Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinders:
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

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Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
 Nor Time, nor Place, shall ever change
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauty which invites our Wonder,
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.
 Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest Time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

SONG CCCIII. *To—in Mourning.*

AH! why those Tears in *Nelly's* Eyes?
 To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the Skies,
 Pleas'd with thy Piety.

To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a Care,
 Who views thee as an Angel fair,
 Or some Divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this Fever of my Mind,
 Caus'd by the Boy severe and blind;

Wounded I sigh for thee;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a Height by *Hymen's* Ties,
 To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
 And with thy Charms be free.

Then must I hide my Love, and die,
 When such a sovereign Cure is by;
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 What'er my Fate may be,

Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
 With those dear Agents I'll advise,
 They tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

SONG CCCIV. *Rantin-rearing Willie*

O *Mary!* thy Graces and Glances,
 Thy Smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And Thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear Wit and good Humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate Angels
 Ought faster, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalising thy Merit,
 A Match amongst Mortals for thee:

Thy, many fair Beauties shed Fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love;
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond Heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in full Silence, like me!
 Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treasure,
 And Ship-wreck'd on Landscips on Shore;
 Be still more divine, and have Pity;
 I die soon as Hope is no more.
 For, *Mary*, my Soul is thy Captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects to be free;
 Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful,
 Thy Slavery's a Pleasure to me.

SONG CCCV. *This is no, &c.*

THIS is no mine ain House,
 I ken by the Rigging o't;
 Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
 I dinna like the Bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young *Robbie's* Bride,
 And Mistress of his Fire-side,
 Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the Triggings o't.

Then farewell to my Father's House,
 I gang where Love invites me;
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me,
 When Hymen moulds us into one;
 My Robe's nearer than my Will,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me,
 When I'm in mine ain House,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay,
 Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
 The common Pest of married Life,
 That makes aie wearied of his Wife,
 And breaks the kindly Band ay.

SONG CCCVI. *First a Crum, &c.*

Return homeward, my Heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a Fool to suffer Pain
 For love of aie that loves not thee;
 My Heart, let be sic Fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good Cause;
 Since Scorn and Faking ne'er agree,
 The first a Crum of thee the faw.
 To what Effect should thou be thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free Will,
 My Heart be never beastial,
 But ken who does thee good or ill;
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their Paws,
 And let the Filly hing her Faw,
 For first a Crum of thee the faw.
 Tho' she be fair, I will not fensie,
 She's of a Kind with mony mae;
 For why, they are a Felon Menzie
 That seemeth good; and are not faw.
 My Heart, take neither Start nor Woe

For *May*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a Sight of *Jason* yied,
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diamede*;
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,
 Brought *Troy* from Bliss unto hair Waves;
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 Because she said I took it ill,
 For her Depart my Heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the Heart that first takes Care;
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final End and Clanse,
 And let her seed and fooly fair,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 Ne'er dunt again within my Breast,
 Ne'er let her Slighta thy Courage spill,
 Nor gie a Soh, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her Will;
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her Braws;
 Now let her snirt and syke her fill,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.

SONG CCCVII. *Sae merry ai, &c.*

NOW *Phœbus* advances on high,
 Nae Footsteps of Winter are seen;
 The Birds carol sweet in the Sky,
 And Lambleins dance Reels on the Green,
 Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear,
 We wander for Pleasure and Health,
 Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
 Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth,
 View illa gay Scene all around,
 That are and that promise to be;

Yet in them a' naithing is found,
 Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.
 Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
 Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
 When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.
 The Roses and Lillies combin'd,
 And Flowers of most delicate Hue,
 By thy Cheeks and dear Breasts are out shin'd,
 Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy Voice?
 And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
 Nae Musick can bless with sic Joys;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete.
 Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
 Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
 Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye Pow'rs who have given sic Charms
 To *Eliza*, your Image below,
 O save her frae all human Harms!
 And make her Hours happily flow.

SONG CCCVIII. *My Dady forbid.*

W HEN I think on my Lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My Dady was harsh,
 My Minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the Sea.
 Without an Estate,
 That made him look blate,
 And yet a brave Lad in he,
 Gin sae he come hame,
 In spite of my Dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.
 Love speers nae Advice
 Of Parents o'er wise,
 That have but ae Bairn like me,

That looks upon Cash,
 As naithing but Trush,
 That shackles what should be free,
 And tho' my dear Lad
 Not as Penny had,
 Since Qualities better has he;
 Albeit I'm an Heiress,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.
 Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jennie,
 Hast, haste thee in o'er the Sea,
 To her who can find
 Nae Ease in her Mind,
 Without a blyth Sight of thee.
 Tho' my Daddy forbids,
 And my Minny forbids,
 Forbidden I will not be;
 For since thou alone
 My Favour hast won;
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me,
 Yet then I'll not grieve;
 Or without their Leave
 Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee:
 Be content with a Heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppress, or be.
 My Parents may prove
 Yet Friends to our Love,
 When our firm Resolves they see:
 Then I with Pleasure
 Will yield up my Treasure,
 And a' that Love orders to thee.

SONG CCCIX. Steer her, &c.

O Steer her up, and lead her gawn;
 Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;
 But gin she winna tak' a Man,
 E'en let her tak' her Will, Jo.

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Prithes, Lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy Cares of Love away;
Let's our Sorrows drown in Drinking,

'Tis Daffin langer to delay.

See that shining Glass of Claret,

How invitingly it looks!

Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,

Pox on Fighting, Trade, and Books,

Let's have Pleasure while we're able,

Bring us in the meikle Bowl,

Plac't on th' Middle of the Table,

And let Wind and Weather growl.

Call the Drawer, let him fill it

Fou, as ever it can hold;

O tak tent ye dinna spill it,

'Tis mair precious far than Gold.

By you've drunk a dosen Bumpers,

Bacchus will begin to prove,

Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,

Drinking better is than Love.

SONG CCCX. Clout the Caldron.

HAve you any Pots or Pans,

Or any broken Chandelers?

I am a Tinkler to my Trade,

And newly come frae Flanders;

As scant of Siller as of Grace,

Disbanded, we've a bad Run;

Gar tell the Lady of the Place,

I'm come to clout her Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,

I'll do't to your Contentment;

And dinna care a single Flic

For any Man's Resentment;

For, Lady fair, tho' I appear

To every one a Tinker,

Yet to your self I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentle Finker.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a Swain,
 Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda*;
 He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
 To carry off *Europa*,
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your *Argos* Blinks,
 And win your Love, like mighty *Jove*,
 Thus hide me in a Tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
 But this fine Plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither Pot nor Pan
 Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.
 Then bind your Budget on your Back,
 And Nails up in your Apron,
 For I've a Tinkler under Tack
 That's us'd to clout my Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

SONG CCCXI. *The Malt-man, &c.*

THE Malt-man comes on *Munday*,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my Siller,*
Or Malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the Pantry,
 And gave him some good Cock-bröo,
 Syne paid him upon a Gantree,
 As Hostler Wives should do.
 When Malt-men come for Siller,
 And Gaugers with Wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the Cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when Cunsie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making Din,
 The Knack I learn'd frae an auld Aunty,
 The snackest of a' my Kin.
 The Malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as sly;
 And he may crack of his Winning,
 When he clears Scores with me.

For come he when he likes, I'm ready;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind Lady,
 She'll answer a Bill for me.

SONG CCCXII. *Betty's Haggles.*

Betty's Beauties shine so bright,
 Were her many Virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give Delight,
 And in Transport make me view her,
 Bonny *Betty*, thee alone
 Love I; naithing else about thee;
 With thy Comeliness I'm caw'd,
 And langer cannot live without thee.
Betty's Bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white Fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his Arm,
 Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd,
 My dear *Betty*, when the Roses
 Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows sulder,
 Virtue, which thy Mind discloses,
 Will keep Love frae growing caulder.
Betty's Tocher is but scanty,
 Yet Her Face and Soul discovers
 Those enchanting Sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand Lovers,
 It's not Money, but a Woman
 Of a Temper kind and easy,
 That gives Happiness uncommon,
 Petted Things can nought but teeze ye,

SONG CCCXIII. *Omnis vincit Amor.*

AS I went forth to view the Spring
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In Raiment fair; now every Thing
 The Rage of Winter scorn'd;
 I cast mine Eye, and did espy
 A Youth, who made great Clamour;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! *omnis vincit Amor.*

Upon His Breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring River,
 And mournfully his doleful Song
 With Sighs he did deliver,
 Ah! *Yanny's Face*, and comely Once,
 Her Locks that shin'd like Lamber,
 With burning Rays have cut my Days;
 For *omnia vincit Amor*.

Her glancy Ben like Comets mean,
 The Morning Sun out-shining,
 Have caught my Heart in *Cupid's Net*,
 And make me die with Pining.
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose Beauties rare make me with Care
 Cry, *omnia vincit Amor*.

Ye chrystal Streams that swiftly glide,
 Be Partners of my Mourning!
 Ye fragrant Fields and Meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her Scorning;
 Let every Tree a Witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting Birds note these my Words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit Amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for Virtues rare,
 Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his Breath began to fall,
 He could not speak, but hammer;
 He shoud full force, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit Amor*.

When I observ'd him near to Death,
 I run in haste to save him;
 But quickly he resign'd his Breath;
 So deep the Wound Love gave him.
 Now for his Sake, this Vow I'll make,
 My Tongue shall ay defame her;
 While on his Herie I'll write this Verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit Amor*.

straight I consider'd in my Mind
 Upon the Matter rightly,
 And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in Pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, nor thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,
 For omnia vincit Amor.

Hence we may see th' Effects of Love,
 Which Gods and Men keep under,
 That nothing can his Bonds remove,
 Or Torments break afunder:
 Nor Wise, nor Fool, need go to School,
 To learn this from his Grammar;
 His Heart's the Book where he's to look,
 For omnia vincit Amor.

SONG CCXIV. *The auld Wife.*

There was a Wife won'd in a Glen,
 And she had Daughters nine or ten,
 That sought the House baith butt and benn,
 To find their Mam a Snifhing.
The auld Wife beyont the Fire,
The auld Wife anieft the Fire,
The auld Wife aboon the Fire,
She died for Lack of Snifhing.

Her Mill into some Hole had fawn:
 What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun ha'e a young Goodman
 Shall furnish me with Snifhing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dochter said, right bauld,
 Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye wish a Yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your Snifhing,
The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shout,
 O Mother dear! your Teeth's in at out,

Besides ha'f blind, you ha's the Count,
Your Mill can ha'f nae Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cried auld Mump,
For I ha'e baith a Tooth and Stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wantin' of my Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pawky Slut,
Mother, if you can crack a Nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a Pistol Bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her Gurns she squeez and row't,
While frae her Jaws the Blaver flow't;
And ay she curs'd poor Stumpy.

The auld Wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate Squeez,
Which brak the lang Tooth by the Nees,
And syne poor Stumpy was at Ease,
But she tint Hopes of Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

She of the Task began to tire,
And frae her Dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire,
And died for Lack of Snifhing.

The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth,
As soon as ye're past Mark of Mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for Youth,
And leave aff Thoughts of Snifhing:

Else like this Wife beyond the Fire,

For Burns against you will conspire

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Nor will ye get, unless ye live
A young Man with your Sniffling.

Note, Sniffling in its literal Meaning is Snuff
made of Tobacco; but in this Song it means
sometimes Contentment, a Husband, Love,
Money, &c.

SONG CCCXV. I'll never love, &c.

MY dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee,

Be govern'd by no other Sway,

But purest Monarchy;

For if Confusion have a part,

Which virtuous Souls abhor,

I'll call a Synod in my Heart,

And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,

And I will reign alone,

My Thoughts did evermore disdain

A Rival on my Throne.

He either fears his Fate too much,

Or his Deserts are small,

Who dares not put it to the Touch,

To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,

And always give the Law,

And have each Subject to my Will,

And all to stand in awe;

But 'gainst my Batteries if I find

Thou storm, or vex me sore,

As if thou set me as a Blind,

I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,

Where I should solely be,

If others do pretend a Part,

Or dare to share with me:

Or Committees if thou erect,

Or go on such a Score,

I'll smiling mock at thy Neglect,

And never love thee more.

But if no faithless Action stain
 Thy Love and constant Word,
 I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
 And glorious by my Sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
 And love thee more and more.

SONG CCCXVI. *The Black Bird.*

UPon a fair Morning for full Recreation,
 I heard a fair Lady was making her
 Moan,
 With Sighing and Sobbing, and sad Lamentation;
 Saying, my *Black-Bird* most royal is flown.
 My Thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburthen'd with sad Mystery;
 Yet if Death should blind me,
 As true Love inclines me,
 My *Black-Bird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.
 Once in fair *England* my *Black-Bird* did flourish;
 He was the chief Flower that in it did spring;
 Prime Ladies of Honour his Person did nourish
 Because he was the true Son of a King;
 But since that false Fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this Parting between him and me,
 His Name I'll advance
 In *Spain* and in *France*,
 And seek out my *Black-Bird* wherever he be.
 The Birds of the Forest all met together,
 The Turtle has chosen to dwell with the Dove;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair Weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my Love.
 He's all my Heart's Treasure,
 My Joy and my Pleasure;
 And justly (my Love) my Heart follows thee,

Who are constant and kind,
 And courageous of Mind,
 All Bliss on my *Black-Bird* wherever he be,
 In *England* my *Black-Bird* and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of
 Heart,
 Ah! woe to the Time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.
 In *Scotland* he's deem'd
 And highly esteem'd,
 In *England* he seemeth a Stranger to be,
 Yet his Fame shall remain
 In *France* and in *Spain*,
 All Bliss to my *Black-Bird*, wherever he be.
 What if the Fowler my *Black-Bird* has taken,
 Then Sighing and Sobbing will be all my Tune;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
 For him thro' the Fire,
 Thro' Mud, and thro' Mire,
 I'll go; for I love him to such a Degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of Mind,
 Deserving all Blessings wherever he be.
 It is not the Ocean can fright me with Danger,
 Nor tho' like a Pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with Friendship of one is a Stranger,
 More than of one that in *Britain* is born.
 I pray Heaven so spacious,
 To *Britain* be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet Joy and Renown,
 And Laurels shall crown
 My *Black-Bird* with Honour wherever he be.

SONG CCCXVII. *Take your soul
 Cloak about you.*

IN Winter when the Rain rain'd could,
 And Frost and Snow on Ilka Hill,

And *Boreas*, with his Blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill;
Then *Bell* my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, Goodman, save *Cromie's* Life,
And tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful Cow,
And she is come of a good Kyne;
Aft has she wet the Bairn's Mou,
And I am laith that she should tyn;
Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
The Sun-shines in the Lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious End.
Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
When it was sitting for my Wear;
But now it's scanty worth a Groat,
For I have worn't this thirty Year;
Let's spend the Gear that we have won,
We little ken the Day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new Cloak about me.

In Days when our King *Robert* rang,
His Trews they cost but haff a Crown;
He said they were a Groat o'er dear,
And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loon;
He was the King that wore a Crown,
And thou the Man of laigh Degree,
'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
Sae tak thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool;
I think the Warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hunklen in the Ase;
I'll have a new Cloak about me.

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Goodman I wate 'tis thirty Years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of Lads and bonny Lassies ten;
 Now they are Women grown and Men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good Husband,
 E'en tak your auld Cloak about ye.

Bell, my Wife, she loves na Strife;
 But she wud guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy Life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm Goodman;
 Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
 Unless ye give her a the Plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld Cloak about me.

SONG CCCXVIII. *The Mill, Mill. O.*

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still — O;
 A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
 Around her with good Will — O;
 Her Bosom I prest; but, sunk in her Rest,
 She stirdna my Joys to spill — O;
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by Command, in *Flanders* to land,
 T'employ my Courage and Skill — O,
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O.
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud frai-
 sing Fame
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill — O,
 My Lads, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
 Nor kend who had done her the Ill — O.
 Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her
 Arms,
 I serlying speer'd how she fell — O.

Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, let me die;
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O,
 Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand;
 And bad a' her Fears expel — O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
 Wha had donè her the Deed my sell — O.

My bonny sweet Lass on the gowany Grass,
 Beneath the *Shilling-Hill* — O,
 If I did Offence, I'll make ye Amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's Mill* — O.
O the Mill, Mill — O, and the Kill, Kill — O;
And the Cogging of the Wheel —
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sotger-reel — O.

SONG CCCXIX. *Cælia, &c.*

CÆLIA, charming *Cælia*, hear me,
 Bisten to a Lover's Vow.
 Smile thou lovely Nymph and chear me;
 Let no Frown deform thy Brow;
 Let no Frown deform thy Brow.
 Tell me, is't a Crime to love you,
 Whom the Gods have made so fair?
 Let my Sighs and Prayers move you,
 And reward a Love sincere.
 'Tis not, 'tis not wild Desire,
 But the softest Pains of Love,
 Cherish then a noble Fire,
 And the generous Flame improve.
 Lovely *Cælia*, I adore you,
 Kindly ease a Lover's Smart;
 I ne'er lov'd a Maid before you,
 You alone possess my Heart.
 Think, my Dear, how frail is Beauty,
 Think how long your Charms can last;
 To employ them is your Duty,
 Time is ne'er recall'd when past.

SONG CCCXX. *The auld Goodman.*

L Ate in the Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun.

A Man and his Wife were fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

He. The auld Goodman that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka a ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

Sbe. My Heart alake, is liken to break
 When I think on my winsome *Yabn*,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dosend Drone.
 His rosie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

He. Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant.
 Of Household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of sic like Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

Sbe. Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well-made Bed.

But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and sa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.
 Then coming was the Night far dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
 I trow the Wife the Day she wad,
 And ay the O'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, *alake my auld Goodman.*

S O N G CCCXXI, *Last with a
 Lump of Land.*

GI'E me a Lase with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' dast or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And Blood alone is no worth a Shilling,
 But she that's rich, her Market's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.
 Gi'e me a Lase with a Lump of Land,
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
 Glis I had ayes her Gear in my Hand,
 Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash; or a Lump of Land,
 They'll never get me to dance to their Fiddle.
 There's mairle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;
 But Beauty and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection.
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles and Riggs, and Muls and Jecs-
 dows,

And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
But well-tocher'd Lassies or jointer'd Widows:

SONG CCCXXII. *The young
Lass contra auld Man.*

TH E Carle he came o'er the Croft,
And his Beard new shaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been dast,
The Carle trows that I wad hae him:
Howt away, I winna hae him!
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a his Beard new shaven,
Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.

A Siller Brooch he gat me nist,
To fasten on my Curthea nooked,
I wor'd a wi upon my Breast;
But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his: I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
An twice a Bairn's, a Lass's Jest;
Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but aye,
For he has Land and Dollars plenty;
But wae me for him! Skin and Bone
Is no for a plump Lass of twenty.

Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him,
What signifies his dirty Riggs,
And Cash, without a Man with them?

But should my tankar'd Dady gar
Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
I warn the Fumbler to beware,
That Antlers dinna claim their Station.

Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
Sae Lawry says, I should na hae him.

SONG CCCXXIII. *Gillikranky.*

He. **C**onfess thy Love, fair blushing Maid,
 For since thine Eye's consenting,
 Thy sister Thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And Nafays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,
 With Words thy Wish denying?
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.
 Nature and Reason's joint Consent
 Make Love a sacred Blessing,
 Then happily that Time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind Caressing.
 Come then my *Katin* to my Arms,
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;
 But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
 And prove a faithful Lover.

She. What you design by Nature's Law,
 Is fleeting Inclination,
 That *Willy* — *Wiss* bewilds us a'
 By its Infatuation.
 When that goes out, Caresses tire,
 And Love's nae mair in Season,
 Syns weakly we blaw up the Fire
 With all our boasted Reason.

He. The Beauties of inferior Cast
 May start this just Reflection.
 But Charms like thine maun always last,
 Where Wit has the Protection.
 Virtue and Wit, like *April Rays*,
 Make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My Love will grow compleater.

SONG CCCXXIV. *Lady Anne*
Bothwell's Lament.

Blow, my Boy, lye still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;

If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad,
 Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
 Thy Father bred me great Annoy.

*Balow, my Boy, lye still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
 But smile not as thy Father did,
 To cozen Maids: Nay God forbid;
 For in thine Eye his Look I see,
 The tempting Look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

When he began to court my Love,
 And with his sugar'd Words to move,
 His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,
 In Time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his Babe nor me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Farewel, farewell, thou falsest Youth,
 That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy Courtesy:
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I was too cred'ulous at the first,
 To yield thee all a Maiden durt,
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd my Love;
 But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
 Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,
 From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain,
 For now unto my Grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind;

Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a Nurse,
And lull my young Son on my Lap,
From me, sweet Orphan, take the Pap.
Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
Shall wail as from all Bliss exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deserved Smart,
Who can blame none but her fond Heart;
For, too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
When he the thriftless Son has play'd,
Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
Preferred the Wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy Curse and mine
Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee;
Perhaps at Death; for who can tell
Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,
By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair,
No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's Sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein!

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come!
Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Ballard's Name.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

SONG CCCXXV. John Ochiltree.

Honest Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I want to do!
Oben, Oben! I want to do!
New want to do's away frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To wboft and birple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade sae fast by Sea and Land,
And wadna keep a Bridle-hand;
Thou'd tine the Beast, thy sell wad die,
My silly auld John Ochiltree.

Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
And cheer me up to bear thee sing;
And tell me o'er a' we has done,
For Thoughts mair now my Life sustain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree;
Hae done! it has nae sa'r wi' me.
I'll set the Beast in throw the Land,
She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
Ev'n sit thou there, and think thy fill,
For I'll do as I wot to do still.

SONG CCCXXVI. Jenny beguile
the Webster;

The auld CHORUS,

Up Stairs, down Stairs,
Timber Stairs fear me.

I'm laith to be a' Night my lane,
And Johnny's Bed sae near me.

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
I start and dream of Johnny.
When Johnny then comes down the Glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
For we twa ne'er can sinder.
Better to marry than miscarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa 'bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis Time, I'll shun the Crime,
That gars poor Epps gae Whinging,
With Mainches fow, and Een sae blew,
To a' the Bedrals binging.
Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
Alake! how can she mend it?

Now Tam
And she
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Now Tam maun face the Minister,
And she maun mount the Pillar;
And that's the Way that they maun gae,
For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
Reply'd the kindly Mither,
Get *Jobny's* Hand in haly Band,
Synce wap ye'r Wealch together.
I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your Part discreetly;
And prove a Wife, will gar his Life
And Barrel run right sweetly.

SONG CCCXXVII. *What ye wha
I met Yastreen, &c.*

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling's* Notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing,
Nor Thrush, nor Linnet, nor the Bird
Brought from the far *Canary Coast*,
Nor can the Nightingale afford
Such Melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his Fires,
And on our Plains he looks askance,
The Nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my Blood to dance.
In spite of *Hyem's* nipping Frost,
Whether the Day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her Health entreat,
Who makes it Summer all the Year?

Then by thyself, my lovely Bird,
I'll stroke thy Back, and kiss thy Breast;
And if you'll take my honest Word,
As sacred as before the Priest,
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various Ways to pleasure thee,
The Velvet-fog thou wilt despise,
When on the *Downy-bills* with me,

SONG CCCXXVIII.

I'll leave thee.

ONE Day I heard *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,

Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my fond Heart will break,

If thou should leave me.

I'll live and die for thy Sake;

Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,

Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?

Did e'er her young Heart betray

New Love, that has griev'd thee?

My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,

Thou may believe me,

I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,

And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,

What can relieve thee?

Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?

This Breast shall receive thee.

My Passion can ne'er decay,

Never deceive thee.

Delight shall drive Pain away,

Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,

How shall I leave thee?

O! that Thought makes me sad,

I'll never leave thee.

Where would my *Adonis* fly?

Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die,

If I should leave thee.

SONG CCCXXIX. *Lesly's March.*

M Arch, march,
Why the D— do ye na march!

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and to your Arms, my Lads,
 Fight in good Order.
 Fight about ye Musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the *English* Border.
 Stand till't, and fight like Men,
 True Gospel to maintain.
 The Parliament's blyth to see us a coming,
 When to the Kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka Room,
 The *Poppish* Relicks and a' sic Innovations,
 That a' the World may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we
 Of the auld *Scottish* Nation.
 Jenny shall wear the Hood,
 Jacky the Sark of God;
 And the Kist of Whistles,
 That make sic a cleiro,
 Our Pipers braw
 Shall hae them a',
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
 Cock up your Bonnets.

March, march, &c.

SONG CCCXXX. *I'll gar ye be
 fain to follow me.*

He. **A** Dieu for a while my native green Plains,
 My nearest Relations, and neighbour-
 ing Swains.

Dear *Nelly*, free these I'd start easily free,
 Were Minutes not Ages, while absent from thee.

She. Then tell me the Reason thou does not obey
 The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away?
 Alake! thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A Lover's roving will never mind me.

He. The Reason unhappy, is owing to Fate
 That gave me a Being without an Estate,
 Which lays a Necessity now upon me,
 To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

She. Small Fortune may serve where Love is
the Sway,

Then *Johnny* be counsell'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in Kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

He. O cease, my dear Charmer, else soon I
betray

A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give Way
To Fondness, which may prove a Ruin to thee,
A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye Streams; and witness, ye
Flow'rs,

Bear witness, ye watchful invifible Pow'rs,
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

SONG CCCXXXI. Busk ye, &c.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,

Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather Dew,
Dancing while Lav'rocks sing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To westlin Bréeses *Flora* yields,
And when the Beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
And Nature looks mair fresh and charming,
Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
Yet hasty lie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bony Ball,
Haste to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free Consent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
Thus sang I fastly to my Fair,
Who said my Hopes with kind relenting

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Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bony *Bell's* consenting.

ONG CCCXXXII. *Corn Riggs.*

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breast is sweeter than new Hay;
His Face is fair and ruddy;
His Shape is handsome, middle Size;
He's stately in his wawking;
The Shining of his Ben surprize;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him him on a Bawky,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spak,
That set my Heart a glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;

That gars me like to sing finfyne,

O *Corn Riggs* are bony.

Yet Maidens of a silly Mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chaffly should be granting:

Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*;

And syne my Cockerhony

He's free to touzle air or late;

Where *Corn Riggs* are bony.

ONG CCCXXXIII. *Cromlet's List.*

Since all thy Vows, false Maid,

Are blown to Air,

And my poor Heart betray'd

To sad Despair,

Into some Wilderness

My Grief I will express,

And thy Hard-heartedness,

O cruel Fair,

Have I not graven our Loves
 On every Tree;
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be;
 Was not a solemn Oath
 Plighted betwixt us both;
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
 Constant to be?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had;
 Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll drink the Spring,
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For Covering

I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to canopy,
 Until my Soul on high
 Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no Funeral Fire,
 Nor Tears for me;
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies;

The courteous Red-breast he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice,

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee;

O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest Heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's Dart,
 And never can desert

From loving thee;

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SONG CCCXXXIV. *We'll a' to Kelfo.*

AN I'll awa to bony Tweed Side,
 And see my Deary come throw,
 And he shall be mine
 Oif sat he incline,
 For I hate to lead Apes below,
 While young and fair,
 I'll make it my Care,
 To secure myself in a Jo:
 I'm na sic a Fool
 To let my Blood cool,
 And syne gae lead Apes below.
 Few Words, bony Lad,
 Will eithly perswade,
 Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,
 Gae on with your Strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead Apes below.
 Unty'd to a Man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow:
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead Apes below.
 Our Time is precious,
 Gods are gracious,
 That Beauties upon us bestow;
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for a Show.
 'Tis carried by Votes,
 Come kilt up ye're Coats,
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
 Where she that's bony
 May catch a *Jobny*,
 And never leads Apes below.

SONG CCCXXXV. Montrose's *Linal.*

I Toss and tumble thro' the Night,
 And with th'approaching Day,
 Thinking when Darkness yields to Light,
 I'll banish Care away :

But when the glorious Sun doth rise,
 And cheers all Nature round,
 All Thought of Pleasure in me dies
 My Cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy Mind
 Bereaves me of my Rest ;

My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind,
 With Care I'm still oppress'd :

But had I her within my Breast,

Who gives me so much Pain,

My raptur'd Soul would be at rest,

And softest Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,

Bless'd with fair *Venus*' Charms,

Nor yet the thund'ring *Jupiter*,

In fair *Alcmena*'s Arms :

Paris with *Helen*'s Beauty blest,

Would be a Jest to me ;

If of her Charms I were possess'd,

Thrice happier I would be.

But since the Gods do not ordain

Such happy Fate for me,

I dare not 'gainst their Will repine,

Who rule my Destiny.

With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,

And cherish up my Soul ;

Whene'er I think on my lost Fair,

I'll drown her in the Bowl.

SONG CCCXXXVI. *Leader-baught.*

THE Morn was fair, fast was the Air,
 All Nature's Sweets were springing ;

The Buds did bow with Silver Dew,
 Ten thousand Birds were singing:
 When on the Bent, with blyth Content,
 Young *Jamie* sang his Marrow,
 Nae bonnier Lafs e'er tred the Grass
 On *Leader-baugh* and *Yarrow*.

How sweet her Face, where every Grace
 In heavenly Beauty's planted;
 Her smiling Een, and comely Mien
 That nae Perfection wanted.

I'll never fret, nor ban my Fate,
 But bless my bonny Marrow:
 If her dear Smille my Doubts beguile,
 My Mind shall ken nae Sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full Share
 Of every Charm enchanting,
 Each God turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if Love be wanting.

O bonny Lafs I have but the Grace
 To think, ere ye gae furdur;
 Your Joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying Sin of Murder.

My wandring Ghast will ne'er get rest,
 And Night and Day affright ye;
 But if you're kind, with joyful Mind
 I'll study to delight ye.

Our Years around with Love thus crown'd,
 From all Things Joys shall borrow;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On *Leader-baugh* and *Yarrow*.

O sweetest *Sue*! 'tis only you
 Can make Life worth my Wishes,
 If equal Love your Mind can move
 To grant this best of Blesses;
 Thou art my Sun, and thy least Frown
 Would blast me in the Blossom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy Bosom.

SONG CCCXXXVII. *Cowdon-knows.*

WHen Summer comes, the Swains on
Tweed

Sing their successful Loves,
Around the Ews and Lambkins feed,
And Musick fills the Groves.

But my lov'd Song is then the Broom

So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;

For sure so sweet, so soft a Bloom

Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten Reed,

And won my yielding Heart ;

No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*

Could play with half such Art.

He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Glyde*,

The Hills and Dales all round,

Of *Leader-haugh* and *Leader-side*,

Oh ! how I blest'd the Sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom

So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;

For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom

Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Tweet* Brass so green and gay

May with this Broom compare,

Not *Tarrow* Banks in flow'ry *May*,

Nor the Bush aboon *Traghair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowdon-knows*,

My peaceful happy Home,

Where I was wont to milk my Ews

At Even among the Broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the Woods and Plains

Where *Tweed* with *Tweet* flows,

Convey me to the best of Swains,

And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*.

SONG CCCXXXVIII. *The Widow, &c.*

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can
brew,

The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,
 And many brave Things the Widow can do;
 Then have at the Widow my Laddie,
 With Courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best Gate
 To win a young Widow, my Laddie,

The Widow she's youthful, and never a Hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every Thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.

What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to
 crown,
 Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
 With nathing, but draw in your Stool, and sit
 down,

And sport with the Widow, my Laddie;
 Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and alry, and hope to succeed
 With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
 Strike Iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it so wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld;
 But ruins the Woer that's thowless and chauld,
 Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

SONG CCCXXXIX. Ladies, why do ye,

Ladies, why doth Love torment you?

Cannot I your Grief remove?

Is there none that can content you

With the sweet Delights of Love?

O No, no, no no: O No, no, no, no, no,
 no, no,

Beauty in a perfect Measure,

Hath the Love and With of all:

Dear, then shall I wait the Pleasure

That commands my Heart and all.

O No, no,

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having wherewithal to please me,
Must I still be discontent?
O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain,
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my Pain?
O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour,
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?
O No, &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, &c.

Once more, fairest, let me try, ye,
Now my Wish is fully sped,
If all Night I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed?
O No, &c.

SONG CCCXL. Had away from
me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me Jenny,
Sic Frowns Peanna bear frae ane
Whase Smiles aies ravish'd me, Jenny;
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought sae alter me, Jenny;
For you're the Mistress of my Mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.
First when your Sweets enlay'd my Heart,
You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;

But now, alas! you act a Part
That speaks Unconstancy, *Jenny*;
Unconstancy is sic a Vice,
'Tis not bestisting thee, *Jenny*;
It suits nat with your Virtue nice,
To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

SONG CCOXLI. O had away, &c.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, *Donald*;
Your Heart is made o'er large for aye,
It is not meet for me, *Donald*;
Some fickle Mistress you may find
Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.
But I've a Heart that's naething such,
'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I hate all Levity, *Donald*.
Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
A roving Love like thine, *Donald*.
First when you courted, I must own
I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
Apparent Worth and fair Renown
Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
The Man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;
But now the Mask fallen off, I scorn
To ware a Thought on thee, *Donald*.
And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, *Donald*;
Oae seek a Heart that's like your ains
And come nae mair to me, *Donald*.
For I'll reserve my sell for aye
For aye that's liker me, *Donald*;
If sic a one I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, *Donald*.

DONALD.
Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
Has only tald a Lie, *Jenny*;
To try thy Truth, and make us Sport;
The Tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

JENNY.
When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come away to me, *Donald*;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

SONG CCCXLII. *Todlen butt, and
Todlen ben.*

WHEN I've Sarpence under my Thumb;
Then I get Credit in ilka Town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! Poverty parts good Company.

*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
Coudna my Love come todlen bame.*

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and send her good Sale,
She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
Syne if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
As round as a Neep come todlen bame.*

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;
What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my Love comes todlen bame.*

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when westing your
Mou,

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me,

*When todlen bame, todlen bame,
When round as a Neep ye come todlen bame.*

SONG CCCXLIII. *Widow are ye, &c.*

O Wha's that at my Chamber-door?
 "Fair Widow are ye wawkin?"
 Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,
 Your Love lies a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an *April* Meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can bless the Sight
 And Bosom of a Widow.
 "O Widow, wilt thou let me in,
 "I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 "And come of a right gentle Kin;
 "I'm little mair than fifty."
 Daft Carle dit your Mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,——hot Youth,
 In Love you're but a Gawky.
 "Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,
 "That pow'rfully plead clinkan,
 "And if they fail, my Mouth I'll seek,
 "And nae mair Love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

SONG CCCXLIV. *The glancing of
her Apron.*

MY Yeany and I have toll'd
 The live-lang-Simmer-Day,
 Till we amais't were spoil'd
 At making of the Hay:
 Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bony Brow,
 I whisper'd something in her Ear;
 But what's that to you?
 Her Stockings were of *Kersy* green,
 As tight as ony Silk:

O sic a Leg was never seen,
 Her Skin was white as Milk;
 Her Hair was black as aye could wish
 And sweet, sweet was her Mou,
 O! Jeany daintylie can kiss;
 But what's that to you?
 The Rose and Lily baith combine,
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae Bennison like mine,
 I have amaisht nae Care;
 Only I fear my Jeany's Face
 May cause mae Men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, alas!
 But what's that to you?
 Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
 Hide that sweet Face of thine,
 That I may only be the Man
 Enjoys these Looks divine,
 O! do not prostitute, my Dear,
 Wonders to common View,
 And I with faithful Heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.
 King Solomon had Wives anew,
 And mony a Concubine;
 But I enjoy a Bliss mair true,
 His Joys were short of mine;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her Due,
 All Debts of Love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

SONG CCXLV. Rob's Jock.

ROB'S JOCK came to woo our Jeany;
 On ae Feast-Day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo!
 She burnist her balch Breast and Brou,
 And made her cleer as ony Clock;
 Then spak her Dame, and said, I trow
 Ye come till woo our Jeany, Jock.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fairer T than A
 To luk my Head, and sit down by you T
 Then spak her Minny, and said again, O A
 My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you A
 Tehie! go Jenny, kiek, kiek, I see you A
 Minny, yon Man maks but a Mock, to gie A
 Deil hae the — fu leis me o' you, A
 I come to woo your Jenny, go Jock, A
 My Bairn has Tocher of her awin ; A
 A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen, A
 A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre sawin, A
 Bakbread and a Bannock-stane, A
 A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirm there-ben, A
 A Kame-but and a Kaming-stock, A
 With Coags and Luggies nine or ten, A
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ? A
 A Wecht, a Peet-weel and a Cradle, A
 A pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail, A
 An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle, A
 A Milfie, and a Sowen-Pale, A
 A rousty Whittle to sheer the Kail, A
 And a Timber-mell the Bear to knock, A
 Twa Shells made of an auld Fir-dale, A
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ? A
 A Furm, a Furlet, and a Peck, A
 A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band, A
 A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seek, A
 A Spurtil-braid, and an Elwand, A
 Then Jock took Jenny be the Hand, A
 And cry'd, a Feast! and slew a Cock, A
 And made a Brydal upo' Land, A
 Now I have got your Jenny, go Jock, A
 Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd, A
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough, A
 I let you wit she's nae mis-carri'd, A
 Its well kend I have Gear enough : A
 Ane auld gawd Oloyd fall owts a Heugh, A
 A Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock ; A
 Withouten Owfen I have a Plough : A
 May that no ser your Jenny, go Jock ? A

A treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon,
 Twa Buits of barkit Blafint-Leather,
 A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
 And a Trawcruck to twyne a Teather.
 Twa Croks that moup among the Heather,
 A pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock,
 A tough Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, *Jenny*, go *Jock*.
 Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
 A Deuk about the Dubs to paddle;
 The Pannel of an auld Led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my Eem hecht me a Stoek,
 Twa lussy Lips to lick a Ladle,
 May thir no gane your *Jenny*, go *Jock*?
 A pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
 And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
 A Sark made of the Linkome-twine,
 A gay green Cloke that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in store—I need na fenzie,
 Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
 And are not thae a wakrise Menzie,
 To gae to Bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?
 Tak thir for my part of the Feast,
 It is well known I am weel bodin:
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The Wife speerd gin the Kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
 The Rost was tough as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they feasted *Jenny* and *Jock*.

SONG CCCXLVI. *A Rock and a wee
pickle Tow.*

I Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gow'd,
 A bonny Piece Land and Planting on't,
 It fateens my Flocks, and my Barns it has stow'd;
 But the best Thing of a's yet wanting on't:

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To grace it, and trace it,
 And gi'e me Delight;
 To bleis me, and kiss me,
 And comfort my Sight,
 With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
 And nae mair my lane gang sauntring on't.
 My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair;
 Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Despair;
 I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't,
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my Mind,
 Whose gracious Embraces
 By Heaven were design'd
 For happiest Transports, and Blissies refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.
 For thee, bonny *Christy*, my Shepherds and
 Hinds
 Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties thine;
 Thus freed frae leigh Care, while Love fills our
 Minds,
 Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine,
 Then hear me, and cheer me,
 With smiling Consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No Cause to lament.

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, con-
 tent,

I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

SONG CCCXLVII. *Saw ye Jenny, &c.*

SAW ye *Jenny Nattles*,
Jenny Nattles, Jenny Nattles,
 Saw ye *Jenny Nattles*,
 Coming frae the Market;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 Her Fee and Bountie in her Lap;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back;
 And a Babie in her Oxtar.

I met ayont the Kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her Bairny,
Robin Rattles' Bastard;
 To flee the Dool upo' the Stool,
 And ilka one that mocks her,
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,
 To flap it in his Oxters.
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly:
 Score out the Blame, and thun the Shame,
 And without mair Debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, mak *Jenny* fain,
 The leel and leesome Gate o't.

SONG CCCXLVIII. *Jocky's fou, &c.*

JOCKY's fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the Wooper tell'd his Mind.
Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
 I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
 Love alone can gi'e Delyt.
 Others seek they kenna what,
 In Books, in Carriage, and a' that;
 Give me Love, for her I court;
 Love in Love makes a' the Sport.
 Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common Motives lang finfyne,
 Never can engage my Love,
 Until my Fancy first approve.
 It is na Meat but Appetite
 That makes our eating a Delyt;
 Beauty is at best Deceit;
 Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

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SONG CCCXLIX. Leader Haughs
and Yarrow.

When *Phebus* bright the azure Skies
 With golden Rays enligneth,
 He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
 Herbs, Trees and Flow'rs he quick'neth :
 Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
 And with Delight goes thorow,
 With radiant Beams and Silver Streams,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.
 When *Aries* the Day and Night
 In equal Length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his Flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle green,
 Casts aff her former Sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell,
 In *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.
Pan playing on his aiten Reed,
 And Shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their Flocks to feed,
 The Hills and Haughs commending ;
 With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
 Sing to the Sun, good Morrow,
 And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.
 An House there stands on *Leader* side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,
 Like *Dedalus*' contriving :
 Men passing by, do often cry,
 In sooth it hath nae Marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader* Side,
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.
 A Mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis singing ;
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks she'll bide,
 Sweet Birds her Head o'er-hinging :

The Lintwhite loud, and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful Throats and narrow,
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Tarrow*.

The *Lapwing* lilteth o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wing she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:
 By break of Day, the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good Morrow,
 I'll streak my Wing, and mounting sing
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

Park, *Wanton-waaws*, and *Woden-cleugh*,
 The East and Western *Mainfes*,
 The Wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
 The Corps are good in *Blainsbes*,
 Where Aits are fine, and said be kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, none better are
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog*, and *Whitlads* Shaws,
 The fearful Hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodbeil* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth:
 Yet when she irks to *Kaidly Birks*,
 She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Tarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
 Than Mounds and Beigles crying?
 The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
 Upon her Speed relying.

But yet her Strength, it fails at length,
 Nae bellding can she borrow

In *Sarrel's* Fields, *Chickman* or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Tarrow*.

For *Rackwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spey*, *Shag*,
 With Sight and Scent pursue her,
 Till gh! her Pith begins to sag,
 Nae Cunnin can rescue her;

O'er Dub and Dike, o'er Seugh and Syke,
She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erslington*, and *Cowden-knows*,
Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
And *Drygrange* with the Milkwhite Ews,
'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing:
The Bird that flees throw *Reedpath* Trees,
And *Gledswood* Banks ilk Morrow,
May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*,
And bonny *Howms* of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
His *Grief*, while *Life* endureth,
To see the Changes of this Age,
That fleeting *Time* procureth;
For many a Place stands in hard Case,
Where blyth Fowk hend nae Sorrow,
With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* Side,
And *Scots*, that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

SONG CCCL. *Greenwood-tree*,

Farewel the World, and mortal Cares,
The ravish'd *Strephon* cry'd,
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by *Phyllis'* Side:
Let others toll for Wealth and Fame,
Whilst not one Thought of mine
At any other Bliss shall aim,
But those dear Arms of thine!
Still let me gaze on those bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue,
I nothing ask to swell my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long:
In close Embraces let us lie,
And spend our Lives to come,
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's Tomb.

SONG CCCLI. *Bless'd as she, &c.*

O Thers false Tongues can you believe,
Yet not my truer speaking Eyes?
Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The less I boast my real Flame,
The more my Passion Truth bespeaks;
Not what the Tongue but Eyes proclaim,
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like professing Friends,
Are more believ'd, the less they say;
Who more our artful Speeches minds,
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
Whilst they to thee such Love profess;
True Love is, like true Courage, seen,
But more as we pretend to't less.

SONG CCCLII. *Had I the World, &c.*

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
The distant Shore, and long to prove,
(Still richer in Variety)

The Treasure of the Land of Love.

We Women, like weak Indians, stand

Inviting, from our golden Coast,

The wand'ring Rovers to our Land;

But she, who trades with 'em is lost,

With humble Vows they first begin,

Stealing, unseen, into the Heart;

But by Possession settled in,

They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign,

In Ignorance, our shining Store;

Discover Nature's richest Mine,

And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,

How he can court, or you be won;

For Love is but Discovery,

When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

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SONG CCCLIII. *Dying Swan.*

W HEN Cynthia saw *Bathsheba's* Charms
In wanton Colours drest,
Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,
I dare not name the rest!

The blushing, envious, angry Maid,
Observ'd with various Passions tost,
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd
The Beauties she alone could boast.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,
To check the curious Painter's Pride,
To veil those Charms she only knew,
Those Beauties only she could hide,

'Tis well, enamour'd *Damon* cry'd,
E'en let the poultry Copy fall,
By you the Loss is well supply'd,
In you we find th' Original.

SONG CCCLIV. *The Soger Laddie.*

M Y Soger Laddie
Is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold
And Money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a Lady,
My Blessing gang with
My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
Is handsome and brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave;
True to his Country,
To Love he is steady,
There's few to compare
With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye Angels,
Frae Death in Alarms,

Return him with Lawrels
 To my langing Arms.
 Syne frae all my Care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wishes
 My Soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his Honours
 Bloom fair on his Brow;
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his due;
 For in noble Actions
 His Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

S O N G CCCLV. *The Cock Laird.*

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
 With Jenny did meet,
 He haws'd, he kis'd her,
 And ca'd her his Sweet.
 Wilt thou gae alang
 Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
 Thouse be my ain Lemmane,
 Jo Jenny, quoth he.
 If I gae alang wi' ye,
 Ye maunna fail,
 To feast me with Caddels
 And good Hacket-kail.
 The Deel's in your Nicety,
 Jenny, quoth he,
 Mayna Bannocks of Bear-meal
 Be as good for thee?
 And I maun hae Pinner,
 With Pearling set round,
 A Skirt of Puddy,
 And a Waistcoat of Broun.
 Awa with sic Vanities,
 Jenny quoth he,
 For Kurchies and Kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

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My Lairdship can yield me
 As milkie a Year,
 As had us in Pottage
 And good knocket Beer;
 But having nae Tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny,
 To buy ought I neter have
 A Penny quoth he.

The Borrowstoun Merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw Things,
 Abeit they sould break.
 When broken, frae Care
 The Fools are set free,
 When we make them Lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

SONG CCCLVI. *Within an, &c.*

Within an Arbour of Delight,
 As sweet as Bowers *Elysian*,
 Where famous *Sidney* us'd to write,
 I lately had a Vision:
 Methought beneath a golden State,
 The Turns of Chance obeying,
 Six of the World's most noted Great
 At *Piquette* were a playing.
 The first two were the brave *Eugene*,
 With *Vendosme* Battle waging,
 The next a Nymph, who to be Queen,
 Her *Monsieur* was engaging;
 The *Fleur-de-lis* old *Maintenon*,
 With sanctified *Carers*;
 And next above the scarlet *Don*,
 Queen *Anne*, and Gallick *Nero*.
 The Game between the Martial Braves
 Was held in diff'rent Cases,
 The *Frenchman* got *Quarters* of Knaves,
 But Prince *Eugene* four Aces!

And tho' the other's eldest Hand
 Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,
 Yet now the Point who soonest gain'd,
 Could only get the best on't.
 From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see
 The Churchman and the Lady,
 And found her pleas'd to high Degree,
 Her Fortune had been steady;
 The Saints that cramm'd the *Spanish Purse*,
 She hop'd would all oblige her;
 For he had but a little *Terse*,
 When she produc'd *Quint-Major*.
 But now betwixt the *King* and *Queen*
 An Empire was depending,
 Within whose mighty Game was seen
 The Art of State-contending;
 The *Monsieur* had three Kings to win't,
 And was o'er *Europe* roaming,
 But her *Full Point*, *Quatorze* and *Quint*,
 Won all, and left him foaming.

SONG CCCLVII. *Altho' I be, &c.*

Altho' I be but a Country Lasse,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear — O,
 And think myself as good as those
 That rich Apparel wear — O.
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun gray,
 My Skin it is as soft — O,
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
 And carry their Heads aloft — O.
 What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
 The Thing that must be done — O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shade me from the Sun — O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring — O,
 Then on a flow'ry Banck at Noon,
 I sit me down and sing — O.

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My Paisly Piggy, cork'd with Sags,
 Contains my Drink but thin — O ;
 No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt my Mind to sin — O ;
 My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
 I think them unco fine — O,
 And on a flowry Banck at Nooh,
 I set me down and dine — O.
 Altho' my Parents cannot raise
 Great Bags of shining Gold — O,
 Like them whase Daughters, now a Days,
 Like Swine are bought and sold — O ;
 Yet my fair Body it shall keep
 An honest Heart within — O,
 And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Pin — O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
 Nor Chains about my Neck — O.
 Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
 My Fingers straight to deck — O ;
 But for that Lad to me shall fa',
 And I have Grace to wed — O,
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
 I mean my Maidenhead — O.

O canny Fortune give to me
 The Man I dearly love — O,
 Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
 My Hands I can improve — O :
 Expecting for a Blessing still,
 Descending from above — O,
 Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating Tales of Love — O.

SONG CCCLVIII. *Waly, Waly,*
gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the Banck,
 And waly, waly down the Brae ;
 And waly, waly yon Burn-side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an Aik,
 I thought it was a trusty Tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.
 O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
 A little Time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the Morning Dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I buse my Head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.
 Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Antonie's Well* shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my Life I am weary.
 'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
 'Tis not the Cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow Town*,
 We were a comely Sight to see;
 My Love was eled in the black Velvet,
 And I my sell in Cramasie.
 But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane,
 For a Maid again I'll never be.

SONG CCCLIX. O! what, &c.

O H! what a Plague is Love,
 I cannot bear it!

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She will unconſtant prove,
I greatly fear it ;
It ſo torments my Mind,
That my Heart faileth ;
She wavers with the Wind,
As a Ship faileth ;
Pleaſe her the beſt I may,
She lov'd ſtill to gainſay,
Alack, and well-a-day !

Pbillada flouts me.

At the Fair t'other Day,
As ſhe paſſ'd by me,
She look'd another Way,
And wou'd not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But cou'd not get her,
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might entreat her.
With Daniel ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe wou'd not glance ;
Oh thrice unhappy Chance !

Pbillada flouts me.

Fair Maid be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me ;
I am my Mother's Joy ;
Sweet, entertain me ;
I ſhall have, when ſhe dies,
All Things that's fitting ;
Her Poultry, and her Bees,
And her Goole ſitting ;
A Pair of Mattreſs Beds,
A Barrel full of Shreds ;
And yet, for all theſe Goods,

Pbillada flouts me.

I often heard her ſay,
That ſhe lov'd Poſies ;
In the laſt Month of May
I gave her Roſes,

Cowslips, and Gilly-flowers,
And the sweet Lilly,
I got to deck the Bowers
Of my dear *Pbilly*.

She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,

Pbillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream
All the Year lasting,
And drink the chrystal Stream,
Pleasant in tasting:

Swig Whey, until you burst,
Eat Bramble-berries,
Pye-lid, and Pastry Crust,
Pears, Plumbe, and Cherries;

Thy Garments shall be thin,
Made of a Weather's Skin;
Yet all's not worth a Pin.

Pbillada flouts me.

Which Way foe'er I go,
She still torments me;

And whatfoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:

I fade, and pine away,
With Grief and Sorrow;

I fall quite to Decay,
Like any Shadow;

I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand Year,
And all because, my dear

Pbillada flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
And in Time take me;

I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.

There's *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton *Winnifred*
Favours me greatly;

One throws Milk on my Clothes,
T'other plays with my Nose ;
What pretty Toys are those !

Phyllada flouts me,

She has a Cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
Which she keeps as a Sign
Of my Fidelity ;

But if she frowns on me,
She shall ne'er wear it ;
I'll give it my Maid *Joan*,
And she shall tear it.

Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently ;
Yet all the World may see

Phyllada flouts me,

SONG CCCLX. *The Answer.*

O H! where's the Plague in Love,
That you can't bear it ?
If Men wou'd constant prove,
They need not fear it.

Young Maidens, soft and kind,
Are most in Danger ;

Men waver with the Wind,
Each Man's a Ranger :

Their Falshood makes us know,
That two Strings to our Bow
Is best, I find it so :

Barpaby doubts me,

'Tis I that shou'd despair,

'Tis you that slight me.

What tho' when at the Fair

Dick did invite me ;

Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd

You may believe me,

I often on thee glanc'd,

I'd not deceive thee ;

I saw thee look awry,

I knew the Reason why,
I can see with one Eye,
Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly Boy,
Do I disdain thee?
Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
I'd entertain thee;
Yet, wish I not her Death,
For ought she'd leave thee,
Nor, when Time stops her Frath,
Will I deceive thee.

What care I for her Geese,
Or Beds of carded Fleece?
Since this quite breaks my Peace,
Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say
That I lov'd Posies,
You, in the Month of May,
Brought me sweet Roses?
You never shew'd the Thing
That most wou'd please me;
A gay gold Wedding-Ring
Wou'd soon have eas'd me.
I should not with Disdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,

Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
Nor of the chrystal Stream,
Or Bramble-berries:
Most surely you forget
Our wonted Frisking,
The Cock'ril on the Spit,
And the Pork Grisking;
With more that might be said,
When I got Dame to Bed;
Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,

Barnaby doubts me.

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You say, whate'er you do,
 Nothing contents thee;
 I pray it may be so,
 Whilst thou torment'st me.
 I pine, and sigh, all Night;
 And wish for Morrow;
 I can have no Delight;
 I'm full of Sorrow.
 Oh! if I die, I fear,
 Within a thousand Year,
 My Ghost will make't appear,

Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted Hose,
 To save the Penny,
 But wou'd not spot thy Clothes;
 Like idle *Winny*:
 Yet wanton *Winnifred*
 You like much better;
 Or *Doll*, the Dairy-maid,
 If you cou'd get her.
 Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
 How can'st thou threaten me?
 But I knew how 'twould be,

Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which thou gav'st as a Sign
 Of thy Fidelity,
 I'll give it back again,
 To thee as Token,
 That by a perjurd Swain
 My sad Heart's broken.
 Oh! *Barnaby* unkind,
 Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,
 Too late, alas! I find,

Barnaby doubts me.

SONG CCCLXI. *All vs. &c.*

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
 And the Lord knows when 'twill cease;

Some for Interest, some for Glory,
 Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace;
 Since the High-Church then and Low,
 Make our daily Mischief grow,
 And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,
 Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out;
 How blest'd is the happy he,
 Who from Town and the Faction that is there,
 is free;
 For Love and no ill Ends,
 Treats his Neighbours and his Friends!
 He shall ever, in the Book of Fame,
 Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the High Purse-bearer,
 At his Levy no Crowds you see;
 He that was the Grand Cause-hearer,
 Now no longer makes Decree:
 Nay, to prove her Wavering evil,
 And that Fortune is the Devil;
 The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
 Whom they late did celebrate like a God,
 Scarce has any to drink his Health,
 If a Friend does not kindly put it round by
 Stealth:

A *Whig* is out o' Grace,
 And a *Tory* in his Place:
 Riddles all, and something is amiss,
 What a whimsical World is this!

SONG CCCLXII. *Tune, Sally, &c.*

I Am in truth
 A country Youth,
 Unus'd to *London* Fashions:
 Yet Virtue guides,
 And still presides
 O'er all my Steps and Passions.
 No courtly Leer,
 But all sincere,
 No Bribe shall ever blind me;

If you can like
A *Yorksire* Tike,
An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue
With Slander hung,
Does oft bely our Country;
No Men on Earth
Boast greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty,
Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,
And does for Business fit us;
In publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire or Nation,
He gains most Praise,
Who best displays

A generous Education:
While Rancour rolls
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning;
The truly Wise
Will only prize

Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

SONG CCCLXIII. *The Gossips.*

TWO Gossips they merrily met
At Nine in the Morning full soon;
And they were resolv'd for a Whet,
To keep their sweet Voices in Tune.
Away to the Tavern they went;
' Here *Joan* I vow and protest,
' That I have a Crown yet unspent,
' Come let's have a Cup of the best.
' And I have another, perhaps,
' A Piece of the very same Sort;
' Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,
' Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart!

And let it be Liquor of Life,
 ' Canary, or sparkling Wine!
 ' For I am a buxom young Wife,
 ' And I love to go gallant and fine,
 The Drawer as blythe as a Bird
 Came skipping with 'Cap in his Hand,
 ' Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
 ' The best shall be at your Command;
 A Quart of Canary he drew,
 ' Joan fill'd up a Glas and begun,
 ' Here Gossip's a Bumper to you,
 ' I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun!
 ' And, pray Gossip, did'nt you hear
 ' The common Report of the Town?
 ' A 'Squire of five hundred a Year
 ' Is marry'd to Doll of the Croton;
 ' A drabble-tail'd Slut, on my Word,
 ' Her Clothes hanging ragged and foul;
 ' In troth he would fain have a Bird,
 ' That would give a Groat for an Owl.
 ' And she had a Sister last Year,
 ' Whose Name they call'd galloping Peg;
 ' She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
 ' I warrant her right as my Leg;
 ' A Brewer he got her with Child,
 ' But e'en let them brew as they bake;
 ' I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ' But I'll neither meddle nor make.
 ' Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth,
 ' Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 ' She stole seven Yards of Broad Cloth,
 ' A Ring and a Locket of Gold;
 ' A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
 ' A flourishing Madam was she;
 ' But Margery told me the News,
 ' And it ne'er shall go further for me,
 ' We were at a Gossiping Club,
 ' Where we had a cheruping Cup,
 ' Of good humming Liquor, strong Bub!
 ' Your Husband's Name there it was up,

' For bearing a powerful Sway,
 ' All Neighbours his Valour have seen;
 ' For he is a C--kold they say,
 ' A Constable, Gossip, I mean.
 ' Dear Gossip, a Slip of the Tongue
 ' No Harm was intended in Mind;
 ' Chance Words they will mingle among
 ' Our others, we commonly find:
 ' I hope you won't take it amiss
 ' No, no, that were Folly in us;
 ' And if we perhaps get a Kiss,
 ' Pray what are our Husbands the worse?

SONG CCCLXIV. Eterick Banks.

When first those blooming Charms I
 spy'd,
 That smiling play on *Annie's* Face,
 Her Hair without affected Pride,
 Her Shape, her Mien, and every Grace;
 My Heart and every Pulse beat fast,
 In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,
 I felt new Motions in my Breast,
 The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!
 But when her Mirth, and lively Sense
 With Pleasure I attentive heard,
 Her chearful Wit and Innocence,
 In every Thought and Word appear'd!
 Those lovely Beauties of her Mind
 A noble lasting Joy impart,
 Excite a Passion more refin'd,
 And doubly captivate my Heart.
 When *Annie's* Presence I enjoy,
 A pleasing Warmth within me glows,
 No cloudy Cares my Bliss annoy,
 My Soul with Love and Joy o'erflows!
 So when the glorious God of Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night,
 Nature reviving, all looks gay,
 And welcomes the returning Light!

Oh would my Charmer make me blest,
 And yield to ease her Lover's Pain,
 My Fears all gone, my Soul at rest,
 Then Love and Joy should ever reign;
 Each gentle Hour, with fresh Delight,
 Wou'd pass away in mutual Love,
 In Peace we'd spend the Day and Night,
 And emulate the Blest above!

SONG CCCLXV. *Love inviting Reason.*

WHEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree;
 Ere *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely and loving and bony was she?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee,
 O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
 Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can Lap-dogs and Monkeys draw Tears fra thee E'en,
 That look with Indiff'rence on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 Ah! shou'd a new Manteau, or *Flanders-lace* Head,
 Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow sogetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
 That anes had some Hope of purchasing thine?
 Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangl'd *Saturny*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me?

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Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet
 Hout,
 That slade away fastly between thee and me;
 Ere Squirrels, or Beasts, or Fopp'ry had Power
 To rival my Love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG CCCLXVI. *An old, &c.*

AN old Baboon, of rueful Mien,
 Having long time a Courtier been,
 And many Revolutions seen,
 Amass'd up Wealth great Store.
 This Magnet draws him many Friends,
 Whom, Courtier-like, he condescends
 To promise what he ne'er intends,
 Or never thinks on more.

They, in Return, his Levee grace,
 Some praise his Wit, his Shape, his Face,
 In hopes to gain some pretty Place;
 But mark, how Fate devis'd!
 An Order came from Court one Day,
 To take his ill-got Wealth away;
 And like the Feather-borrowing Jay,
 Divested, he's despis'd.

SONG CCCLXVII. *Ye silvan, &c.*

YE silvan Powers that rule the Plains,
 Where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides;
 Conduct me to her Banks again,
 Since there my charming *Molly* bides.
 These Banks that breathe their vernal Sweets,
 Where every smiling Beauty meets;

Where *Molly's* Charms adorn the Plain,
 And cheer the Heart of every Swain.
 Thrice happy were these golden Days,
 When I, amidst the rural Throng,
 On *Fortha's* Meadows breath'd my Lays,
 And *Molly's* Charms were all my Song,
 While she was present all were gay,
 No Sorrow did our Mirth alloy;
 We sung of Pleasure, sung of Love,
 And Musick breath'd in every Grove.
 O then! was I the happiest Swain,
 No adverse Fortune marr'd my Joy;
 The Shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
 O'er *Fortha's* mazy Burks we stray'd,
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid;
 The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
 And both with equal Ardour burn'd.
 Oft on the grassy Bank reclin'd,
 Where *Forth* flow'd by in Murmurs deep,
 It was my happy Chance to find
 The charming *Molly* lull'd asleep;
 My Heart then leap'd with inward Bliss,
 I softly stoop'd and steal'd a Kiss;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, to chide me fell,
 But smil'd as if she lik'd it well.
 Oft in the thick embow'ring Groves,
 Where Birds their Musick chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our Loves,
 And *Fortha's* fair Meanders view'd.
 The Meadows wore a general Smile,
 Love was our Banquet all the while;
 The lovely Prospect charm'd the Eye,
 To where the Ocean met the Sky.
 Ye silvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
 To whom we Swains our Cares impart;
 Restore me to these blest Abodes,
 And ease, oh! ease my Love-sick Heart;
 These happy Days again restore,
 When *Molly* and I shall part no more.

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When she shall fill these longing Arms,
And crown my Bliss with all her Charms.

SONG CCCLXVIII. *Zeno, Plato, &c.*

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
All were Lovers of the Bottle;
Poets, Painters, and Musicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,
All admire a pretty Lass,
All require a chearful Glas;
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
Love and Drinking are no Treason.

SONG CCCLXIX. *Willy was, &c.*

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
The blythest Lad that e'er I saw,
At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
And carried ay the gree awa:
His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his Shouder hang a Tag,
That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.
He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a Law.
His Boots they were made of the Jag,
When he went to the Weapon-shaw,
Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.
And was not Willy well worth Gowd?
He wan the Love of great and sma';
For after he the Bride had kis'd,
He kis'd the Lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
When be the Hand he led them a',
And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
By Virtue of a Standing Law.

And was nae *Willy* a great Lown,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Lasses round,
 The Bridgroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.
 Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a Wee fill up the Ring;
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, weel's me on your bonny Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.
 Bridgroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the Ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling.

SONG CCCLXX. *My Masters, &c.*

MY Masters and Friends, and good People
 draw near,
 And look to your Purfes, for that I do say,
 And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
 It cost more to get than to lose in a Day;
 You oft have been told,
 The Young and the Old,
 And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;
 Then if you take heed not, free me from the
 Curse,
 Who give you fair Warning against the Cut-purse.
*Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starv'd at
 Nurse;
 Than to be bang'd for cutting a Purse.*

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It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime,
Alack and for Pity, why should it be said?

As if they regarded the Place or the Time:

Examples have been,

Of some that were seen,

In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between:

Then why should the Judges be free from this
Curse,

More than my poor self, for Cutting the Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th' Goal,

A Knight of good Worth did there shew his

Face,

Against the small Sinner in Rage for to rail,

And lost, *ipso Facto*, his Purse i'th' Place;

Nay even from the Seat

Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Purse of Velvet,

O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse

Are those that so venture their Neck for a Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,

'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make:

Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,

They stick not, but stare about Purse to take:

Nay, once without Grace,

At a better Place,

At Court, and at *Christmas* before the King's

Face:

Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse,

That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh! thou vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and repent, and amend, and be sound,

And know that you ought not by honest Men's

Fall,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above

Ground;

And tho' you go gay,
 In Silks, as you may,
 It is not the Highway to *Heaven*, (they say)
 Repent, then repent ye for better for worse,
 And kifs not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.
Youth, Youth, &c.

SONG CCCLXXI. *There was, &c.*

THere was an old Woman that had but one
 Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee;
 He took great Pains,
 But got little Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
*With a fadariddle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la
 la fa la la re.*

And as he was going Home,
 He met his old Mother upon the High-way;
 O Mother, quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long;
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Then e'er I had when I was young,
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have, you shall see;
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 And I shall have seven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

And those seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps seven Cocks they may chance for to be;
 And when those seven Cocks are seven Capons,
 There will be seven Half-Crowns for me.
With a fa, &c.

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But as he was going Home,
Accounting up of his Riches all ;
His Foot it stumbled against a Stone,
Down came Butter-milk, Pitcher and all.
With a fa, &c.

Chorus.

His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dis-
patch'd :

This 'tis so count Chickens before they are
batch'd.

With a fa, &c.

SONG CCCLXXII. *The Kirk wad
let me be.*

I Was anes a well-tocher'd Lais,
My Mither left Dollars to me ;
But now I'm brought to a poor Pass,
My Step-dame has gart them flee,
My Father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the Deel with his Gear ;
She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
And keeps the hale House in a Steer.
She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine ;
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine :
But soon I might hope a Revenge,
And soon of my Sorrows be free,
My Poorteth to Plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth Ringan, who lang Time had loo'd
This bonny Lais tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy Snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me,
'Tis only your Sell that I want,
Your Kindness is better to me,
Than a' that your Step-mother, scap'd
Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer it's true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
 But I have Milk-kattle enow,
 And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard,
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax Servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie,
 And gae thy Ways hame with me.
 The Maiden her Reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amiss,
 Consented; — while *Rinnan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a Kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singin,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Rinnan*,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

SONG CCCLXXIII. *Belinda's, &c.*

BELINDA'S blest with ev'ry Grace;
 See Beauty triumphs in her Face;
 Her Charms such lively Rays display,
 They kindle Darkness into Day!
 When she appears, all Sorrow flies,
 And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes;
 Around her wait the flutt'ring Lovers,
 When graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG CCCLXXIV. *'Tis now, &c.*

TIS now since I sat down before
 That foolish Fort a Heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
 And still I did my Part:
 Made my Approaches, from her Hand
 Unto her Lip did rise;
 And did already understand
 The Language of her Eyes.
 Proceeded on with no less Art,
 My Tongue was Engineer;

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I thought to undermine the Heart
 By whispering in the Ear.
 When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great Cannon Oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the Town,
 And still it yielded not.
 I then resolv'd to starve the Place,
 By cutting off all Kisse,
 Praising and gazing on her Face,
 And all such little Bliss.
 To draw her out, and from her Strength,
 I drew all Batteries in,
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 As if no Siege had been.
 When I had done what Man could do,
 And thought the Place mine own,
 The Enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.
 I sent to know from whence, and where,
 These Hopes, and this Relief:
 A Spy inform'd, *Honour* was there,
 And did command in Chief.
 March, march, (quoth I,) the Word straight give,
 Let's lose no Time, but leave her
 That Giant upon Air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.
 To such a Place our Camp remove,
 As will no Siege abide.
 I hate a Fool, that starves her Love,
 Only to feed her Pride.

SONG CCCLXXV. *Lonely, &c.*

Lonely Groves, young *Strephon* chusing,
 There t'indulge his am'rous Musing,
 Love augments, while Love he blames.
 Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish,
 Thus with Care I pine and languish,
 Thus consume amid your Flames.

I despair at *Celia's* Frowning ;
 When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning,
 Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.
Loves, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
 Conscious of his Presence made him,
 And his Godhead thus express:
 While you speak of Pains and Dying,
 Soothing Rapture you're enjoying ;
 My soft Empire's built on Sighs ;
 When those anxious Cares are over,
 Soon you lose the Name of Lover ;
 Love insipid grows, and dies.

SONG CCCLXXVI. *Iris, &c.*

IRIS on a Bank of Thyme,
 With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
 Said to lovely *Calamine*,
 Let not Men your Heart surprize,
 Men are all compos'd of Lies.
 Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
 And as many Vows repeat ;
 All they swear, is common Air,
 All they promise, but Deceit :
 Man was never constant yet.
 Wisely then preserve your Heart
 From the Tyranny of Fate ;
 For only they can act their Part,
 When Love has its Return of Fate ;
 Then Repentance comes too late.

SONG CCCLXXVII. *Tell me, &c.*

TELL me, *Silene*, why you fill
 With fancied Woes your Life ?
 Why's all your Time expended still,
 In thinking, or in talking ill,
 Of your too virtuous Wife ?
 For, Faith, I can't see to what End
 You keep her up so close ;

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Nor how you could yourself offend,
That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
You never leave your House.

Ah! were she but advis'd by me,
Her many Taunts and Scorns
With Int'rest should refunded be,
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
By decking thee with Horns.

SONG CCCLXXVIII. Pan, &c.

PAN leave Piping, the Gods have done
Feasting,

There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day's
Mortals marvel at *Corydon's* Jestling,

That gives the Assistance to entertain *May*.
The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their
Faces,

So lively as passes, trip over the Down:
Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at
Barleybreak;

Lord what Haste they make for a Green-gown,
John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*,
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,

For they were reported to have the best Skill:
But *Cec'ly* and *Nancy*, the fairest of many,

That came last of any from out of the Towns,
Quickly got in among the Midst of all the
Throng,

They so much did long for their Green-gowns.
Wanton *Deborah* whisper'd with *Dorothy*,

That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her Authority,

And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.

But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,

And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,

Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,

Lest *Christian* should carry away the Green-
gown.

Blanch and *Beatrice*, both of a Family,
 Came very lasy lagging behind;
Annis and *Aimable* noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, altho' he be blind;
 But *Wenny* the witty, that came from the City,
 With *Parnel* the pretty, and *Bessie* the brown;
Glen, *Jean*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice*, and bonny
Nell,

Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green
 Meadow,

Where they intended to gather their *May*,
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
 Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
 But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,
 Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
 And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
 And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they desir'd to know of a Truth,
 If all their Fellows were in the like Case.
Nem call'd for *Ede*, and *Ede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace*;
 But there was no Speaking, they answer'd with
 Squeaking,

The pretty Lass breaking the Head of the
 Clown;

But some were wooing, while others were doing,
 Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright *Apolla* was all this while peeping,
 To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng;
 But missing her, hastily downwards was creeping,
 For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarry'd too long;
 Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward
 returned,

For *Cynthia* scorned to smile, or to frown;
 Thus they did gather *May*, all the long Sum-
 mer-day,

And at Night went away with a Green-gown.

The following SONGS to be sung in
their proper Places, in the Ading of
the Gentle Shepherd: At each the
Page marked where they come in.

SONG CCCLXXIX. *The Wawking of
the Faulds. Sung by Patie, Page 1.*

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane.
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish na mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld:
And naithing gies me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence the wale of Sanse,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

SONG CCCLXXX. *By gar rae her
o'er with Strae. Sung by Patsie, p. 6.*

Dear Rager, if your Jenny geek,
And answer Kindness with a Slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
For Women in a Man delight;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple Face give way
To a Repulse — then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.
When Maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;
But tent the Language of their Ears;
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your Love with Hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SONG CCCLXXXI. *Polwart on the
Green. Sung by Peggy, p. 10.*

THE dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld;
The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave;
They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SONG CCCLXXXII. *O dear Mother,
what shall I do? Sung by Jenny, p. 11.*

O Dear Peggy Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;

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Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betide you.
Lasses when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys,

SONG CCCLXXXIII. *How can I
be sad on my Wedding Day. Sung by
Peggy, p. 12.*

HOW shall I be sad when a Husband I ha'e,
That has better Sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives
Snools, [Wife,
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.

SONG CCCLXXXIV. *Nan'sy's to the
Green Wood gane. Sung by Jenny, p. 15.*

I Yield, dear Lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us,
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fas,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.

SONG CCCLXXXV. *Cald Kae in
Aberdeen. Sung by Gland or Symon,
p. 18.*

CAuld be the Rebels Cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.

Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And very high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King, and Nation.

SONG CCCLXXXVI. *Marking of*
Geordy's Byer. Sung by Symon, p. 19.

THE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To rise aboon Poverty;
Else he like the Pack-horse that's unfather'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

SONG CCCLXXXVII. *Carle and the*
King come. Sung by Mauso, p. 24.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
PEGGY, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
PEGGY, since the King's come.
Nae mair the Hawkies thou shalt milk,
But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that ilk,
Now, PEGGY, since the King's come.

SONG CCCLXXXVIII. *Winter*
was cold, and my Cloathing was thin.
Sung by Peggy and Patie, p. 30.

PEGGY.
WHEN first my dear Laddie gade to the
green Mill,
And I at Ew-milking first bryd my young Skiff,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain wad to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.
When Corn Bliggs wad yellow, and Nod
Heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorlands and sweet rising

Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckens, gave Trouble
to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the
Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain
Thy lika Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me,
For nane can Put, Wrestle, or Run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny, sings saftly the Cowden Brooch
Knows,
And Rasse liltis sweetly the Milking the Ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Best gars our Lugs
ring;

But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Beat-man, Tweed-side, or the Last of the
Mill,

'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can Lassies trow what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly encreases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SONG CCCLXXXIX. Patie and Peg-
gy. Sung by Patie and Peggy. p. 32.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowling Eye, which smiling tell the
Truth,

I guess my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done;

The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye;
Red-checked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PAGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* Arms for good and a;
But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

O charming *Armasu*! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live lang Day;
A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O lass your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day!
And if ye're weary'd, banish Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Wee that Night.

S O N G CCCXC. Happy Churn.
Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

HID from himself, now by the Dawn
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn
After his bleating Flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.

Life happy from Ambition free,
Envy and vile Hypocrisie,
Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,
Unfalsified with a Crime;

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Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping of their Pride and State;
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.

SONG CCCXCI. Leith Wynd.

Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 47.

WERE I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy Maid beset with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond Heart of mine
Has lang, a Back-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

Recess.

I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
Upon thy Breast recline;
The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
Is *Jenny* then so kind? —
O let me brist thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine!
Delightful Thought! we'll never part!
Come press thy Mouth to mine.

SONG CCCXCII. O'er Begie.

Sung by Jenny, p. 48.

WELL I agree, ye'r sure o'ma;
Next to my Father ga.
Make him content to give Consent,
He'll hardly say you nay;
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal,
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.

Then never range, or learn to change,
Like these in high Degree :
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.

SONG CCCXCIII. *Was ye wba I met
Yestreen. Sung by Sir William, p. 54.*

NOW from Rusticity, and Love,
Whose Flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His Soul must take another Turn :
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only shews its Light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

SONG CCCXCIV. *Kirk wad let me
be. Sung by Patie, p. 63.*

Duty and Part of Reason,
Plead strong on the Parents Side,
Which Love superior calls Treason ;
The strongest must be obey'd ;
For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repells ;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.

SONG CCCXCV. *Woes my Heart that
we should sunder. Sung by Peggy, p. 67.*

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my Grief
Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
When Patie must from Peggy sunder.
A gentler Face and Silk Attire,
A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
Alas! poor me ! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.
No more the Shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,

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Shall now his *Peggy's* Praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented Rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder,
 Again ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent Duty,
 Kindly to watch the while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring Lover,
 Threw Life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a Wife to any other.

SONG CCCXCVI. *Tweed-side.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 68.

When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
 Where'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night,
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him ever in sight.
 With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.
 For Beauty that's only Skin-deep,
 Must fade like the Gowns of *May*,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love.

If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.

SONG CCCXCVII. *Bush about
Traquair. Sung by Peggy. p. 70.*

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee
I'll visit oft the Birken-Bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Loves, and hid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst unfold me.
To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;
Or where the Summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.

SONG CCCXCVIII. *Bony gray-ey'd
Morn. Sung by Sir William. p. 74.*

THE bony gray-ey'd Morning begins to
peep,
And Darkness flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lasy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day,
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plough,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.
While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with
Loss,
Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.

Be my Portion Health, and Quietness of Mind,
Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,
Where neither Ambition or Avarice blind,
Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his
Fate.

The End of the Songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

SONG CCCXCIX. *There's my Thumb.*

BOAST no more, fond Swain, of Pleasure
That the sickle Fair can give thee;
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,
And all thy Hopes will soon deceive thee.
Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;
Her Smiles I've known, and her Disdaining;
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;
And *Chloe* still will be complaining.

SONG CCCC. *Old Saturn, &c.*

OLD *Saturn*, that Drone of a God,
And Father of all the Divine,
Still govern'd the World with a Nod,
Yet fancy'd brisk Women and Wine;
And when he was whimsical grown,
By sipping his plentiful Bowl,
Then frankly the Truth he would own,
That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul.
Great *Jupiter*, like his old Dad,
To Love and a Bottle inclin'd,
When mellow, was constantly glad
To find a plump Girl to his Mind;
And then, as the Story is told,
He'd conjure himself in her Arms,
As once in a Shower of Gold
He ris'd fair *Diana's* Charms.
Stern *Mars*, the great God of the Field,
All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
At Night his fierce Godship would yield
To Beauty and Wine that was good;

With Nectar he'd cherish his Heart,
 And raise up his wanton Desires,
 Then to *Venus*, his Darling impart
 The Warmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
 Full Goblets would merrily drain,
 And sing forth poetical Lays,
 When the Fumes had got into his Brain;
 But still as he whimsical grew,
 By toping the Juice of the Vine,
 To *Parnassus* daily he flew,
 To kiss all the Musical Nines.

Sly *Mercury* too, like the rest,
 Made Wenching and Wine his Delight,
 And thought himself perfectly blest
 With a Bottle and Mistress at Night;
 No Wonder Debauches he lov'd,
 And Cheating his Pleasure he made,
 For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
 That Pimping was always his Trade.

Plump *Bacchus*, that tun-belly'd Sot,
 His Thirst could but seldom allay,
 Till astride o'er a Hoghead he got,
 And drank all the Liquor away;
 As long as upright he could sit,
 He'd strenuous bellow for more;
 When drunk, then the Vessel would quit,
 And reel to some *Bacchanal* Whore.

SONG CCCC. *Here's to thee, &c.*

Here's to thee, my *Damon*, let's drink and
 be merry,
 And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of
 Sherry;
 Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and
 Love.

Here's *Phillis's* Health; Lo! the Liquor flows
 higher,
 'Tis *Phillis's* Name that awakens that Fire;

Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence
 shine,
 And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.
 Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye
 Swains,
 Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the
 Plains;
 Pluck only such Roses, as worthy the Fair,
 And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care;
 While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we re-
 tire,
 To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
 In languishing Blisses, we'll live, and we'll
 die,
 She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her
 Eye.

S O N G CCCCII. *The' bootless, &c.*

TH O' bootless I must needs complain,
 My Fate is so extrem;
 I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 Yet all was but a Dream;
 For as that Love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone;
 I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
 I'd rather *be alone*.
 No Creature, be she ne'er so fair,
 Shall any more beguile
 My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
 Nor tempt me with a Smile;
 I'll never think Affection feign'd,
 That is so fairly shewn;
 I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
 I'd rather *be alone*.
 Should now the little God conspire
 Again t'entrap my Mind;
 And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
 Alas! the Boy's too blind:

For such I'll never venture Smiles,
 Nor hazard Mirth for none;
 Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is so burnt out,
 The Diamond's Light abides;
 The Fire her Glory hurls about,
 The Woman her Virtue hides:
 That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews like to none;
 For if to ev'ry Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman should deceive my Thought,
 With Colours not in Grain;
 Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
 Into my Hands again:
 I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
 I'll love upon my own;
 Nor shall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
 My loving Labour's lost;
 I'll be no more so rarely blest,
 To be so strangely crost:
 The Love-lost Turtle so doth die,
 The Phoenix is but One;
 They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

SONG CECCHII. *No more &c.*

NO more will I my Passion hide,
 Tho' too presuming it appear;
 When long Despair a Heart has try'd,
 What other Torments can it fear?
 Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
 Nor die, 'till she the Sentence give.
 Why should the Fair offended be,
 If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dress;
 If where so much Divine I see,
 My open Vows the Saint confess?

Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I despise.

SONG CCCCIV. *Phyllis* &c.

PHYLLIS has such charming Graces,

Beauty triumphs in her Eye;

She was made for the Embraces

Of some mighty Deity.

Phyllis has such charming Graces,

I must love her, tho' I die.

Have a Care, Celestial Creature,

Coyness may your Beauty pall;

You an Angel are by Nature;

Angels by their Pride lost all.

Have a Care, Celestial Creature,

Lest I triumph in your Fall.

SONG CCCCIV. *With ev'ry* &c.

WITH ev'ry Grace young *Strephon* chose

His Person to adorn,

That, by the Beauties of his Face,

In *Sylvia's* Love he might find Place,

And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part;

But ah! 'twas all in vain;

A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,

Had talk'd himself into her Heart,

And would not out again.

With Change of Habits *Strephon* press'd,

And urg'd her to admire;

His Love, alone the other dress'd,

As Verse or Prose became it best;

And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found, his Courtship *Strephon* ends,

Or makes it to his Glass;

There in himself now seeks Attends;

Convinc'd, that where a *W*in pretends,

A *Beau* is but an Ass.

SONG CCCCVI. Maria, &c.

MARIA, when my Sight you bless,
 Each Morn beneath your Cow,
 How can the Swain his Joy express,
 To see thee in thy rural Dress,
 And hear thee Singing too?
 Thy Milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
 Denotes thy purer Thought,
 As clear from Falshood as Disdain;
 And in thy soft and cheerful Strain
 My Cares are all forgot.
 Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
 More fragrant than the Hay;
 Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn;
 Or Clover-grass, or green-ear'd Corn;
 Or Cows, more sweet than they.
 Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,
 Whilst I thy Charms recite;
 Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Blossoms;
 And thy engaging Smiles disclose
 Two Rows of Iv'ry white.
 But oh! the Burden of my Song!
 Those Charms may fall a Prey,
 And be commanded, right or wrong,
 By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue
 Can neither sing nor say.
 The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
 Regal'd our Smell alas!
 No more must rear his bloomy Head;
 Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,
 Or mow'd with common Grass.
 The cheerful Mornings, once so blest,
 So Ex'mings are o'er;
 Ye Cows, whose Teats Maria prest
 Farewel: My Pipe has done its best,
 Maria smiles no more.

SONG CCCCVII. *My Heart, &c.*

MY Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
 But Reason will not stoop;
 I love that Angel's Face, but fear
 The Serpent in your Hoop.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,
 But oh! what Pains succeed,
 When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
 And Love a Fire indeed!

The Fly about the Candle gay

Dances, with thoughtless Hum;

But short, alas! his giddy Play,

His Pleasure proves his Doom,

The Child, in such Simplicity,

About the Bee-Hive clings,

And with one Drop of Honey, he

Receives a hundred Stings.

SONG CCCCVIII. *Lovers, &c.*

Lovers, who waste your Thoughts and Youth,

In Passion's fond Extremes;

Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,

And doat upon your Dreams;

I should not here your Fancy take

From such a pleasing State;

Were you not sure at last to wake,

And find your Fault too late;

Then learn betimes, the Love which crown

Our Cares, is all but Wiles;

Compos'd of false fantastick Frowns,

And soft dissembling Smiles.

With Anger, which sometimes they feign,

They cruel Tyrants prove;

And then turn Flatterers again,

With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant

To those they kindly us'd,

Those Lovers are the most content,
 That have been still refus'd.
 Since each has in his Bosom nurs'd
 A false and fawning Foe;
 'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,
 To 'scape the fatal Blow.

SONG CCCCIX. Clarinda, &c.

CLARINDA, the Pride of the Plain,
 So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
 Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
 Sat pensive, and folding her Arms.
 Her Lute, and her shining Attire,
 Neglected, were laid at her Side;
 While pining with hopeless Desire,
 The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd.
 Oh! could the past Hours but return,
 When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart,
Clarinda would mutually burn,
 Would mutually suffer the Smart;
 But far from the Plain he is gone,
 Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,
 Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
 And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.
 How oft at these Feet has he lain,
 Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!
 But all his Complaints were in vain,
 I foolishly deat on State,
 I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
 To sparkle in golden Array;
 By my Dress and my Charms to be known,
 In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.
 I thought without Grandeur and Fame,
 That Marriage no Blessing could prove;
 Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim;
 And I slighted poor *Angelot's* Love.
 Such Madness befotter'd my Mind,
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain,

I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain,
 How happy my Fortune had been,
 Could my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!
 In Bliss I had rivall'd a Queen;
 Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride:
 With him more Content I had found,
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,
 With a Passion that never would die.
 I had feasted with innocent Joy
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;
 While the Fears which the Great-ones annoy,
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!
 His Love I can never regain;
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.
 Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
 When the Swain to the Green did advance;
 In his Hand his new Consort appears,
 With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance,
 Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
 To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
 (Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
 And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG CCCCX. Come, Lassie, &c.

Come, Lassie, lend me your braw Hemp
 Heckle,
 And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
 For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye heckle,
 If you'll go dance *the Bob of Dunblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the Grond of ye'r Trunkles,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monks
 Be better than dancing *the Bob of Dunblane*.
 Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow sickle,
 And tak my Word and Offer again,

Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
Ye didna accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying alane;
Away then, leave both Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

SONG CCCCXI. Betty early, &c.

BETTY early gone a *Maying*,
Met her Sweetheart *Willie* straying;
Design or Chance, no Matter whether,
But this we know, he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Bush discovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment still improving;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em;
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See how the op'ning blushing Rose,
Does all her secret Charms disclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure
Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Bliss
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses;
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my *Best*, will leave no Traces
Of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying;
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

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SONG CCCCXII. *How happy's, &c.*

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person, admires!
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,
Where, in his sweet Face
Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
His Heart on fire,
Is sure his Desire.

No Rival will ever oppose,
But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her,

From one that makes Love to himself!
While nice in Dress,
And sure of Success,

He thinks she can never get free;
With smiling Eyes,

She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

SONG CCCCXIII. *Happy Insect!*

HAPPY Insect! what can be
In Happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with Nourishment Divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still;
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread;
For Nature's Self's thy Ganyede!

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest King!
All the Fields which thou dost see;
All the Plants belong to thee.

All the Summer Hours Produce,
Fertile made with early Juice,

Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy;
Nor does thy Luxury destroy;
With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee,
Far more harmonious sing than he!

Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
Thee *Phebus* loves, and does inspire;
Bright *Phebus* is himself thy Sire!

To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
Happy Insect! thrice happy thou!
Dost neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'st, and sing'st
Thy Fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer Feast,
Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

SONG CCCCXIV. To bug, &c.

TO hug yourself in perfect Ease,
What would you wish for more than this?
A healthy, clean, paternal Seat,
Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove, to hold
A constant Fire from Winter's Cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from Court, God bless the King!

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
From Party-Rage, and Great Men's Paw,
Have choice few Friends of your own Cast,
A Wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,
Where guilty Cares no Entrance find,
Nor Miser's Fears, nor Envy's Spight,
To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temperate Meals,
Few Taylors, and no Doctor's Bills;

Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,
A longer or a shorter Lease.

SONG CCCCXV. *Awful Hero, &c.*

A Wful Hero, *Marlb'ro'*, rise!
Sleepy Charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid Eyes:
Lo! thy Genius calls, awake!

Well survey this faithful Plan,
Which records thy Life's great Story;
'Tis a short, but crowded Span,
Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.

One by one thy Deeds review:
Sieges, Battles, thick appear;
Former Wonders lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous Year.

This is *Blenheim's* crimson Field,
Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain'd;
Here retiring Squadrons yield,
And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind
All the Wonders thou hast wrought;
Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,
Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Rest thee here, while Life may last:
Th'utmost Bliss to Man allow'd,
Is to trace his Actions past,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone, — O Mortal born!
Swift the fading Scenes remove —
Let 'em pass with noble Scorn:
Thine are Worlds which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foresee;
Men who gazed wond'rous Things,
Tho' they yield in Fame to thee.

Foremost in the Patriot Band,
Shining with distinguish'd Day,

See thy Friend *Godolphin* stand!
 See! he beckons thee away,
 Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,
 Let thy ravish'd Thought explore;
 Wishing, panting for thy Flight!
 Half an Angel; Man no more.

SONG CCCCXVI. 'Twas, &c.

'T WAS forth in a Morning, a Morning of
May,
 A Soldier and his Mistress were walking arm'd;
 And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
 I heard a Lass cry, *my Apron now*.

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
 Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother!
 But I was a young Thing, and easy to woo,
 And my Belly bears up *my Apron now*.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
 Is something the shorter, tho' naithing the less;
 I only was wi' ye a Night or two,
 And yet you cry out, *my Apron now*!

SONG CCCCXVII. Of Leinster, &c.

O F *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens' falls,
 Bright *Lucy* was the Grace;
 Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid Stream
 Reflect so sweet a Face.

'Till luckless Love, and pining Care,
 Impair'd her rosy Hue,
 Her coral Lips, and damask Cheeks,
 And Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh! have you seen a Lily pale,
 When beating Rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming Maid,
 Her Life now near its End.
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
 Take Head, ye easy Fair;
 Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
 Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

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Three Times, all in the Dead of Night;

A Bell was heard to ring;

And Shrieking at her Window thrice,

The Raven flap'd his Wing;

Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew

The solemn boding Sound;

And thus, in dying Words, bespoke

The Virgins weeping round.

"I hear a Voice you cannot hear,

"Which says, I must not stay;

"I see a Hand you cannot see,

"Which beckons me away.

"By a false Heart, and broken Vows,

"In early Youth I die;

"Was I to blame, because his Bride

"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Collin! give not her thy Vows,

"Vows due to me alone;

"Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,

"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the Church to wed,

"Impatient, both prepare;

"But know, fond Maid; and know, false Man,

"That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my Coarse, my Comrades, bear,

"This Bridegroom blythe to meet;

"He in his Wedding Trim so gay,

"I, in my Winding-Sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd; her Coarse was borne,

The Bridegroom blythe to meet;

He in his Wedding Trim so gay,

She in her Winding-Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's Thoughts?

How were these Nuptials kept?

The Bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,

And all the Village wept.

Confusion, Shams, Remorse, Despairs,

At once his Bosom swell;

The Damps of Death-bedew'd his Brow,

He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
 The varying Crimson fled;
 When stretch'd before her Rival's Coarse,
 She saw her Husband dead.
 Then to his *Lucy's* new made Grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,
 For ever now remains.
 Oft at this Grave, the constant Hind
 And plighted Maid are seen;
 With Garlands gay, and True-love Knots,
 They deck the sacred Green.
 But, Swain forbear, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd Spot forbear;
 Remember *Collins's* dreadful Fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

SONG CCCCXVIII. *When thy, &c.*

When thy Beauty appears,
 In its Graces and Airs,
 All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
 At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fear;
 So strangely you dazzle my Eye!
 But when, without Art,
 Your kind Thoughts you impart,
 When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein,
 When it darts from your Eyes, when it paints
 in your Heart,
 Then I know you're a Woman again.
 There's a Passion and Pride
 In our Sex (she reply'd)
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

SONG CCCCXIX. *Thine, &c.*

Thine is, inconstant, apt to rove,
 Seated in a shady Grove,
 Thus besought the God of Love;

*Son of Venus, powerful Boy,
 Author of our Grief and Joy,
 Hear an ardent Lover's Pray'r,
 And bring me my Clarinda here.*

Cupid his Petition heard;
 Fair *Clarinda* soon appear'd;
 Youth and Beauty round her shining,
 Youth and Innocence combining,
 With generous Fires inflam'd his Breast,
 While thus the Swain their Power confess:

*Lovely Nymph, no more I'll range;
 Thirstis, now, no more will change;
 All that may give Delight I see,
 All thy beauteous Sex in thee;
 Love, join'd with Virtue chaste and true,
 Will always make Clarinda new.*

SONG CCCCXX. *Since, &c.*

Since all that's fair in Womankind,
 You boast you can discover,
 Search, with a Freedom unconfin'd,
 Their Stock of Charms all over.

And when the mighty Pains you've took,
 And said what'er you can say,
 You'll own; the fairest, in her Smock,
 Was fairer in your Fancy.

SONG CCCCXXI. *Corinna, &c.*

CORINNA, I excuse thy Face,
 Those erring Lines which Nature drew;
 When I reflect, that every Grace
 Thy Mind adorns, is just and true.

But oh! thy Wit, what God has sent?
 Surprising, airy, unconfin'd;
 Some Wonder sure, *Apollo* meant,
 And shot himself into thy Mind.

SONG CCCCXXII. *Ab! &c.*

AH! *Chloris*, 'tis Time to disarm your
 bright Eyes,
 And lay by those terrible Glances;
 We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the Rules of Romances.
 When once your round Bubbles begin but to pour,
 They'll allow you no long Time of Courting;
 And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
 For all Maidens are mortal at fourteen.

SONG CCCCXXIII. *Almeria's, &c.*

ALMERIA'S Face, her Shape, her Air,
 With Charms restless wound the Heart;
 In vain you for Defence prepare,
 When from her Eyes Love throws his Dart.
 So strong, so swift the Arrow flies,
 Such sure Destruction flying makes;
 The bold Opposer quickly dies!
 The Fugitive it overtakes!
 Nor Stratagem, nor Force avails,
 No feign'd Submission sets you free;
 One Look o'er all your Arts prevails,
 There's no Way safe but not to see!
 For such the Magic of her Arms,
 And wounding she does so allure;
 The unexperienc'd court their Harms;
 The wounded never with a Cure.

SONG CCCCXXIV. *Nature so, &c.*

Nature so tender to *Chloe* has shown,
 She ne'er can surrender a Heart she has
 won;
 Such is her Behaviour, so wise is her Aim,
 That none boast her Favour, nor any complain,
 Oh could I move her!
 My Chains easy grown,

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Shou'd serve her gay Lover,

To shew I'm her own;

Or were she but cruel!

I Freedom might find;

But oh, to my Ruin!

She's not cruel nor kind!

SONG CCCCXXV. *Woman, &c.*

Woman, thoughtless, giddy Creature;
Laughing, idle flutt'ring Thing!

Most fantastick Work of Nature!

Still, like Fancy, on the Wing,

Slaye to ev'ry changing Passion,

Loving, hating, in Extream;

Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,

And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!

Conqu'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!

Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,

Of all Vanities most vain.

Thus deriding Beauty's Power,

Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;

But in less than half an Hour,

Kneel'd and whin'd at *Celia's* Feet.

SONG CCCCXXVI. *Gently, &c.*

Gently hear me, charming Fair,

Ever kind, and ever dear;

All my dying Pains remove,

Cbloe, smile, and say, you love,

On your Bosom let me lay,

Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kisses, pow'rful Joys,

Such as Death, nor Time destroys.

Oh! my dearest fair one, give,

So I ever blest shall live;

More than Gods in Heaven can be;

Thou alone art Heaven to me.

SONG CCCCXXVII. *As Amoret, &c.*

AS Amoret and Phillis sat
 One Evening on the Plain,
 And saw the charming *Shepherd* wait,
 To tell the Nymph his Pain;
 The threat'ning Danger to remove,
 He whisper'd in her Ear;
 Ah! *Phillis*! if you would not love
 The Shepherd, do not hear.
 None ever had so strange an Art
 His Passion to convey,
 Into a list'ning Virgin's Heart,
 And steal her Soul away.
 Fly, fly, betimes, for Fear you give
 Occasion for your Fate;
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CCCCXXVIII. *See, see, &c.*

SEE, see, like *Venus* she appears,
 With all her Heaven of Charms!
 Her spotless Form, her blooming Years,
 Enchant me to her Arms.
 Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,
 Or Love, or Kingly Sway;
 Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
 And sport the World away.

SONG CCCCXXIX. *Twat on a, &c.*

THE Night was still, the Air serene,
 Fann'd by a southern Breeze;
 The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,
 Reflecting thro' the Trees.
 The bubbling Water's constant Course,
 From off th' adjacent Hill,
 Was mournful *Ecbo's* last Resource,
 All Nature was so still.

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade,

By Sorrow sore oppress'd,

Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,

His Pain he thus express'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why didst thou love,

Or hope to meet Success;

Or think the Fair would constant prove,

Thy blooming Hopes to bless?

Find me the Rose on barren Sands;

The Lily 'midst the Rocks;

The Grape in wide-deserted Lands;

A Wolf to guard the Flocks,

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,

And will more easy find,

Than meet with aught but cold Disdain

In faithless Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,

Merit they quite despise;

The Constant Lover, thro' Despair,

Because not wealthy, dies.

SONG CCCCXXX. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire

To wish for that no Crown can buy,

'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire

What she in Honour will deny.

As Indians do the eastern Skies,

I at a Distance must adore

The brighter Glories of her Eyes,

And never dare pretend to more.

SONG CCCCXXXI. *Sure ne'er, &c.*

Sure ne'er was Dog so wretched as I,

Whose Rest is for ever prevented;

I'm neither at Peace when *Aurelia* looks coy,

Nor when she looks kind am contented,

Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear,

The Thoughts of them set me a trembling;

Her Smiles give no Joy, since I plaguilly fear
They can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my dearest, consent and be kind,
Put an end to this troublesome Wooing;
For I see I shall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,
Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain

Of Usage that's hard above Measure;
But since he has tasted so much of Love's Pain,
Prithee sling him a Bit of his Pleasure.

SONG CCCCXXXII. *As Archers, &c.*

As Archers and Fiddlers, who cunningly know
The Way to procure themselves Merit,
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their
Bow,

And follow their Bus'ness with Spirit:
So likewise the provident Damsel should do,
Who'd make the best Use of her Beauty,
If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson pass
thro',

Two Lovers must still be on Duty.
Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Sup-
ply,

So far our Revenge we may carry;
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

SONG CCCCXXXIII. *There liv'd, &c.*

NO more think me false,
For the Flame never dies,
Which Silvia has rais'd
By such powerful Eyes;
Ah! view but thyself,
Then measure my Love,
And think what a Passion
Such Beauty must move,

Tho' first it was Beauty
Which ravish'd my Sight,
Yet now I regard
As only the Light,
Which kindly betray
The rich Charms of thy Mind;
Where Sense and Good-nature
So strongly are join'd,

Then think me not false,
For the Knot will e'er last,
Which my Fancy has ty'd,
And my Reason made fast;
So fast, that tho' Time
Thy Eyes may disarm,
Yet no Time shall my Faith
Or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have
Can never grow less,
Not tho' thy fair self
Shou'd that Passion oppress;
For while I thy Face
Or thy Mind have in View,
Still, still I must love,
And in loving be true.

SONG CCCCXXXIV. *When Love, &c.*

When Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies,
The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
From Lips and Eyes with glist'ning Grace,
In vain we keep our charming Sin;
For Love will find some weaker Place,
To let the dear Invader in.

SONG CCCCXXXV. *The Stone, &c.*

The Stone, that all Things turns at Will
To Gold, the Chymist craves;

But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves;
And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat;
When on his Goods he lays
Too high a Price; but, faith, he's lit,
For a Courtier ne'er pays.
And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
Hangs him who steals your Pelf;
Because the good Man, can endure
No Robber but himself.
And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
What Diff'rence can there be?
Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
Both kill you for a Fee,
And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
And to a Mistress goes;
While she at home, to ease her Life,
Carouses with the Beaus.
And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
(So low this Art we find)
The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
My Lord tricks all Mankind.
And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot,
No cheating Arts do fall,
And those are Parsons call'd, God wot,
And so I cheat you all.
And a cheating, &c.

SONG CCCCXXXVI. *I wish my, &c.*

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,
With constant dripping fresh and fair,

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The Sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of Drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup,
The busy Sun (and one should guess,
By's drunken fiery Face, no less)
Drinks up the Sea; and when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink and dance by their own Light,
They drink and revel all the Night;
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there; for why
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I;
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why

SONG CCCCXXXVII. *Brisk, &c.*

BRisk Claret and Sherry
Will make us all merry;
Then fill the Glass, fill the Glass readily round;
Put it o'er the left Thumb,
'Tho' the Company's dumb,
'Twill open their Pipes with a musical Sound,
'Twill open, &c.

Then *so, la, me, fa,*
With a Note on *la*;
Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.
Fill a Bumper about,
For without any doubt,
Jolly *Bacchus*, jolly *Bacchus* is prais'd to the
Skies,
Is prais'd to the Skies.

SONG CCCCXXXVIII. *Old Adam*

OLD Adam, it is true,
No Care in Eden knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and airy
For he tippl'd Water,

While we, who come after,
 Drink Claret and racy Canary,
 Then let each taste his Ouse,
 And drink to his Last,
 But ne'er be a Slave unto either;
 For they are only wise,
 Who both equally prize,
 And join Bacchus and Venus together,
 Whenever thus they meet,
 All our Joys are compleat,
 And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
 They our Faculties warm,
 And us mutually charm,
 While each from the other takes Fire.

SONG CCCCXXXIX. *Come, let's, &c.*

Come, let us drink,
 'Tis vain to think,
 Like Fools, on Grief or Sadness;
 Let our Money fly,
 And our Sorrow die,
 All worldly Care is Madness.
 But Wine and good Cheer,
 Will, in Spite of our Fear,
 Inspire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys;
 The Time we live,
 To Wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to Earth, Boys;
 Hand about the Bowl,
 The Delight of my Soul,
 And to my Hand commend it;
 A Fig for Chink,
 'Twas made to buy Drink,
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

SONG CCCCXL. *Who is to win, &c.*

Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty,
 Was alone design'd for Man;

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It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,

To enjoy it whilst he can,

No more denying,

Be complying,

Joys are nigh you,

Youth will fly you,

For our Life is but a Span,

For, &c.

Ask old Mortals past the Pleasure,

If they would be young again,

They'd give their golden Heaps of Treasure,

But they must desire in vain.

Always whining,

Ever pining,

Always sighing,

Ever crying,

Oh! that I were young again,

Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer, ease me,

Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime;

The Joys I'm sure I know will please thee,

And no more be call'd a Crime.

Melting Bliss,

Dying Kiss,

Hearts inviting,

Souls uniting,

All excite the happy Time.

All, &c.

SONG CCCCXLI. As Cynthia, &c.

AS Cynthia late within the Grove
Bemoan'd his too successful Love;

And eas'd, retir'd, his secret Pain:

The God of Love, who wander'd near,

Chanc'd his Complaint to overhear,

And thus address'd the Swain.

Rise, silly Shepherd, rise, he cry'd,

It seems you're easily deny'd,

Because the charming Nymph is coy,
The Tongue may learn to speak with Art,
But would ye know the fair one's Heart,
Consult it in her Eye!

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul,
The Secrets of her Bosom roll

Reveal'd without Disguise to View;

For Cynic! take it for a Truth,

You only are the favour'd Youth,

And Lydia loves but you!

No more my Altar then upbraid,

Nor thus invoke my needless Aid!

Since faithful I have done my Part:

Thy own perform with like Address,

She soon shall yield thy Arms to bleis,

And give thee all her Heart!

So spoke sincere—the friendly God,

When straight along the flow'ry Road,

The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd:

The Swain with Joy the Moment seiz'd,

She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd,

And all his Wish approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladsome Air

To Hymen's Shrine he led the Fair!

And made the lasting Bliss secure:

Let Maids no more false Coldness feign,

Let faithful Swains no more complain,

But boldly ask a Cure!

SONG CCCXLII. *Of all States, &c.*

OF all States in Life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious!

'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,

Still we are new Mazes finding;

'Tis an Action so severe,

That nought but Death can set us free;

Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,

Who knows how to prize his Liberty!

Were Men wary
How they marry
We should not be by half so full of Misery.

SONG CCCCXLIII. London Ladies,

FOR Gold, and not Freedom, those Gen-
rals fight,

Who slip from their Veterans Pay, Sir;
For Gold, and not Freedom, those Journalists
write,

Who rave about despotick Sway, Sir;
Would Fate to their Wishes propitiously deign,
And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir;
The Pope then might fight, and the Devil might
reign,

For Fighter and Writer are sold, Sir.

SONG CCCCXLIV. Love, thou, &c.

LOVE, thou art the best of human Joys,
Our chiefest Happiness below;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Musick without thee is but Noise,
Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven that knew best what Man cou'd move,
And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only must his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

SONG CCCCXLV. The Hounds, &c.

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning
does peep,

Why how now you sluggardly Sot?
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on Horseback have got?
Brave Boys, while we all on Horseback, &c.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head,

Besides, my Wife cries, my Dear do not rise;
But cuddle me longer a-bed,
Dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your
Mare,

Not tire us with longer Delay;
The Cry of the Hounds, and the Slight of the
Hare,
Will chase all our Vapours away,
Brave Boys, will chase, &c.

SONG CCCCXLVI. *As I went, &c.*

YOU've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe,
Was soak'd of old with Noah's Flood;
See! here's a Globe that holds a Sea!
A Sea of Liquors twice as good!
Tol lol de rol.

Had Noah's been a Flood like this,
And Noah's Sons such Souls as I;
They'd drunk the Deluge as it rose,
And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.
Tol lol de rol.

SONG CCCCXLVII. *Take my, &c.*

TAKE my Word, when I declare,
I can never, no, no, never,
No, no, never ease your Care;
Thus I think of ev'ry Lover,
No one yet was ever true:
Ah what Weakness they discover,
Who this Passion can't subdue!

SONG CCCCXLVIII. *To heal, &c.*

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
Upon my Kiny's Face,
Honey upon her Cheek the Maid,
And bid me Kiss the Place.
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound
Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;

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The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting within my Heart.

SONG CCCCXLIX. *While I, &c.*

WHILE I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
And burn me with Desire.
Transported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleasure I gave on,
'Till, by my heedless Look betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.
Thus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight
The fatal Serpent spies,
Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG CCCCCLI. *Why, Delia, &c.*

WHY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain
Which I endure from thy Disdain,
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
Oh! did'st thou know the Cares I feel!
To what vast Height my Sorrows swell!
For Pity you'd relent.
When at the glad Approach of Day
All Nature looks serene and gay,
And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim,
Then rising Grief my Bosom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend
In sighing out thy Name.
Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which seems averie to Love,
To grant some Ease to my Despair?
Say, must I hope no kind Return?
Must I with fruitless Passion burn,
And you as cruel be as fair?

SONG CCCCLI. *I'm not one, &c.*

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to please a coy
 Lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Ass;
 Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Pos-
 sessing;
 But Fools make a Curse, what was meant for a
 Blessing;
 While his Godship's not rude, I'll allow him my
 Breast,
 But, by *you*, out he goes, should he once break
 my Rest,
 I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
 The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of *May*;
 But must beg her Excuse, not to bear Pain or An-
 guish,
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to lan-
 guish.

SONG CCCCLII. *Phillis, &c.*

PHILLIS, the young, the fair, the gay,
 The Youth that fain wou'd spoil ye,
 Gives you at once the Bloom of *May*,
 And riper Blush of *July*.
 While thus the soothing Rogue prepares
 His *Phillis* for his Pleasures,
 Learn, fair one, hence to escape his Snare,
 And save your fairest Treasures.
 The Blossoms by too hot a Taint
 Soon drop and fall neglected;
 And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
 However fair's rejected.

SONG CCCCLIII. *Cosmelia, &c.*

COSMELIA's Charms inspire my Lays,
 Who, young in Nature's Scorn,
 Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
 Like *Glassenbury Thorn*.

Cosmella cruel at Threescore,
Like Bards in modern Plays,
Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,
But in the Fifth she slays.

If e'er, impatient for the Bliss,
Within her Arms you fall,
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss,
Like *Thybe*, thro' a Wall.

SONG CCCCLIV. *Sol declining, &c.*

SOL declining,
Cynthia shining,
Warm was the Season, and sweet the Air,
When *Philander*
Chanc'd to wander
In a close Thicket with *Phyllida* fair;
Love invading,
Hope perswading,
Yet was his Passion restrain'd by Fear,
Hopes collecting,
Fears subjecting,
Thus he began to avow his Flame:
Fairer Creature,
Pride of Nature,
Slight not my Love, nor my Passion blame,
She discerning
His Complaining
Prompted the Youth to take surer Aim;
He, grown bolder,
Plainly told her,
She must surrender her Maidenhead;
Words denying,
Looks complying,
Countenance changing, now pale, now red;
She resisting,
He persisting,
Love assisting, her Virtue fled.
Closely pressing,
Fond caressing,

Mutual Endearments each other charm'd;
 She now lying,
 Pining, dying,
 Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd;
 Her disdaining,
 Was but feigning;
 She wou'd have hated him had he not storm'd,

SONG CCCLV. *Lillibulero.*

OUR Shopkeepers Wives are so polish'd of late,
 That each has her Card and her Visiting-day;
 And whilst the tame Husband toils hard with his Fate,
 She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play.
 Quadrille, Picquet,
 Ombre, Basset,
 Alternative charm and promote her Delight,
 The Children are squalling,
 And Creditors bawling,
 That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night,

SONG CCCCLVI. *Buffy Bell.*

WHEN a Lady like me condescends to agree
 To let such a Jackanapes taste her,
 With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,
 Who gives him ——— what's Meat for his Master.
 His Actions should still
 Attend on her Will,
 Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning,
 To her he should be
 Each Night on his Knee,
 And so he should be on each Morning.

SONG CCCCLVII. *Dear Colin, &c.*

DEAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,
 A Man needs must look like a Fool;

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For me, I would not give a Shilling,
 For one that can love out of Rule;
 At least you shou'd wait for our Offers,
 Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair,
 If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffers,
 Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.
 You should leave us to guess at your Meaning,
 And not speak the Matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a Disdain;
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond Oglings I see;
 The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CCCCLVIII. *I'll tell thee, &c.*

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led,
 A Traveller with Cold half dead,
 And with great Kindness treated.
 A Fire Nose-high he made him sit,
 Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,
 And near the Chimney seated
 His tingling Hands the Stranger blows;
 At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,
 And bluntly ask'd the Reason.
 Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,
 I only do't my Hands to warm,
 In this cold frosty Season.
 The Satyr gave him from the Pot
 A Mess of Porridge piping hot:
 The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
 What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd;
 To cool my Broth, his Guest reply'd,
 And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.
 How, quoth the Host then, is it so,
 And can you Contradictions blow,
 Turn out, and leave my Cottage
 This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold

Such Rascals as blow hot and cold;
The De'il must find you Pottage.

SONG CCCCLIX. *When the bright
God of Day.*

Your Friendship I court,
For a friendly Support;
My Guts are grown wond'rous limber;
My Belly complains
Of the Want of my Brains,
Which us'd to supply it with Timber.
May I swing like a Dog,
If I have a Hog,
A Smelt, a George, or a Teaster:
But here am I pent,
To keep a sad Lent,
Without any Hopes of an Easter.

I've sent to my Betters
Many circular Letters,
Of this my dismal Condition:
But you, Sir, I'm sure,
My Distemper will cure,
Or a Halter must be the Physician.
'Tis the first Time that I
E'er at Rhimling did try;
In which, if I had any Skill,
In a more elegant Way,
As I ought, I would say,
Your obliged Servant, *Ra. Argill.*

P. S. I hope you'll excuse
My unpolite Muse;
Did *Bacchus* my Fancy inspire,
Address you I would,
In Verses as good
As any of *Pope*, or of *Prior*.

SONG CCCCLX. *Free from, &c.*

Free from Confinement and Strife,
I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,

To seek new Delights,
Where Beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.

The Man that is free,
Like a Vessel at Sea,
After Conquest and Plunder may roam;
But when either confin'd
By Wife or by Wind,
Tho' for Glory design'd,
No Advantage they find,
But rot in the Harbour at Home.

SONG CCCCLXI. *Transform'd, &c.*

TRansform'd in Female Shape, both old and lame,

The God *Vertumnus* to *Pomona* came;
Not as when the Goddess saw all his Charms display'd,

But disguis'd, he thus address'd the list'ning Maids,

Lovely Goddess, so divine,
Guardian of this fruitful Tree,

A while thy darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and me:

Blooming Beauties should be kind,
And taste of Pleasure while they may;

For Death is sure, and Love is blind,
And Passion cools as Love decays.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,

The Goddess did his Scrains despise;

But when transform'd by Pow'r divine,

Vertumnus did with blooming Beauty shine,

Then sat *Pomona* all enamour'd,

While on her youthful Swain she fondly gaz'd.

Successful happy Charmer,

'Tis you alone can warm her

Who never lov'd before:

Be bless'd as I can make you,

I never will forsake you,

But love you more and more.

SONG CCCCLXII. *Blow, blow, &c.*

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As Man's Ingratitude.
 Thy Tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy Breath be rude.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green Holly;
 Most Friendship is feigning, most Loving near Folly;
 Then heigh ho, the Holly;
 This Life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh,
 As Benefits forgot.

Tho' thou the Waters warp,
 Thy Sting is not so sharp,
 As Friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

SONG CCCCLXIII. *When Dazies, &c.*

S U M M E R.

When Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
 And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
*The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.*

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks,
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks!

*The Cuckow then on ev'ry Tree
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.*

WINTER.

When Icicles hang by the Wall,
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
 And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
 And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:
 When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry,
 merry Note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
 And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw;
 And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And Marrian's Nose looks red and raw:
 Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring Owl;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry Note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

SONG CCCCLXIV. *When Thirsis, &c.*

WHEN *Thirsis* leaves his *Celia's* Arms,
 And sails, and sails for distant Climes;
 In gloomy Grief she veils her Charms,
 And mourning, mourning, spends her Time.

To *Indian* Shores her Sighs she sends,
 To fill the staggering Sails;
 And to the Gods her Pray'rs she bends,
 To give him prosp'rous Gales.

With equal Pains of Woe oppress'd,
Thirsis his Absence mourns;
 The mighty Love that's in his Breast,
 Adds Wings to his Return.

At length arriv'd, with pleasing Eyes,
 He views the wish'd for Shore;
 Clasp'd in his *Celia's* Arms he cries,
 My Dear we'll part no more.

SONG CCCCLXV. *By the Beer, &c.*

BY the Beer as brown as Berry,
By the Cyder and the Perry,
Which so oft has made us merry.

With a by down, be down, derry. S.

Mauxelinda's I'll remain,
True blue will never stain;
Mauxelinda's I'll remain,
True blue will never stain.

True, &c.

SONG CCCCLXVI. *When at, &c.*

WHEN at my Nymph's devoted Feet,
Love bids me all my Woes repeat,

Love bids me all my Woes repeat;

Obedient I the God obey,

I sigh, I weep, complain, and pray:

In vain I sigh, in vain implore,

The teasing Fair still cries Encore,

The teasing Fair still cries Encore.

Oh! *Paphian* Queen propitious prove,

Incline her Heart to me and Love;

Then when encircled in her Arms,

Panting I'll rise all her Charms;

May she in melting Sounds implore,

And cry dear *Strepson*, Oh! *Encore*.

SONG CCCCLXVII. *Nancy.*

OH! where will you hurry my Dearest;

Say, say to what Clime or what Shore;

You tear him from me the sincerest,

That ever lov'd Mortal before.

Ah cruel hard hearted to press him,

And force the dear Youth from my Arms;

Restore him that I may caress him,

And shield him from future Alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,

And make but a Scoff at my Woes;

You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless Ocean

My Soul any Terror can have ;

For soon as the Ship makes its Motion,

So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

SONG CCCCLXVIII. *Hard Fate, &c.*

Hard Fate to sigh, to sigh in vain,

Despairing *Silvia* cries ;

Debar'd the Freedom to complain,

But through a Lover's Eyes.

And those unguarded ever speak,

Betrayers of my Heart ;

Far ah ! our Wiles are all too weak,

These to disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must I e'er remain,

Like Ghost about their Treasure ;

Till spoks to stir he'er speak again,

Still waiting *Strophæus*'s Leisure,

Dear thoughtless Man, a Stranger to

The Secrets of this Breast ;

That's his from Inclination true,

More constant than 'tis blest.

There could he see, and conscious know

The Torments of Neglect ;

They soon would teach him how to shew

More Love, and less Neglect.

SONG CCCCLXIX. *Happy the, &c.*

Happy the Man whose Wish and Care,

A few Paternal Acres bound ;

Content to breathe his native Air

In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,

Whose Flocks supply him with Attire ;

Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,

In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away;
 In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day,

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
 Together mixt, sweet Recreation
 And Innocence, which most does please,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die:
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lye.

SONG CCCCLXX. *To little, &c.*

TO little or no Purpose I spent many Days,
 In ranging the Park, th'Exchange, and
 the Plays;

For ne'er in my Rambles, till now, did I prove,
 So lucky to meet with the Man I could love.
 Oh! how I am pleas'd when I think on this Man,
 That I find I must love, let me do what I can,
That I find, &c.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Fever, when I should be well.
 My Passion shall kill me, before I will show it;
 And yet I would give all the World he did
 know it. [wooe me,
 But oh! how I sigh, when I think, should he
 I cannot deny what, I know, would undo me.

SONG CCCCLXXI. *Heigh Ho!*

WHen all our Eyes are drawing Straws,
 And every one sits mute;
 If a Man would open all their Mouths,
 Heigh Ho's the Way to do it.
 Sure if polite Behaviour should
 With Ease and Nature flow;
 What can be Nature more than this,
 With Ease to cry Heigh Ho?

Then let us give our Mouths their Way,
 You can't avoid the Plot :
 Gaping (as Lark with Looking-Glass)
 Is by its Likeness caught.
 The Mouth, we know, is Wisdom's Shop ;
 Then we may justly say
 Of those, who keep it always shut,
 She's broke and run away.
 But, how engaging 'tis to gape !
 Since every one allows,
 That they must entertaining be,
 Whose Mouths keep open House ;
 Many Disputes of this, — and that,
 In Talking may be found ;
 But with one Voice we all agree ;
 When once Heigh Ho goes round,
 'Tis Gaping hinders many a Man
 From speaking Words in spite ;
 For tho' he shews his Teeth, they are
 Too far apart to bite.
 'Tis this helps Conversation out,
 And when 'tis at a stand ;
 To every Mouth that open is,
 'Tis Gaping lends a Hand.
 'Twas nobly wish'd, one's Thoughts with Ease,
 And Readiness to shew :
 But what we mean, before we speak,
 By our Gaping you may know,
 But I'd not for Preferment gape,
 As many Fools may do ;
 For 'tis too much to stretch at once
 One's Jaws and Conscience too.
 But when we are with honest Men,
 'Tis Gaping gives us Ease ;
 For who can keep his Mouth shut up,
 In such bad Times as these ?
 Then let us take the Liberty,
 Which no one can deny ;

And tho' we open all our Mouths,
Informers we'll defy.

SONG CCCCLXXII. *The Echo.*

PHOREE, the Rose, the Meadows adorning,
Pride of the Plain, and Queen of the May,
Silvio more cold than Dew of the Morning,

When to his Sports he wakes with the Day.
He laughs at wanton *Cupid's* Dart,
She still in vain pursues his Heart,
Thro' Groves and Plains she roves alone,
And *Ecbo* answers to her Moan,

Thro' Groves and Plains she roves alone,
And *Ecbo* answers to her Moan,

Ecbo. Answers to her Moan.

Ecbo, she cries, my Sorrow returning,

Sweetest of Nymphs that liv' st unseen;
Liking in that the Cause of my Mourning,
For my Unkind ne'er comes on the Green,

Ah! tell me, wanton Prattler tell,
Near what remote, what murm'ring Rill;

In what cool Shade, what silent Bow'r, &c.

Say, where he wastes the sultry Hour? &c.

Ecbo. Here he wastes the sultry Hour.

Turning aside, she views the Boy lying,

Sunk in Repose, beneath the cool Shade,

Taught by her Love to make him complying,

All her sly Arts employs the sad Maid.

To *Ecbo* first her Thanks she pays,

And thus her kind Assistance prays:

What Strain, kind *Ecbo*, shall I prove,

To wake and rouse my Swain to Love?

Ecbo. Wake and rouse thy Swain to Love.

Silvio, his Head on his Elbow reclining,

Started amaz'd at Notes so Divine:

Lifting he view'd the Damsel repining,

While she pursu'd her artful Design.

Kind *Ecbo*, call him from the Field.

Say Love will nobler Pleasures yield;

Kind Swain, this softer Pastime chuse,
 And whilst thou fly'st, see who pursues.
 Echo. *Whilst thou fly'st, see who pursues.*
 Love in the Form of *Phoebe*, betraying,
 Sweetly reveng'd proud *Silvia's* Disdain;
 Quickly he found a Joy in Delaying;
 Try'd to depart, but soon came again.
 Kind *Echo*, cry'd the weeping Dame,
 If *Silvia* e'er should own Love's Flame,
 Bid him, when cur'd with cold Despair,
 But think on wretched *Phoebe's* Care.
 Echo. *Think on wretched Phoebe's Care.*
 Peace, cry'd the Swain, and cease this upbraiding,
Silvia shall ne'er be the Cause of her Tears,
 Then from his Covert flies to the Maiden,
 And on her Lips his Constancy swears.
 The Maid did all his Vows applaud.
 She own'd, and he forgave the Fraud.
 And both agreed with grateful Heart,
 To thank kind *Echo* for her Part.
 Echo. *Thank kind Echo for her Part.*

SONG CCCCLXXIII. *A Health.*

Here's a Health to the Lads with a rowling
 Eye,
 That won't any Gentleman twice deny,
 But on reasonable Terms will soon comply,
 And a Fig for the coy dissembling Punk.
 Here's a Health to the Lad that loves a brisk Lass,
 And scorns in his Turn to refuse his Glass,
 Or by his stiff Airs show the World he's an Ass,
 But will with an honest good Friend be drunk.
 For when in his Head the Wine is got,
 No Emperor can be so great as he;
 'Tis the Dunce that won't drink shall be counted
 a Sot,
 And we'll ne'er think him fit for good Com-
 pany.

Then up to the Brim each fill his Glass,
 And drink to the Healths that I nam'd before,
 For the Prig that loves not both his Bottle and Lase,
 May he die in a Ditch, a Son of a Whore.

SONG CCCCLXXIV. 72 COMMONS.

IF to Love or good Wine
 Your Heart should incline,
 Great *Bacchus* gives th'only true Pleasure,
 The Follies of Love
 Will quickly remove
 'Tis Drinking has Joys above Measure.

All Friendship is here,
 Come, kist me, my Dear,
 No Embrace like a solid full Glass.

By Love you can gain
 No more but a Chain,
 And then you will look like an Ass.

See, look on this Wine,
 The Charms are divine,
 Which ever will smile to invite ye,
 'Tis pure, without Art,
 No Tricks or false Heart,
 And never will fail to delight ye.

Fond Love is a Bubble,
 A Toss and a Trouble,
 It brings neither Profit nor Ease;
 To *Bacchus* we'll sing,
 Always young as the Spring,
 'Tis Wine that adds Length to our Days.

CHORUS.

Fill every one his Glass,
 About then let it pass,
 A Bumper gives the only happy Minute,
 A Pox of Love,
 A Pox of Love,
 There's nought but Dulness in it.

E N D

A COMPLEAT ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY,

O R,

Explanation of the *Scotch Words*.

N. B. This GLOSSARY will serve for all
the Words in the Gentle Shepherd, as well as
the Scotch Songs.

A

A, all.
Aboon, above.
Ac, one.
Anes, once.
Ablins, perhaps.
Awn, own, acknowledge.
Asteer, stirring.
Anither, another.
A-will, of itself, of its
own Accord.

A-thought, a little.
A-jee, on one Side,
Auld, old.
An, if.
Air, early.
Aften, often.
Ain, own.
Aff, off.
Aik, Oak.
Airth, Quarter, or Cor-
ner of the World.
Aiths, Oaths,

Amaist, almost.
Ambry, Cupboard.
Awa, away.
Alane, alone; his lane,
by himself.
Aneath, beneath.
Aftymes, oft-times.
Albeit, albeit, although.
A-wie, a little.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Beild, a Place of
Shelter from the
Weather.
Bairns, Children.
Bane, Bone.
Bedralls, Beadles.
Beat, to help, or repair.
Bend, to drink.
Bennison, Blessing.
Bewith, somewhat, in
the mean Time.
Big, build.

The GLOSSARY.

- Billy, *Bratber*.
 Binding, *bending, or court'ying*.
 Blink, *to ogle, or glance with the Eye*.
 Blyther, *more joyful*.
 Blythsome, *glad*.
 Blythness, *Joy*.
 Bony, *handsome, pleasant*.
 Baith, *both*.
 Bught, *Sheepfold*.
 Byar, *Cow-house*.
 Braw, *brave, fine, gaudy*.
 Bein, *rich, well-furnish'd*.
 Brifs, *to press, or braise*.
 Bombaze, *to confound, or affright*.
 Blate, *spume-fac'd*.
 Bustine, *white Dimity*.
 Bad, *bid*.
 Braes, *Hillocks*.
 Burne, *or Burnie, a Rivulet*.
 Birks, *Birch-Trees*.
 Bratling, *running down, or falling hastily*.
 Bide, *to bear, abide, or endure*.
 Barlikhoods, *Freaks, Whims, Humours*.
 Brats, *Cloaths; also Rags*.
 Brachen, *a sort of Broth*.
 Brae, *a rising Ground*.
 Braid, *broad*.
 Broe, *Broth*.
 Bleezing, *flaming, blazing*.
 Bigonets, *Biggands*.
 Begunk, *a Trick, or Stratagem*.
 Bairs, *Beards*.
 Bedeen, *instantly*.
 Bode, *to foretell*.
 Bot, *or but, without*.
 Bow, *or Boll, a Measure equal to a Sack*.
 Beuk, *bak'd*.
 Bougils, *Hunting-borns*.
 Bouk, *Carkass*.
 Bauld, *bold*.
 Bicker, *Bowl, or Cup*.
 Bobit, *laced*.
 Bodin, *stored, or furnished*.
 Brint, *burnt*.
 Blob, *a Globe, or Drop*.
 Bluter, *a Blunderer, or foolish Fellow*.
 Beek, *beeking, basking*.
 Busk, *adorn, dress*.
 Bootless, *in vain*.
 Boutith, *a Gratuity*.
 Belt, *Girdle*.
 Blae-berries, *Blue-berries*.
 Bowt, *bolt*.
 Blaw, *blow*.
 Bands, *Hinges*.
 Betootch us! *preserve us!*
 Bent, *an open Field*.
 Baugh, *simple, of a pitiful Look*.
 Brock, *a Badger*.
 Broach, *a Buckle*.
 Ban, *to curse*.
 Brecks, *Brackets*.

The GLOSSARY.

Bourd, to dally, or tamper with.

Brankit, prim'd up.

Brander, a Grid-iron.

Brack, broken Parts, or the Refuse.

Bruik, to love, or enjoy.

Butt and Benn, from one End of the House to the other.

Bairnie, a little Child.

C

Caff, Calf. Idem, Cbaff.

Carlings, old Women.

Id. boil'd Pease.

Cawler, fresh, cool.

Craig, a Rock.

Craigy, rocky.

Chirm, chirp, or sing.

Crove, a little Hutch, or Lodge.

Corbies, Ravens.

Cleck, to snatch, or book up.

Clute, the Hoof.

Canty, merry.

Cou dna, could not.

Caulrife, cold, chilly.

Cockernony, the Hair bound up in a Puff.

Cadgie, merry, gay.

Claiths, clothes.

Cauld, cold.

Coofs, Boobies.

Canny, bappy, cautious.

Coft, bought.

Chiefs, Fellows.

Cleck, to hatch.

Ca'd, or cawd, called.

Cottars, Cottagers, Tenants.

Curn, a little Quantity.

Cry, to call, or a Call.

Ca', call.

Cantripes, Magick Spells and Diabolical Arts.

Cry'd, call'd on.

Clim, climb.

Canna, cannot.

Crack, to chat, to boast.

Clashes, Tittle-tattle.

Clock, a Beetle.

Crummie, a Cow's Name.

Cunzie, Coin, Money.

Cast, the Mein, or Gesture.

Cast up, to throw in one's Teeth, to upbraid.

Clag, Failing, or Imperfection.

Clat, a Rate.

Clatteran, prating, chattering.

Cankart, ill-natured, peevish.

Carle, old Man.

Cawk, Chalk.

Chitter, to gnash with the Teeth, spluttering.

Crap, crept.

Cod, a Pillow.

Cogg, a wooden Dish.

Coots, Ankle-bones.

Courtchea, or Curchea, Handkerchief.

Creel, a Basket, or Hamper.

The GLOSSARY.

Crocks, lean Sheep.

Croft, a Corn Land.

Croale, brisk, or bold.

Crowdy-Mouddy, a sort
of Water-Gruel.

D

D Aft, mad, foolish.

Dowie, senseless,
filly.

Dool, Sorrow.

Dorty, sorrowful, diffi-
cult.

Dinna, do not.

Dike, a Wall.

Din, Noise.

Dic'd, weaved in Fi-
gures of Dice.

Daunted, fondled, made
much of.

Dubs, dirty little Pools.

Divet-Seat, Seat of green
Turf.

Darna, dare not.

Deid, Death.

Dern'd, laid up secretly.

Downa, cannot bear, or
endure.

Dings, excels, gets the
better; also heats.

Disna, does not.

Dow, can, or is able to
do.

Drant, to speak slow.

Draps, drops, gives the
Slip to Company.

Daffin, Folly.

Drie, suffer.

Decreet, Determination,
or Judgment.

Didna, did not.

Doof, a Fool, a Fellow
without Spirit.

Dant, to beat, or throb,
when apply'd to the
Heart.

Doughtna, could not.

Dowp, Arse.

Doil'd, bewitch'd, infa-
tuated, dizzy, giddy.

Drummock, a sort of
cold Gruel.

Dwining, decaying.

Dyvours, Bankrupts.

E

E Ard, Earth.

Ettle, to attempt,
or aim at.

Een, Eyes; also Even,
or Night.

Eern, to convene.

Easklin, eastern.

Eick, Eithly, easily.

Elding, Fuel.

Eild, old Age.

Elf-shot, Planet-struck.

East, eastward.

Ellwand, a Stick the
Measure of an Ell.

Even, to impute to one,
to compare, to liken.

Ergh, to dread, or be
afraid of.

Elle, already.

Either-Cap, Wasp.

Elrich, wild, or ghastly.

Eydent, diligent, con-
stant in any Thing.

The GLOSSARY.

F

- F**adge, a coarse sort of a Roll-Bread.
 Fangle, or New-fangle, fond of what is new.
 Frae, from.
 Fou, full, also drunk.
 Ferlie, a Wonder, also to wonder.
 Fouth, Plenty, many.
 Flet, scolded.
 Fair-fa', well fare.
 Fa', fall.
 Fallow, fellow.
 Fald, to fold. Id. a Sheep-fold.
 Fecklels, trifling.
 Feightan, fighting.
 Fraise, Talk, Speech.
 Fowk, Folks.
 Flyte, to scold.
 Fell, cunning, or prudent. Sometimes it is applied to diabolical Art.
 Fasheous, troublesome.
 Feg, Fig.
 Fae, Fee.
 Fee, Wages.
 Feirs, Brothers.
 Fendy, active, industrious.
 Fenzle, to feign.
 Flaes, Fleas.
 Faufe, false.
 Flaw, to lie, also a Lie.
 Furler, a Corn, or Meal Measure, consisting of four Pecks.
 Fear'd, afraid.
- Fey, to be attended by a Fatality; or, a Forgetfulness, or Absence of Mind.
 Fleech, flatter.
 Fog, Mass.
 Fore, to the fore, in being, or remaining.
 Foragainst, over-against.
 Fundling, Fowdling.
 Foryet, forget.
 Fand, found.
 Flighter, to flutter.
 Flype, to flae the Skin off.
 Farder, farther.
 Farles, thin Oat-Cakes.
 Fear, fleg, to frighten.
 Fain, fond, willing.
 Fawn, fallen.
 Fawt, Fault.
 Fash, to trouble.
 Fleid, affrighted.
 Flouks, Flounders.
 Fraising, Calling, or talking with a foolish Wanderment.

G

- G**A E, go; also gave.
 Gowans, Daisies.
 Gowany, full of Daisies.
 Grane, to groan, or sigh.
 Granes, Groans, or Sighs.
 Gar, to make, or force.
 Gat, got.
 Grein, to long for, or thirst after.

The GLOSSARY.

Gear, Good, *Wealed.*
Geck, to loath, or shout
at.

Gif, gin, if.

Glowre, to stare.

Glowring, staring.

Gawn, going.

Grip, to hold fast.

Grips, the holding fast
with the Hands.

Gloom, a Frown.

Gang, go.

Ganging, going.

Gie, give.

Gabs, Moutbs.

Grace-Drink, Grace-
Cup.

Greet, to cry.

Gane, gone.

Gets, Brats, Children.

Giglit, Giltst.

Gate, the Way; also the
Manner of a Person.

Gusty, savoury.

Glee, Mirth.

Gleed, Squinting.

Glen, a Vale.

Gaits, Goats.

Gade, went.

Gawsy, jolly, or lusty.

Gawky, a foolish Wench.

Gree, Degree.

Grit, great.

Girning, grinning.

Grat, cried.

Gowd, Gold.

Ghaist, Ghost.

Gowk, Cuckoo; also
Fool.

Gates, Ways, Courses.

H

Hame, Home.

Hameward, home-
ward.

Hartsome, gladsome,

pleasant.

Hinder - Night, last
Night.

Haffet, Side of the
Face.

Halucket, light-headed,
whimsical.

Hale, whole.

Hinny, Honny.

Hound, hunt.

Hawstock, Wood next
the Wind-pipe.

Hald, had, bold.

Helght, Top of the Hill.

Howm, a Valley by a
River.

Het, hot.

Heathfu, beautiful.

Haith, indeed, in faith.

Herds, Swains, Shep-
berds.

Heh! bab!

Hessa, lodges, inbaths.

Halesome, wholesome.

Heather-Braes, Hills on
which Heath grows.

Hidlings, lurking Places.

Hadna, had not.

He'eryestreen, the Night
before last.

Haggies, a boiled Pud-
ding, made of a Sheep's
Pluck mixed with
Sewet.

Scwet.

The GLOSSARY.

- Haff, *half*.
 Howk, *to dig*.
 Humlock, *Hemlock*.
 Hawkys, *Cowes*.
 Howdy, *a Midwife*.
 Hing, *bang*.
 Heather - Bells, *Heath-Buds*.
 Hechts, *Promises*.
 Hallon-Side, *by a Holly Tree*.
 Hae, *have*.
 Ha', *Hall*.
 Howt, *fy!*
 Hasten, *partly*.
 Hool, *the Shell*.
 Hobleshew, *a mobbist Riot, or Quarrel*.
 Haly, *boly*.
 Hodden-grey, *a coarse grey Cloath*.
 Hapt, *covered up*.
 Happing, *toppling, falling down*.
 Hames and Brechoms, *worn about the Neck of a Cart-horse*.
 Hawse, *to embrace*.
 Heese, *to lift*.
 Heugh, *any steep Place*.
 Hedle, *to waddle in Walking*.
 Hows, *Hollows*.
- I
- I Lka, *each, every*.
 Jo, *Sweetheart*.
 Jee, *to be in Doubt, to waver*.
- Jouk, *to blow*.
 Ite, *I shall, or will*.
 Ingle-side, *Fire-side*.
 Ither, *other; also one another*.
 Ingans, *Onions*.
 Ill-far'd, *ill-favoured, or ugly*.
 Irk, *weary, or tired*.
 Irie, *fearful of Apparitions*.
 Ishogles, *Iceicles*.
- K
- K Ens, *knows*.
 Kend, *know, or known*.
 Kiltit, *tucked up*.
 Kames, *Combs*.
 Kittle, *to tickle; it also signifies difficult, or dangerous*.
 Kail - Yard, *Kitchen Garden*.
 Kirm'd, *churned*.
 Kenna, *know not*.
 Ky, *Cowes*.
 Kirn, *churn*.
 Kent, *a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole*.
 Kairn, or Cairn, *Heaps of Monumental Stones*.
 Kail, *Coleworts, Id. Broth*.
 Kebuck, *a Cheese*.
 Keek, *to peep*.
 Kepp, *to catch*.
 Kirtle, *the Upper Petticoat*.

The GLOSSARY.

Kimmer, a *Sbe-Gossip*.
Kurchie, a *Handkerchief*.

L

L Ugs, Ears.
Leglens, *Milk-Pails*.

Loan, *Milking Place*.
Losh, to *lose*.
Lout, to *loop*.
Low, *Flame*.
Lown, a *fly Wensber*.
Lowan, *burning, flaming*.

Lown, *calm*.
Lang, *long*.
Loos, *loves*.
Lowp, to *leap*.
Lowping, *leaping*.
Leel, *sincere, sincere*.
Linkan, *steeping brightly, or, hastily*.

Lee, *fallow Land*.
Leeforme, *lovely*.
Lap, *leap'd*.
Leaugh, *laugh'd*.
Lift, *the Sky; also to remove*.

Lin, a *Precipice, or, natural Cascade, from whence the Water falls*.

Lave, *the rest*.
Langsome, *tiresome, tedious*.

Laird, *Landlord; in general, for any Man of Estate*.

Lyart, *boary, grey*.

Lucky, *Gammer*.
Laith, *loath*.
Laverocks, *Larks*.
Lilt, to *sing briskly*.
Liltit, *merrily chanted*.
Luggies, *Bowls*.
Lear, to *learn*.
Lair, *Learning*.
Loof, *the Palm of the Hand*.

Leed, *yd*.
Leen, to *leave off, give over*.

Landwart, *country, rural, clownish*.
Labour'd, *thresh'd*.
Lows'd, *unty'd, loos'd*.
Lag, to *fall behind*.
Lagh, *low*.
Lawry, *Justice*.

Leese me, a *Phrase used when one loves, or is pleased with a Person*.

Lib, to *geld*.
Loor, *rather*.
Lucken, *gathered together, or close join'd to one another*.

M

M Aun, *must*.
Mair, *more*.
Mane, *Moan*.
March, *Limit, or, Border*.

Marrow, a *Match; or, to match*.

Mawking, a *Hare*.
Mony, *many*.

Mint,
mak
any
Miss
Mak,
Meg-
ful.
Miska
call
Meikl
Meikl
Maist
Maik
Midd
Maile
Mann
Muck
Mithe
Mear
Mirk
Merle
Mavin
Manfi
fwe
Mou
rec
long
Menn
Mac,
Mak
Mou,
Meise
Mend
Mens
dece
Mens
Re
Mully
Minn

The GLOSSARY.

Mint, to aim at, or,
make a Motion to do
any thing.

Misluck, Misfortune.

Mak, make.

Meg-Dorta, Mrs. Scorn-
ful.

Miscaw, to miscall, or,
call Names.

Meikle, much.

Meiklest, largest.

Maist, most.

Malks, Matres, Wives.

Midding, Dungbil.

Mailens, Farms.

Manna, must not.

Muck, Dung.

Mither, Mother.

Mear, Mare.

Mirk, dark, so darless.

Merle, Merlin.

Mavis, the Thrush.

Manfworth, perjur'd, for-
sworn.

Mouse-mark, any Mark
receiv'd by a Mother's
longing.

Mennin, Minnow.

Mae, more.

Makna, it matters not.

Mou, Mouth.

Meise, to move.

Mends, Revengs.

Menfe, Manners. Id. to
decorate.

Mensie, a Company, or
Retinue.

Milfy, to search for Milk.

Minny, Mother.

Mont-Megg; a very
large Iron Cannon in
the Castle of Edin-
burgh, capable of bold-
ing two People.

Moup, to mumble like a
Person that wants Teeth.

Mouter, the Miller's Tolt.

Mutches, Linen Caps.

N

NA, no, not.

Nao, No.

Nane, none.

Nees, Ness.

Nibour, Neighbour.

Nither, starve, or, pinch.

Nowt, Ouen.

Nowther, neither.

Needna, need not.

Nelt, next.

Necht, night.

New-mawn, new-mow-
ed.

No, not.

New-cal, young Calves.

Nives, double Fists.

Nor, than.

O

OE, Grandchild.

Ony, any.

Out-o'er, hanging over,
also, quite over.

Our-lane, alone, by our
selves.

Owrelay, a Cravat.

Owrelaid, overlaid, over-
whelm'd.

The GLOSSARY.

O'repat, to overcome.
Oure, over, too much.
Orp, to writhe one's self.
Or, before.
Owk, Week.
O'r, of it.
Oxter, Armpit.
Owsen, Oxen.

P

Pantry, Buttery.
Pat, did put.
Paughry, proud, haught-
ty.
Paunches, Tripe.
Propine, a Present.
Peebles, Pebbles.
Pensylie, fantastically.
Peat pat, Peat Cold-pit.
Peet-stack, Stack of dry'd
Peat, for Firing.
Pibroch, a Highland
Tune.
Pickle, a small Shore.
Pig, an earthen Pot.
Pillar, the Stool of Re-
pentance.
Pine, Pain.
Plet, to fold, Id. twist.
Pow, a Skull.
Powfowdy, Ram's-head
Soup.
Prig, to haggle.
Princes, Pins.
Prive, to taste, or prove.
Popilan, popping.
Poorrith, Poverty.
Pou, pull.
Peat Ingle, Peat-fire.
Pouch, Pocket.

Pouchfu', Pocket-full.
Pawky, sly, cunning.
Pleugh, a Plough.
Pith, Strength.
Petted, fondled, pam-
per'd.
Pithless, faint, weak.

R

R Air, to roar.
Rowing, Rowan,
rolling.
Row'd, roll'd, or, wrap.
Redd up, to clean up, to
clear up, also to tell,
to be afraid, to part
Folks quarrelling.
Renzie, to rein.
Revel'd, entangled.
Riggs, Ridges.
Rin, run.
Rifart, Radishes.
Routh, Plenty.
Rife, abundant, plenty-
ful.
Racket - Rent, Rack-
Rent.
Reasting, drying.
Rant, to make merry.
Ranting, rushing, jolly.
Rash, green, or, young.
Rashy, rusty, or, grown
over with Rust.
Rashes, Rusts.
Roos'd, prais'd.
Roasted, grown stiff, or,
rusty.
Rew, to relent, repent.
Rowt, to row, or, make
a great Noise.

Road
Rock
Rev
Ruck
Reek
Roov
Rude
Runk
Rung
Ruse,
pro

S
Soug
Sac,
Sawt
Seim
Sey,
Shar
Shar
Sh
m
Shar
Shoc
Sho
Skir
Snac
Snel
Sal
Sod
Sen
Sow
Sou
Spe
Sul

THE GLOSSARY.

Rondes, <i>a hard Name.</i>	Stoup, <i>a Prop, Id. a Pot</i>
Rock, <i>a Distaff.</i>	<i>for Drink.</i>
Rever, <i>Rower, or, Pirate.</i>	Strae, <i>Straw.</i>
Rucks, <i>Ricks.</i>	Strack, <i>to stretch, or,</i>
Reek, <i>Smoke.</i>	<i>spread.</i>
Roove, <i>confirm, or, rivet.</i>	Stensie, <i>to pain.</i>
Rude, <i>Cross.</i>	Swats, <i>small Ale.</i>
Runkled, <i>wrinkled.</i>	Sweer, <i>unwilling, lazy.</i>
Rung, <i>a Club, or, Staff.</i>	Swither, <i>in Doubt.</i>
Ruse, <i>or, Roost, to</i>	Seybown, <i>young Onions.</i>
<i>praise.</i>	Spill, <i>spoil.</i>

S

S *Aft, soft.*
Sall, *ball.*
Soughs, *Willow-trees.*
Sae, *so.*
Sawt, *Salt.*
Seim, *Appearance.*
Sey, *to essay, or, try.*
Shanna, *shell nor.*
Shangy - month'd, *or,*
She-vil-gabit, *very-*
month'd.
Sharn, *Cow-dung.*
Shoo, *a Shoe.*
Shore, *to threaten.*
Skink, *Strong Brath.*
Snack, *Smart.*
Sneift, *to snarl.*
Snishing, *Snuff.*
Sodden, *boil'd.*
Sensy, *fortunate, Id. jal-*
ly.
Sowens, *a sort of Flum-*
mary.
Soum, *of Sheep, &c.*
Spelding, *dry'd W'biting,*
or, Haddock.
Stirk, *a young Bullock.*
Smoor, *smother.*
Smoor'd, *smother'd.*
Sma, *small.*
Snaw, *Snow.*
Sic, *such.*
Sican, *such an one.*
Sell, *self.*
Shaw, *show, also a woo-*
dy Bank.
Shawn, *shown.*
Sock, *a Reed, or, Pipes.*
Spring, *a Time.*
Spear, *to ask.*
Saeblena, *since it is so.*
Snooded, *filleted, ty'd*
up.
Skiffing, *shipping.*
Saul, *Soul.*
Sair, *fore.*
Sets, *the Stripes, or, Rows*
of Colours in Weaving.
Siller, *Silver.*
Sprains, *Stripes, or,*
Rows.
Shave, *a Slice.*
Singand, *singing.*
Strak, *struck.*

The GLOSSARY.

Shire, *thin.*
A Shire-lick, a *sharp*
Fellow.
Scart, to *scrape*; also, to
scratch.
Skaith, *Loss, Damages.*
Scads, *scalds.*
Sald, *sold.*
Seething, *boiling.*
Stend, to *stalk* hastily.
Stent, to *tax*; also, to
sint.
Scor'd, *threaten'd.*
Sled, *Sledge.*
Sung, *sing'd.*
Snuff! *pish!* also to *take*
Snuff.
Slaw, *slow.*
Swat, *swatted.*
Slec, *fly.*
Skelfs, *Shelfs.*
Strapan, *Strapping, luffy.*
Spaining, *weaning.*
Spae-men, *Fortune-tel-*
lers.
Saws, *Propositions.*
Spae, to *tell* Fortunes.
Shood, a *Fillet, or, Head-*
band.
Bark, *Shirt.*
Hayna, *say not.*
Starna, *Stars.*
Samen, *the same.*
Skair, a *Share, to share.*
Steght, *stiff'd, or,*
cramm'd.
Sornan, *mumping, or,*
legging.
Scrimp, *ill-provided.*
Scrimpit, *stinted.*
Sindie, *seldom.*

Slavering, *driveling, or,*
flobbering.
Snaw-baws, *Jokes.*
Swith, *soon, swiftly.*
Shoon, *Shoes.*
Stang, *stung.*
Sward, the *Surface of the*
Grass.
Stanes, *Stones.*
Stap, *stop.*
Sawn, *sown.*
Sincefyne, *ever since.*
Sakeless, *forfaken, desti-*
tute of Friends.
Staw, *Stole.*
Skelpit, to be *slapt, or,*
whipt on the *Posteri-*
ors.
Steek, to *shoot.*

T

TAE, *Toe.*
Taken, *Taken.*
Tenting, *tending.*
Thrawart, *craft, or, wile.*
Tod, a *Fox.*
Thole, *endure, suffer.*
Till, to.
Tald, *told.*
Tint, *lust.*
Thrievless, *trifling, or,*
needless.
Trow, to be *sure of, to*
know, to believe.
Tak, *take.*
Tane, *taken. Id. the one.*
Tap, the *Top.*
Twa, *two.*
Tent, to *take Notice of,*
to watch, observe, or,
remark.

Theyf
Towz
Trig,
Tyke,
Trigg,
Tarrow
Tether
Bake
Thae,
Thirle
Tyne,
Tron,
a p
place
Thack
Taids,
Than,
Thran
Tbr
Titty,
Titter
Tafs,
Thow
Thow
The,
Tryft,
app
Tucha
one's
tune
Tedler
Step
Teil,
Te, *to*
Tullst
qua
Tawin
any
Thud,
Stre
Twin

The GLOSSARY.

Theyse, they shall.

Towzle, to rumple.

Trig, neat.

Tyke, Dog.

Trigg, spruce, clean.

Tarrowa, loaths.

Tether-stake, Flatter-stake.

Thae, these.

Thirle, thrill.

Tyne, to lose.

Tron, the Name of a particular Market-place.

Thack, thatch.

Taids, Toads.

Than, then.

Thrang, the Crowd, or, Throng.

Titty, Sister.

Titter, rather.

Tast, a Cup.

Thow, to thaw, or, melt.

Thowless, spiritless.

The, these.

Tryst, Appointment, to appoint.

Tocher, Tocher-good, one's Portion, or, Fortune.

Todlen, a rolling, short Step.

Tell, to tell.

To, too.

Tullale, a Brawl; also to quarrel.

Towind, slapp'd, or, bang'd.

Thud, the Noise of a Stroke.

Twin, to part with.

U

UNlikely, unper-
nable, unseemly,
improbable.

Unko, strangely, won-
derfully; also, strange,
wonderful.

Unsonsy, unlucky, diabo-
lical.

Unscrapit, filthy, or,
what wants scra-
ping.

V

V Irles, Rings.

V Villy, to take a
View.

W

W Aridly, worldly.
Winsome, en-
gaging, delightful.

Wathers, Weathers.

Wad, would.

Wallowit, fuded, or,
with'er'd.

Wallop, gallop.

Wame, Wumb, Belly.

War, worst.

Wha, who.

Wat, wet, or, knew.

Whinging, whining.

Wist, knew.

Wass, hush.

Wi', with.

Wie, little.

Wood, mad.

Wordy, worthy.

Wimpling, winding.

Wark, Work.

The GLOSSARY.

Whirls, Eddies.	Winna, will not.
Whilk, which.	Wond, wound up, or, wrapt round with any thing.
Wilks, Periwinkles.	
Wean, Child.	
Wear in, to hem in.	Ware, to expend, lay out, to fist, to pump out a Secret.
Whang, a large Cut, or, Slice.	
Whatrecks, what matters it.	Withouten, without.
Wylie, cunning.	Whatna-wats, no Body knows what.
Wyson, the Gullet.	Win, or, Won, to dwell.
Woo, Wool; also to court.	Wrights, Joiners.
Will-fire, Wild-fire.	Woodly, madly.
Wist, known.	Wawlk, walk, id. awake.
Wale, to chuse, the Choice.	Wawkrife, watchful.
Withershins, to move contrariways.	Weind, Thought.
Warlock, Wizard.	Wells, Wars.
Well, well.	Whilly-wha, a Cheat or Bite.
Wae, Woe; also sorrowful.	Y
Wife, old Woman.	Yowl'd, howl'd.
Wyte, Blame.	Yont, beyond.
Wrang, Wrong.	Yelping, us'd to express the Noise made by the Barking of a Puppy, or, the Crying of a Child.
Westlin, western.	
Whins, Fummo.	Youdith, Youth.
Whafe, wase.	Yad, a Mare.
Whisht! hush.	Yese, ye shall.
Wimpled, intricate.	Yern, to desire.
Wawp, Walls.	Yestreen, Last Night.
Warst, worst.	
Wow! strange!	

Y.

not.

d up, or,
l with any

d, lay out,
ump out o

without.
no. Body

to dwell.
ert.

d. awake.
hful.

Cheat or

out d.
eyond,
to express
de by the
Puppy
ng of a

Night.

The
had
st. give